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VOL. II.

RECRUITING OFFICER.
Sir HARRY WILDAIR.
INCONSTANT.
TWIN RIVALS.

CH Bellenden 12
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THE

Dramatick Works

OF

Mr. GEORGE FARQUHAR.

VOL. II.

The SEVENTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for B. LINTOT, J. J. and P. KNAPTON, G. STRAHAN, and J. CLARKE; and sold by W. FEALES, at *Rowe's-Head*, the Corner of *Essex-Street*, in the *Strand*.

M.DCC.XXXVI.

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THE

Recruiting Officer.

A

COMEDY.

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE:

By Her MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by Mr. GEORGE FARQUHAR.

———*Captique dolis, donisque coacti.*
Virg. Lib. II. Æneid.

LONDON:
Printed for BERNARD LINTOT; and sold by W. FEALES, at *Rowe's-Head*, the Corner of *Essex-Street* in the *Strand*.

M.DCC.XXXVI

TO ALL

FRIENDS round the *WREKIN*.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

INSTEAD of the mercenary Expectations that attend Addresses of this Nature, I humbly beg, that this may be received as an Acknowledgment for the Favours you have already conferr'd: I have transgress'd the Rules of Dedication in offering you any thing in that Style, without first asking your Leave: But the Entertainment I found in *Shropshire*, commands me to be grateful, and that's all I intend.

'Twas my good Fortune to be order'd some time ago into the Place which is made the Scene of this Comedy; I was a perfect Stranger to every thing in *Salop*, but its Character of Loyalty, the Number of its Inhabitants, the Alacrity of the Gentlemen in Recruiting the Army, with their generous and hospitable Reception of Strangers.

This Character I found so amply verify'd in every Particular, that you made Recruiting, which is the greatest Fatigue upon Earth to others, to be the greatest Pleasure in the World to me.

The Kingdom cannot shew better Bodies of Men, better Inclinations for the Service, more Generosity, more good Understanding, nor more Politeness than is to be found at the Foot of the *Wrekin*.

Some little Turns of Humour that I met with almost within the Shade of that famous Hill, gave the Rise to this Comedy; and People were apprehensive

that, by the Example of ſome others, I would make the Town merry at the Expence of the Country-Gentlemen: But they forgot that I was to write a Comedy, not a Libel; and that whilſt I held to Nature, no Perſon of any Character in your Country could ſuffer by being expos'd. I have drawn the Juſtice and the Clown in their *Puris Naturalibus*; the one an apprehenſive, ſturdy, brave Blockhead; and the other a worthy, honeſt, generous Gentleman, hearty in his Country's Cauſe, and of as good an Underſtanding as I could give him, which I muſt confeſs is far ſhort of his own.

I humbly beg leave to interline a Word or two of the Adventures of the *Recruiting-Officer* upon the Stage. Mr. *Rich*, who commands the Company for which thoſe Recruits were rais'd, has deſir'd me to acquit him before the World of a Charge which he thinks lies heavy upon him, for acting this Play on Mr. *Durfey*'s third Night.

Be it known unto all Men by theſe Preſents, That it was my Act and Deed, or rather Mr. *Durfey*'s; for he *wou'd* play his third Night againſt the firſt of mine. He brought down a huge Flight of frightful Birds upon me; when (Heaven knows) I had not a feather'd Fowl in my Play, except one ſingle *Kite:* But I preſently made *Plume* a Bird, becauſe of his Name, and *Brazen* another, becauſe of the Feather in his Hat; and with theſe three I engag'd his whole Empire, which I think was as great a *Wonder* as any *in the Sun*.

But to anſwer his Complaints more gravely, the Seaſon was far advanc'd; the Officers that made the greateſt Figures in my Play, were all commanded to their Poſts abroad, and waited only for a Wind, which might poſſibly turn in leſs than a Day: And I know none of Mr. *Durfey*'s Birds that had Poſts abroad but his *Woodcocks*, and their Seaſon is over; ſo that he might put off a Day with leſs Prejudice than the *Recruiting-Officer* cou'd; who has this farther to ſay for himſelf,

himſelf, that he was poſted before the other ſpake, and could not with Credit recede from his Station.

Theſe and ſome other Rubs this Comedy met with before it appear'd. But on the other hand, it had powerful Helps to ſet it forward: The Duke of *Ormond* encouraged the Author, and the Earl of *Orrery* approv'd the Play. My *Recruits* were *review'd* by my *General* and my *Colonel*, and could not fail to *paſs muſter*; and ſtill to add to my Succeſs, they were rais'd among my *Friends round the* Wrekin.

This Health has the Advantage over our other celebrated Toaſts, never to grow worſe for the wearing: 'Tis a laſting Beauty, old without Age, and common without Scandal. That you may live long to ſet it chearfully round, and to enjoy the abundant Pleaſures of your fair and plentiful Country, is the hearty Wiſh of,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your moſt obliged,

and moſt obedient Servant,

G. FARQUHAR.

THE

PROLOGUE.

IN ancient Times when Hellen's *fatal Charms*
Rous'd the contending Universe to Arms,
The Grecian *Council happily deputes*
The sly Ulysses *forth to raise Recruits.*
The artful Captain found, without delay,
Where Great Achilles, *a Deserter lay.*
Him Fate had warn'd to shun the Trojan *Blows:*
Him Greece *requir'd——against their* Trojan *Foes.*
All the Recruiting Arts were needful here,
To raise this great, this tim'rous Volunteer.
Ulysses *well could talk——He stirs, he warms*
The Warlike Youth——He listens to the Charms
Of Plunder, fine lac'd Coats, and glitt'ring Arms.
Ulysses *caught the Young aspiring Boy,*
And listed him who wrought the Fate of Troy.
Thus by Recruiting was bold Hector *slain:*
Recruiting thus fair Hellen *did regain.*
If for one Hellen *such prodigious things*
Were acted, that they even listed Kings;
If for one Hellen's *artful, vicious Charms,*
Half the transported World was found in Arms:

What

PROLOGUE.

What for so many Hellens *may We dare,*
Whose Minds *as well as* Faces *are so* Fair?
If by one Hellen's *Eyes, old* Greece *cou'd find*
Its Homer *fir'd to write——ev'n* Homer *blind;*
The Britons *sure beyond compare may write,*
That view so many Hellens *ev'ry Night.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

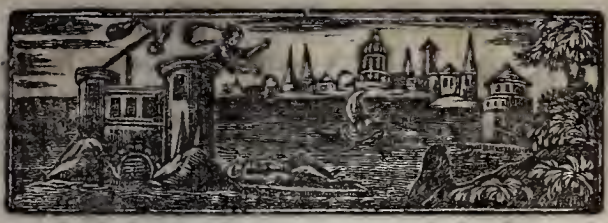
Mr. *Ballance*, Mr. *Scale*, Mr. *Scruple*,	Three Juſtices.	Mr. *Keen*. Mr. *Philips*. Mr. *Kent*.
Mr. *Worthy*, a Gentleman of *Shropſhire*.		Mr. *Williams*.
Capt. *Plume*, Capt. *Brazen*,	Two Recruiting Officers.	Mr. *Wilks*. Mr. *Cibber*.
Kite, Serjeant to *Plume*.		Mr. *Eſtcourt*.
Bullock, a Country Clown.		Mr. *Bullock*.
Coſtar Pear-main, *Tho. Apple-Tree*,	Two Recruits.	Mr. *Norris*. Mr. *Fairbank*.

WOMEN.

Melinda, a Lady of Fortune.	Mrs. *Rogers*.
Sylvia, Daughter to *Ballance*, in love with *Plume*.	Mrs. *Oldfield*.
Lucy, *Melinda*'s Maid.	Mrs. *Sapsford*.
Roſe, a Country Wench.	Mrs. *Mountfort*.

Conſtable, Recruits, Mob, Servants and Attendants.

SCENE, *SHREWSBURY*.



THE Recruiting Officer.

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Market-Place—Drum beats the Granadeer-March.*

Enter Serjeant Kite, *follow'd by the Mob.*

Kite *making a Speech.* IF any Gentlemen Soldiers, or others, have a mind to ſerve her Majeſty, and pull down the *French* King: If any Prentices have ſevere Maſters, any Children have undutiſul Parents: If any Servants have too little Wages, or any Huſband too much Wife: Let them repair to the noble Serjeant *Kite*, at the Sign of the *Raven* in this good Town of *Shrewsbury*, and they ſhall receive preſent Relief and Entertainment————Gentlemen, I don't beat my Drums here to inſnare or inveigle any Man! for you muſt know, Gentlemen, that I am a Man of Honour: Beſides, I don't beat up for common Soldiers; no, I liſt only Granadeers, Granadeers, Gentlemen——— Pray, Gentlemen, obſerve this Cap———This is the

Cap of Honour, it dubs a Man a Gentleman in the drawing of a Tricker; and he that has the good Fortune to be born six Foot high, was born to be a great Man——Sir, will you give me leave to try this Cap upon your Head?

Mob. Is there no harm in't? Won't the Cap lift me?

Kite. No, no, no more than I can——Come, let me see how it becomes you.

Mob. Are you sure there be no Conjuration in it? No Gunpowder Plot upon me?

Kite. No, no, Friend; don't fear, Man.

Mob. My Mind misgives me plaguily——Let me see it—— [*Going to put it on.*] It smells woundily of Sweat and Brimstone. Pray, Serjeant, what Writing is this upon the Face of it?

Kite. The Crown, or the Bed of Honour.

Mob. Pray now, what may be that same Bed of Honour?

Kite. O! A mighty large Bed! Bigger by half than the great Bed at *Ware*——ten thousand People may lie in it together, and never feel one another.

Mob. My Wife and I wou'd do well to lie in't, for we don't care for feeling one another——But do Folk sleep sound in this same Bed of Honour!

Kite. Sound! Ay, so sound that they never awake.

Mob. Wauns! I wish again that my Wife lay there.

Kite. Say you so? Then, I find, Brother——

Mob. Brother! Hold there, Friend; I am no Kindred to you that I know of yet——Look'e, Serjeant, no Coaxing, no Wheedling, d'ye see——If I have a mind to list, why so——If not, why 'tis not so——therefore take your Cap and your Brothership back again, for I am not dispos'd at this present Writing——No Coaxing, no Brothering me, Faith.

Kite. I coax! I wheedle! I'm above it! Sir, I have serv'd twenty Campaigns——But, Sir, you talk well, and I must own that you are a Man every Inch of you, a pretty young sprightly Fellow——I love a Fellow with a Spirit; but I scorn to coax, 'tis base: Tho' I must say, that never in my Life have I seen a

Man

Man better built! How firm and ſtrong he treads! He ſteps like a Caſtle; but I ſcorn to wheedle any Man—Come, honeſt Lad, will you take ſhare of a Pot?

Mob. Nay, for that matter, I'll ſpend my Penny with the beſt He that wears a Head; that is, begging your Pardon, Sir, and in a fair way.

Kite. Give me your Hand then; and now, Gentlemen, I have no more to ſay, but this——Here's a Purſe of Gold, and there is a Tub of humming Ale at my Quarters——'Tis the Queen's Money, and the Queen's Drink——She's a generous Queen, and loves her Subjects——I hope, Gentlemen, you won't refuſe the Queen's Health?

All Mob. No, no, no.

Kite. Huzza then, huzza for the Queen, and the Honour of *Shropſhire*.

All Mob. Huzza!

Kite. Beat Drum. [Exeunt, *Drum beating a Granadeer's March.*

Enter Plume *in a Riding Habit.*

Plume. By the Granadeer March, that ſhou'd be my Drum, and by that Shout, it ſhou'd beat with Succeſs——Let me ſee——Four a Clock——[*Looking on his Watch.*] At ten Yeſterday Morning I left *London*——A Hundred and Twenty Miles in Thirty Hours is pretty ſmart Riding, but nothing to the Fatigue of Recruiting.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Welcome to *Shrewsbury*, noble Captain: From the Banks of the *Danube* to the *Severn* ſide, noble Captain, you're welcome.

Plume. A very Elegant Reception indeed, Mr. *Kite*. I find you are fairly enter'd into your Recruiting Strain——Pray what Succeſs?

Kite. I have been here a Week, and I have recruited Five.

Plume. Five! Pray what are they?

Kite. I have liſted the ſtrong Man of *Kent*, the King of t *Giff s*, a *Scotch* Pedlar, a Scoundrel Attorney, and a *Welch* Parſon.

Plume.

Plume. An Attorney! Wert thou mad? Lift a Lawyer! Difcharge him, difcharge him this Minute.

Kite. Why, Sir?

Plume. Becaufe I will have no body in my Company that can write; a Fellow that can write, can draw Petitions——I fay this Minute difcharge him.

Kite. And what fhall I do with the Parfon?

Plume. Can he write?

Kite. Hum! He plays rarely upon the Fiddle.

Plume. Keep him by all means——But how ftands the Country affected? Were the People pleas'd with the News of my coming to Town?

Kite. Sir, the Mob are fo pleas'd with your Honour, and the Juftices and better fort of People are fo delighted with me, that we fhall foon do your Bufinefs—But, Sir, you have got a Recruit here, that you little think of.

Plume. Who!

Kite. One that you beat up for the laft time you were in the Country: You remember your old Friend *Molly* at the Caftle?

Plume. She's not with Child, I hope.

Kite. No, no, Sir,———fhe was brought to Bed yefterday.

Plume. Kite, you muft father the Child.

Kite. And fo her Friends will oblige me to marry the Mother.

Plume. If they fhou'd, we'll take her with us; fhe can wafh, you know, and make a Bed upon occafion.

Kite. Ay, or unmake it upon occafion. But your Honour knows that I am marry'd already.

Plume. To how many?

Kite. I can't tell readily——I have fet them down here upon the back of the Mufter-Roll. [*Draws it out.*] Let me fee,——*Imprimis*, Mrs. *Sheely Snikereyes*, fhe fells Potatoes upon *Ormond Key* in *Dublin*——*Peggy Guzzle*, the Brandy Woman, at the Horfe-Guard at *Whitehall*——*Dolly Waggon*, the Carrier's Daughter at *Hull*—Madamoifelle *Van-bottom-flat* at the *Bufs*——Then *Jenny Oakham*, the Ship-Carpenter's Widow, at

at *Portsmouth*; but I don't reckon upon her, for she was marry'd at the same time to two Lieutenants of Marines, and a Man of War's Boatswain.

Plume. A full Company — You have nam'd five — Come, make 'em half a dozen: ——*Kite*, ——is the Child a Boy or a Girl?

Kite. A Chopping Boy.

Plume. Then set the Mother down in your List, and the Boy in mine: Enter him a Granadeer by the Name of *Francis Kite*, absent upon Furlow—I'll allow you a Man's Pay for his Subsistence, and now go comfort the Wench in the Straw.

Kite. I shall, Sir.

Plume. But hold, have you made any use of your *German* Doctor's Habit since you arriv'd?

Kite. Yes, yes, Sir, and my Fame's all about the Country for the most faithful Fortune-teller, that ever told a Lye —— I was obliged to let my Landlord into the Secret, for the Convenience of keeping it so; but he's an honest Fellow, and will be faithful to any Roguery that is trusted to him. This Device, Sir, will get you Men, and me Money, which, I think, is all we want at present.——But yonder comes your Friend Mr. *Worthy*———Has your Honour any further Commands?

Plume. None at present. [*Exit* Kite.] 'Tis indeed the Picture of *Worthy*, but the Life's departed.

Enter Worthy.

What, Arms a-cross, *Worthy!* Methinks you should hold 'em open, when a Friend's so near —— The Man has got the Vapours in his Ears, I believe: I must expel this melancholy Spirit.

Spleen, thou worst of Fiends below,
Fly, I conjure thee, by this Magick Blow.
[*Slaps* Worthy *on the Shoulder.*

Wor. Plume! my dear Captain, welcome. Safe and sound return'd!

Plume. I 'scap'd safe from *Germany*, and sound, I hope, from *London*; you see I have lost neither Leg, Arm,

Arm, nor Nose; then for my Inside, 'tis neither troubled with sympathies nor Antipathies; and I have an excellent Stomach for Roast-Beef.

Wor. Thou art a happy Fellow, once I was so.

Plume. What ails thee, Man? No Inundations nor Earthquakes in *Wales*, I hope? Has your Father rose from the Dead, and re-assum'd his Estate?

Wor. No.

Plume. Then you are marry'd surely.

Wor. No.

Plume. Then you are mad, or turning Quaker.

Wor. Come, I must out with it——Your once gay roving Friend, is dwindled into an obsequious thoughtful, romantick, constant Coxcomb.

Plume. And pray what is all this for?

Wor. For a Woman.

Plume. Shake Hands, Brother, if thou go to that, behold me as obsequious, as thoughtful, and as constant a Coxcomb as your Worship.

Wor. For whom?

Plume. For a Regiment——But for a Woman! 'Sdeath! I have been constant to fifteen at a time, but never melancholy for one, and can the Love of one bring you into this Condition? Pray, who is this wonderful *Hellen!*

Wor. A *Hellen* indeed, not to be won under a ten Year's Siege, as great a Beauty, and as great a Jilt.

Plume. A Jilt! Pho! Is she as great a Whore?

Wor. No, no.

Plume. 'Tis ten thousand pities: But who is she? Do I know her?

Wor. Very well.

Plume. That's impossible——I know no Woman that will hold out a ten Year's Siege.

Wor. What think you of *Melinda?*

Plume. Melinda! Why, she began to capitulate this time Twelve-month, and offer'd to surrender upon honourable Terms; and I advised you to propose a Settlement of five hundred Pounds a Year to her, before I went last abroad.

Wor.

Wor. I did, and ſhe hearken'd to it, deſiring only one Week to conſider——When, beyond her Hopes, the Town was reliev'd, and I forc'd to turn my Siege into a Blockade.

Plume. Explain, explain.

Wor. My Lady *Richly*, her Aunt in *Flintſhire* dies, and leaves her, at this critical time, twenty thouſand Pounds.

Plume. Oh the Devil! what a delicate Woman was there ſpoil'd! But by the Rules of War now——*Worthy*, Blockade was fooliſh——After ſuch a Convoy of Proviſions was enter'd the Place, you could have no thought of reducing it by Famine; you ſhould have redoubled your Attacks, taken the Town by Storm, or have died upon the Breach.

Wor. I did make one general Aſſault, and puſh'd it with all my Forces; but I was ſo vigorouſly repuls'd, that deſpairing of ever gaining her for a Miſtreſs, I have alter'd my Conduct, given my Addreſſes the obſequious and diſtant turn, and court her now for a Wife.

Plume. So as you grew obſequious, ſhe grew haughty; and becauſe you approach'd her as a Goddeſs, ſhe us'd you like a Dog.

Wor. Exactly.

Plume. 'Tis the way of them all.——Come, *Worthy*, your obſequious and diſtant Airs will never bring you together; you muſt not think to ſurmount her Pride by your Humility: Wou'd you bring her to better Thoughts of you, ſhe muſt be reduc'd to a meaner Opinion of herſelf. Let me ſee, the very firſt thing that I would do, ſhould be to lie with her Chamber-maid, and hire three or four Wenches in the Neighbourhood to report that I had got them with Child——Suppoſe we lampoon'd all the pretty Women in Town, and left her out; or, what if we made a Ball, and forgot to invite her with one or two of the uglieſt.

Wor. Theſe wou'd be Mortifications, I muſt confeſs; but we live in ſuch a preciſe, dull Place, that we can have

have no Balls, no Lampoons, no———

Plume. What! no Baſtards! and ſo many Recruiting Officers in Town! I thought 'twas a Maxim among them, to leave as many Recruits in the Country as they carried out.

Wor. No body doubts your good Will, noble Captain, in ſerving your Country with your beſt Blood, witneſs our Friend *Molly* at the Caſtle; there have been Tears in Town about that Buſineſs, Captain.

Plume. I hope *Sylvia* has not heard of it.

Wor. O Sir, have you thought of her? I began to fancy you had forgot poor *Sylvia*.

Plume. Your Affairs had quite put mine out of my Head. 'Tis true, *Sylvia* and I had once agreed to go to Bed together, cou'd we have adjuſted Preliminaries; but ſhe wou'd have the Wedding before Conſummation, and I was for Conſummation before the Wedding; we cou'd not agree. She was a pert, obſtinate Fool, and wou'd loſe her Maidenhead her own way, ſo ſhe may keep it for *Plume*.

Wor. But do you intend to marry upon no other Conditions?

Plume. Your Pardon, Sir, I'll marry upon no Condition at all.———If I ſhou'd, I am reſolv'd never to bind my ſelf to a Woman for my whole Life, 'till I know whether I ſhall like her Company for half an Hour. Suppoſe I married a Woman that wanted a Leg——— ſuch a thing might be, unleſs I examin'd the Goods beforehand —— if People wou'd but try one another's Conſtitutions before they engag'd, it wou'd prevent all theſe Elopements, Divorces, and the Devil knows what.

Wor. Nay, for that matter, the Town did not ſtick to ſay, that———

Plume. I hate Country-Towns for that Reaſon——if your Town has a diſhonourable Thought of *Sylvia*, it deſerves to be burnt to the Ground.———I love *Sylvia*, I admire her frank, generous Diſpoſition——— There's ſomething in that Girl more than Woman, her Sex is but a Foil to her. The Ingratitude, Diſſimulation,

mulation, Envy, Pride, Avarice, and Vanity of her Sister Females, do but set off their Contraries in her—In short, were I once a General, I wou'd marry her.

Wor. Faith, you have Reason—for were you but a Corporal, she wou'd marry you—But my *Melinda* coquets it with every Fellow she sees—I'll lay Fifty Pound she makes Love to you.

Plume. I'll lay Fifty Pound that I return it, if she does—Look'e, *Worthy*, I'll win her, and give her to you afterwards.

Wor. If you win her, you shall wear her, Faith; I wou'd not value the Conquest, without the Credit of the Victory.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Captain, Captain, a Word in your Ear.

Plume. You may speak out, here are none but Friends.

Kite. You know, Sir, that you sent me to comfort the good Woman in the Straw, Mrs. *Molly*—my Wife, Mr. *Worthy*.

Wor. O ho! very well! I wish you Joy, Mr. *Kite*.

Kite. Your Worship very well may—for I have got both a Wife and a Child in half an Hour—But as I was saying—You sent me to comfort Mrs. *Molly*,—my Wife I mean—But what d'ye think, Sir? She was better comforted before I came.

Plume. As how?

Kite. Why, Sir, a Footman in a blue Livery had brought her ten Guineas to buy her Baby-clothes.

Plume. Who, in the Name of Wonder, could send them?

Kite. Nay, Sir, I must whisper that—Mrs. *Sylvia*. [*Whispers.*

Plume. *Sylvia!* Generous Creature!

Wor. *Sylvia!* Impossible!

Kite. Here are the Guineas, Sir.—I took the Gold as part of my Wife's Portion. Nay, farther, Sir, she sent word the Child should be taken all imaginable care of, and that she intended to stand Godmother. The same Footman, as I was coming to you

you with this News, call'd after me, and told me, that his Lady wou'd ſpeak with me——I went, and upon hearing that you were come to Town, ſhe gave me half a Guinea for the News; and order'd me to tell you, that Juſtice *Ballance*, her Father, who is juſt come out of the Country, wou'd be glad to ſee you.

Plume. There's a Girl for you, *Worthy*——Is there any thing of Woman in this? No, 'tis noble, generous, manly Friendſhip; ſhew me another Woman that wou'd loſe an Inch of her Prerogative————that way, without Tears, Fits and Reproaches. The common Jealouſy of her Sex, which is nothing but their Avarice and Pleaſure, ſhe deſpiſes; and can part with the Lover, tho' ſhe dies for the Man—Come *Worthy*—Where's the beſt Wine? For there I'll quarter.

Wor. Horton has a freſh-Pipe of choice *Barcelona*, which I wou'd not let him pierce before, becauſe I reſerv'd the Maidenhead of it for your Welcome to Town.

Plume. Let's away then——Mr. *Kite*, wait on the Lady with my humble Service, and tell her, I ſhall only refreſh a little, and wait upon her.

Wor. Hold, *Kite*,——have you ſeen the other Recruiting Captain?

Kite. No, Sir.

Plume. Another! who is he?

Wor. My Rival in the firſt place, and the moſt unaccountable Fellow——but I'll tell you more as we go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *An Apartment.*

Melinda *and* Sylvia *meeting.*

Mel. Welcome to Town, Couſin *Sylvia*, [*Salute.*] I envy'd you your Retreat in the Country; for *Shrewſbury*, methinks, and all your Heads of Shires, are the moſt irregular Places for living; here we have Smoak, Noiſe, Scandal, Affectation, and Pretenſion; in ſhort, every thing to give the Spleen——and nothing to divert it————then the Air is intolerable.

Syl.

Syl. O Madam! I have heard the Town commended for its Air.

Mel. But you don't consider, *Sylvia*, how long I have liv'd in't! for I can assure you, that to a Lady, the least nice in her Constitution——no Air can be good above half a Year. Change of Air, I take to be the most agreeable of any Variety in Life.

Syl. As you say, Cousin *Melinda*, there are several Sorts of Airs.

Mel. Psha! I talk only of the Air we breathe, or more properly of that we taste——Have not you, *Sylvia*, found a vast Difference in the Taste of Airs?

Syl. Pray, Cousin, are not Vapours a Sort of Air? Taste Air! you might as well tell me I may feed upon Air! But prithee, my dear *Melinda*, don't put on such an Air to me. Your Education and mine were just the same; and I remember the time, when we never troubled our Heads about Air, but when the sharp Air from the *Welsh* Mountains made our Fingers ake in a cold Morning at the Boarding-School.

Mel. Our Education, Cousin, was the same, but our Temperaments had nothing alike; you had the Constitution of an Horse.

Syl. So far as to be troubled with neither Spleen, Cholick, nor Vapours; I need no Salts for my Stomach, no Hart's-horn for my Head, nor Wash for my Complection. I can gallop all the Morning after the Hunting-horn, and all the Evening after a Fiddle. In short, I can do every thing with my Father, but drink, and shoot flying; and I'm sure, I can do every thing my Mother cou'd, were I put to the Trial.

Mel. You are in a fair way of being put to't; for I am told your Captain is come to Town.

Syl. Ay, *Melinda*, he is come, and I'll take care he sha'n't go without a Companion.

Mel. You are certainly mad, Cousin.

Syl. And there's a Pleasure in being mad, which none but Madmen know.

Mel. Thou poor Romantick *Quixot!*—— Hast thou the Vanity to imagine, that a young sprightly Officer, that

that rambles o'er half the Globe in half a Year, can confine his Thoughts to the little Daughter of a Country Juſtice, in an obſcure part of the World?

Syl. Pſha! what care I for his Thoughts; I ſhou'd not like a Man with confin'd Thoughts, it ſhews a Narrowneſs of Soul. Conſtancy is but a dull ſleepy Quality at beſt, they will hardly admit it among the manly Virtues; nor do I think it deſerves a Place with Bravery, Knowledge, Policy, Juſtice, and ſome other Qualities that are proper to that noble Sex. In ſhort, *Melinda*, I think a Petticoat a mighty ſimple thing, and I am heartily tir'd of my Sex.

Mel. That is, you are tir'd of an Appendix to our Sex, that you can't ſo handſomely get rid of in Petticoats, as if you were in Breeches——O' my Conſcience, *Sylvia*, hadſt thou been a Man, thou hadſt been the greateſt Rake in Chriſtendom.

Syl. I ſhou'd have endeavour'd to know the World, which a Man can never do thoroughly, without half a hundred Friendſhips, and as many Amours; but now I think on't, how ſtands your Affair with Mr. *Worthy?*

Mel. He's my Averſion.

Syl. Vapours!

Mel. What do you ſay, Madam?

Syl. I ſay, that you ſhou'd not uſe that honeſt Fellow ſo inhumanly. He's a Gentleman of Parts and Fortune; and beſides that, he's my *Plume*'s Friend, and by all that's ſacred if you don't uſe him better, I ſhall expect Satisfaction.

Mel. Satisfaction! you begin to fancy your ſelf in Breeches in good earneſt——But to be plain with you, I like *Worthy* the worſe for being ſo intimate with your Captain; for I take him to be a looſe, idle, unmannerly Coxcomb.

Syl. O, Madam! you never ſaw him, perhaps, ſince you were Miſtreſs of Twenty Thouſand Pound; you only knew him when you were capitulating with *Worthy* for a Settlement, which perhaps might encourage him to be a little looſe, and unmannerly with you.

Mel. What do you mean, Madam?

Syl.

Syl. My Meaning needs no Interpretation, Madam.

Mel. Better it had, Madam; for methinks you are too plain.

Syl. If you mean the Plainneſs of my Perſon, I think your Ladyſhip's as plain as me to the full.

Mel. Were I ſure of that, I wou'd be glad to take up with a Rakehelly Officer, as you do.

Syl. Again! Look'e, Madam, you're in your own Houſe.

Mel. And if you had kept in yours, I ſhou'd have excus'd you.

Syl. Don't be troubled, Madam, I ſha'n't deſire to have my Viſit return'd.

Mel. The ſooner therefore you make an end of this, the better.

Syl. I am eaſily perſuaded to follow my Inclinations, ſo, Madam, your humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Mel. Saucy Thing?

Enter Lucy.

Luc. What's the matter, Madam?

Mel. Did you not ſee the proud Nothing, how ſhe ſwell'd upon the arrival of her Fellow?

Luc. Her Fellow has not been long enough arriv'd to occaſion any great Swelling, Madam; I don't believe ſhe has ſeen him yet.

Mel. Nor ſha'n't, if I can help it——Let me ſee——I have it——Bring me Pen and Ink————hold, I'll go write in my Cloſet.

Luc. An Anſwer to this Letter, I hope, Madam. [*Preſents a Letter.*

Mel. Who ſent it?

Luc. Your Captain, Madam.

Mel. He's a Fool, and I'm tir'd of him. Send it back unopen'd.

Luc. The Meſſenger's gone, Madam.

Mel. Then how ſhou'd I ſend an Anſwer? Call him back immediately, while I go write. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the firſt ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *An Apartment.*

Enter Justice Ballance *and* Plume.

Ball. LOok'e, Captain, give us but Blood for our Money, and you sha'n't want Men. I remember that for some Years of the last War, we had no Blood, no Wounds, but in the Officers Mouths; nothing for our Millions but News-Papers not worth a Reading——Our Army did nothing but play at Prison Bars, and hide and seek with the Enemy; but now ye have brought us Colours, and Standards, and Prisoners——Ad's my Life, Captain, get us but another Marshal of *France*, and I'll go my self for a Soldier——

Plume. Pray, Mr. *Ballance*, how does your fair Daughter?

Ball. Ah, Captain! What is my Daughter to a Marshal of *France?* We're upon a Nobler Subject, I want to have a particular Description of the Battel of *Hockstet*.

Plume. The Battel, Sir, was a very pretty Battel as any one shou'd desire to see, but we were all so intent upon Victory, that we never minded the Battel: all that I know of the matter, is, our General commanded us to beat the *French*, and we did so; and if he pleases but to say the Word, we'll do't again. But pray, Sir, how does Mrs. *Sylvia?*

Ball. Still upon *Sylvia!* For shame, Captain, you are engag'd already, wedded to the War; Victory is your Mistress, and 'tis below a Soldier to think of any other.

Plume. As a Mistress, I confess; but as a Friend, Mr. *Ballance*.

Ball. Come, come, Captain, never mince the Matter, wou'd not you debauch my Daughter, if you cou'd?

Plume. How, Sir! I hope she's not to be debauch'd.

Ball.

Ball. Faith, but ſhe is, Sir; and any Woman in *England* of her Age and Complexion, by a Man of your Youth and Vigour. Look'e, Captain, once I was young, and once an Officer as you are; and I can gueſs at your Thoughts now, by what mine were then; and I remember very well, that I would have given one of my Legs to have deluded the Daughter of an old Country Gentleman, as like mine as I was then like you.

Plume. But, Sir, was that Country Gentleman your Friend and Benefactor?

Ball. Not much of that.

Plume. There the Compariſon breaks; the Favours, Sir, that——

Ball. Pho, I hate Speeches; if I have done you any Service, Captain, 'twas to pleaſe myſelf; for I love thee, and if I could part with my Girl, you ſhou'd have her as ſoon as any young Fellow I know: But I hope you have more Honour than to quit the Service, and ſhe more Prudence than to follow the Camp; but ſhe's at her own Diſpoſal, ſhe has fifteen Hundred Pound in her Pocket, and ſo, *Sylvia, Sylvia.* [*Calls.*

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. There are ſome Letters, Sir, come by the Poſt from *London*, I left them upon the Table in your Cloſet.

Ball. And here is a Gentleman from *Germany*, [*Preſents* Plume *to her.*] Captain, you'll excuſe me, I'll go and read my Letters, and wait on you. [*Exit.*

Syl. Sir, you are welcome to *England.*

Plume. You are indebted to me a Welcome, Madam, ſince the Hopes of receiving it from this fair Hand, was the principal Cauſe of my ſeeing *England.*

Syl. I have often heard, that Soldiers were ſincere, ſhall I venture to believe publick Report?

Plume. You may, when 'tis back'd by private Inſurance; for I ſwear, Madam, by the Honour of my Profeſſion, that whatever Dangers I went upon, it was with the Hope of making my ſelf more worthy of your Eſteem; and if ever I had Thoughts of preſerving my Life, 'twas for the Pleaſure of dying at your Feet.

Syl. Well, well, you ſhall die at my Feet, or where you will; but you know, Sir, there's a certain Will and Teſtament to be made before-hand.

Plume. My Will, Madam, is made already, and there it is; and if you pleaſe to open that Parchment, which was drawn the Evening before the Battle of *Blenheim*, you will find whom I left my Heir.

Syl. Mrs. *Sylvia Ballance*, [*Opens the Will and reads.*] Well, Captain, this is a handſome and ſubſtantial Compliment; but I can aſſure you, I am much better pleaſed with the bare Knowledge of your Intention, than I ſhou'd have been in the Poſſeſſion of your Legacy: But methinks, Sir, you ſhould have left ſomething to your little Boy at the *Caſtle*.

Plume. That's home, [*Aſide.*] My little Boy! Lack-a-day, Madam, that alone may convince you 'twas none of mine; why the Girl, Madam, is my Serjeant's Wife, and ſo the poor Creature gave out that I was Father, in hopes that my Friends might ſupport her in Caſe of Neceſſity,——That was all, Madam,——My Boy! No, no, no.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, my Maſter has received ſome ill News from *London*, and deſires to ſpeak with you immediately, and he begs the Captain's Pardon, that he can't wait on him as he promis'd.

Plume. Ill News! Heavens avert it, nothing could touch me nearer than to ſee that generous worthy Gentleman afflicted: I'll leave you to comfort him, and be aſſur'd, that if my Life and Fortune can be any way ſerviceable to the Father of my *Sylvia*, he ſhall freely command both.

Syl. The Neceſſity muſt be very preſſing, that would engage me to endanger either.

[Exeunt *ſeverally.*

SCENE, *Another Apartment.*

Enter Ballance *and* Sylvia.

Syl. Whilſt there is Life, there is Hopes, Sir; perhaps my Brother may recover.

Ball.

Ball. We have but little Reason to expect it; Doctor *Killman* acquaints me here, that before this comes to my hands, he fears I shall have no Son——Poor *Owen!* —But the Decree is just, I was pleas'd with the Death of my Father, because he left me an Estate, and now I am punish'd with the Loss of an Heir to inherit mine; I must now look upon you as the only Hopes of my Family, and I expect that the Augmentation of your Fortune will give you fresh Thoughts, and new Prospects.

Syl. My Desire of being punctual in my Obedience, requires that you would be plain in your Commands, Sir.

Ball. The Death of your Brother makes you sole Heiress to my Estate, which you know is about twelve hundred Pounds a Year: This Fortune gives you a fair Claim to Quality, and a Title; you must set a just Value upon your self, and in plain Terms, think no more of Captain *Plume.*

Syl. You have often commended the Gentleman, Sir.

Ball. And I do so still, he's a very pretty Fellow; but tho' I lik'd him well enough for a bare Son-in-Law, I don't approve of him for an Heir to my Estate and Family; fifteen hundred Pounds indeed I might trust in his Hands, and it might do the young Fellow a Kindness, but, ——— ods my Life, twelve hundred Pound a Year wou'd ruin him, quite turn his Brain: A Captain of Foot worth twelve hundred Pounds a Year! 'Tis a Prodigy in Nature. Besides this, I have five or six thousand Pounds in Woods upon my Estate; Oh! That wou'd make him stark mad: For you must know, that all Captains have a mighty Aversion to Timber, they can't endure to see Trees standing. Then I shou'd have some Rogue of a Builder, by the help of his damn'd Magick Art, transform my noble Oaks and Elms into Cornishes, Portals, Sashes, Birds, Beasts and Devils, to adorn some maggotty, new-fashion'd Bauble upon the *Thames*; and then you shou'd have a Dog of a Gardener bring a *Habeas Corpus* for my *Terra firma*, remove it to *Chel-*

ſea, or *Twittenham*, and clap it into Graſs-Plats, and Gravel-Walks.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's one with a Letter below for your Worſhip, but he will deliver it into no hands but your own.

Ball. Come, ſhew me the Meſſenger.

[Exit *with Servant.*

Syl. Make the Diſpute between Love and Duty, and I am Prince *Prettyman* exactly.——If my Brother dies, ah poor Brother! If he lives, ah poor Siſter! 'Tis bad both ways; I'll try it again.——Follow my own Inclinations, and break my Father's Heart; or obey his Commands, and break my own; worſe and worſe. Suppoſe I take it thus? A moderate Fortune, a pretty Fellow and a Pad; or a fine Eſtate, a Coach and ſix, and an Aſs——That will never do neither.

Enter Juſtice Ballance *and* Servant.

Ball. Put four Horſes into the Coach. [*To a Servant, who goes out.*] Ho, *Sylvia!*

Syl. Sir!

Ball. How old were you when your Mother dy'd?

Syl. So young, that I don't remember I ever had one; and you have been ſo careful, ſo indulgent to me ſince, that indeed I never wanted one.

Ball. Have I ever deny'd you any thing you aſk'd of me?

Syl. Never that I remember.

Ball. Then, *Sylvia*, I muſt beg that once in your Life you wou'd grant me a Favour.

Syl. Why ſhou'd you queſtion it, Sir?

Ball. I don't, but I wou'd rather counſel than command; I don't propoſe this with the Authority of a Parent, but as the Advice of your Friend; that you wou'd take the Coach this Moment, and go into the Country.

Syl. Does this Advice, Sir, proceed from the Contents of the Letter you receiv'd juſt now?

Ball. No matter, I'll be with you in three or four Days, and then give you my Reaſons —— But before you go, I expect you will make me one ſolemn Promiſe.

Syl.

Syl. Propose the thing, Sir?

Ball. That you will never dispose of yourself to any Man, without my Consent.

Syl. I promise.

Ball. Very well, and to be even with you, I promise I never will dispose of you without your own Consent: and so, *Sylvia*, the Coach is ready; farewel. [*Leads her to the Door, and returns.*] Now she's gone, I'll examine the Contents of this Letter a little nearer.

[*Reads.*

SIR,

MY Intimacy with Mr. Worthy *has drawn a Secret from him, that he had from his Friend Captain* Plume; *and my Friendship and Relation to your Family oblige me to give you timely notice of it: The Captain has dishonourable Designs upon my Cousin* Sylvia. *Evils of this Nature are more easily prevented than amended; and that you would immediately send my Cousin into the Country, is the Advice of,*

Sir, your humble Servant,

MELINDA.

Why the Devil's in the young Fellows of this Age; they are ten times worse than they were in my time: Had he made my Daughter a Whore, and forswore it like a Gentleman, I cou'd have almost pardon'd it; but to tell Tales beforehand, is monstrous——Hang it, I can fetch down a Woodcock or a Snipe, and why not a Hat and Feather? I have a Case of good Pistols, and have a good mind to try.

Enter Worthy.

Worthy! Your Servant.

Wor. I am sorry, Sir, to be the Messenger of ill News.

Ball. I apprehend it, Sir; you have heard that my Son *Owen* is past Recovery.

Wor. My Letters say he's dead, Sir.

Ball. He's happy, and I am satisfied: The Strokes of Heaven I can bear; but Injuries from Men, Mr. *Worthy*, are not so easily supported.

Wor. I hope, Sir, you're under no Apprehenſion of Wrong from any body.

Ball. You know I ought to be.

Wor. You wrong my Honour, Sir, in believing I cou'd know any thing to your prejudice, without reſenting it as much as you ſhou'd.

Ball. This Letter, Sir, which I tear in pieces to conceal the Perſon that ſent it, informs me, that *Plume* has a Deſign upon *Sylvia*, and that you are privy to't.

Wor. Nay then, Sir, I muſt do myſelf Juſtice, and endeavour to find out the Author [*Takes up a Bit.*] Sir, I know the Hand, and if you refuſe to diſcover the Contents, *Melinda* ſhall tell me. [*Going.*

Ball. Hold, Sir, the Contents I have told you already, only with this Circumſtance, that her Intimacy with Mr. *Worthy*, had drawn the Secret from him.

Wor. Her Intimacy with me! Dear Sir, let me pick up the pieces of this Letter; 'twill give me ſuch a Power over her Pride, to have her own an Intimacy under her Hand: 'Twas the luckieſt Accident! [*Gathering up the Letter.*] The Aſperſion, Sir, was nothing but Malice, the Effect of a little Quarrel between her and Mrs. *Sylvia*.

Ball. Are you ſure of that, Sir?

Wor. Her Maid gave me the Hiſtory of part of the Battel, juſt now as ſhe over-heard it. But I hope, Sir, your Daughter has ſuffer'd nothing upon the account.

Ball. No, no, poor Girl, ſhe's ſo afflicted with the News of her Brother's Death, that to avoid Company, ſhe begg'd leave to be gone into the Country.

Wor. And is ſhe gone?

Ball. I cou'd not refuſe her, ſhe was ſo preſſing; the Coach went from the Door the Minute before you came.

Wor. So preſſing to be gone, Sir!——I find her Fortune will give her the ſame Airs with *Melinda*, and then *Plume* and I may laugh at one another.

Ball. Like enough, Women are as ſubject to Pride as we are, and why mayn't great Women as well as

great

Great Men, forget their old Acquaintance?—But come, where's this young Fellow? I love him ſo well, it would break the Heart of me to think him a Raſcal—I'm glad my Daughter's gone fairly off tho'. [*Aſide.*] Where does the Captain quarter?

Wor. At *Horton*'s; I am to meet him there two Hours hence, and we ſhould be glad of your Company.

Ball. Your Pardon, dear *Worthy*, I muſt allow a Day or two to the Death of my Son: The Decorum of Mourning is what we owe the World, becauſe they pay it to us afterwards. I am yours over a Bottle, or how you will.

Wor. Sir, I'm your humble Servant.

[Exeunt *ſeverally.*

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Kite, *with a Mob in each Hand drunk* —— Kite *ſings.*

Our Prentice Tom *may now refuſe,*
To wipe his ſcoundrel Maſter's Shoes;
For now he's free to ſing and play,
Over the Hills, and far away.——*Over*, &c.

[The Mob ſing the Chorus.

We ſhall lead more happy Lives,
By getting rid of Brats and Wives,
That ſcold and brawl both Night and Day;
Over the Hills, and far away.——*Over*, &c.

Kite. Hey Boys! Thus we Soldiers live! drink, ſing, dance, play; We live, as one ſhou'd ſay —— we live——'tis impoſſible to tell how we live——We are all Princes——Why——why, you are a King——You are an Emperor, and I'm a Prince——now——a'n't we——

1ſt *Mob.* No, Serjeant, I'll be Emperor.

Kite. No!

1ſt *Mob.* No, I'll be a Juſtice of Peace.

Kite. A Juſtice of Peace, Man!

1ſt *Mob.* Ay, wauns will I; for ſince this Preſſing-Act, they are greater than any Emperor under the Sun.

Kite. Done: You are a Juſtice of Peace, and you are a King, and I am a Duke, and a rum Duke, a'n't I?

2d *Mob.* Ay, but I'll be no King.

Kite. What then?

2d *Mob.* I'll be a Queen.

Kite. A Queen!

2d *Mob.* Ay, Queen of *England*, that's greater than any King of 'em all.

Kite. Bravely ſaid, 'faith; Huzza for the Queen. [*Huzza!*] But hearkʼe, you, Mr. Juſtice, and you, Mr. Queen, did you never ſee the Queen's Picture?

Mob. No, no, no.

Kite. I wonder at that; I have two of 'em ſet in Gold, and as like her Majeſty, God bleſs the Mark. See here, they are ſet in Gold. [*Takes two Broad-Pieces out of his Pocket, gives one to each Mob.*

1ſt *Mob.* The wonderful Works of Nature! [*Looking at it.*

2d *Mob.* What's this written about? Here's a Poſie, I believe, *Ca-ro-lus*——What's that, Serjeant?

Kite. O! *Carolus!*——— Why *Carolus* is *Latin* for Queen *Anne*; that's all.

2d *Mob.* 'Tis a fine thing to be a Schollard——Serjeant, will you part with this? I'll buy it on you, if it come within the Compaſs of a Crown.

Kite. A Crown! never talk of buying: 'tis the ſame thing, among Friends, you know; I'll preſent 'em to ye both: you ſhall give me as good a thing. Put 'em up, and remember your old Friend, when I am over the Hills, and far away.

[*They ſing, and put up the Money.*

Enter Plume, *ſinging.*

Plume. *Over the Hills, and o'er the Main,*
To Flanders, Portugal, *or* Spain:
The Queen commands, and we'll obey,
Over the Hills, and far away.

Come on my Men of Mirth, away with it, I'll make one among ye: Who are theſe hearty Lads?

Kite.

Kite. Off with your Hats; 'Ounds off with your Hats: This is the Captain, the Captain.

1ſt *Mob.* We have ſeen Captains afore now, Mun.

2d *Mob.* Ay, and Lieutenant-Captains too; s'fleſh; I'll keep on my Nab.

1ſt *Mob.* And I'ſe ſcarcely d'off mine for any Captain in *England:* My Vether's a Freeholder.

Plume. Who are theſe jolly Lads, Serjeant?

Kite. A couple of honeſt brave Fellows that are willing to ſerve the Queen: I have entertain'd 'em juſt now, as Volunteers, under your Honour's Command.

Plume. And good Entertainment they ſhall have: Volunteers are the Men I want, thoſe are the Men fit to make Soldiers, Captains, Generals.

1ſt *Mob.* Wounds, *Tummas,* what's this! Are you liſted?

2d *Mob.* Fleſh! not I: Are you, *Coſtar?*

1ſt *Mob.* Wounds, not I.

Kite. What! not liſted! ha, ha, ha; a very good Jeſt, i'faith.

1ſt *Mob.* Come, *Tummas,* we'll go home.

2d *Mob.* Ay, ay, come.

Kite. Home! for ſhame, Gentlemen, behave your ſelves better before your Captain: Dear *Tummas,* honeſt *Coſtar.*

2d *Mob.* No, no, we'll be gone.

Kite. Nay, then, I command you to ſtay: I place you both Centinels in this place, for two Hours, to watch the Motion of St. *Mary*'s Clock, you; and you the Motion of St. *Chad*'s: And he that dares ſtir from his Poſt 'till he be reliev'd, ſhall have my Sword in his Guts the next Minute.

Plume. What's the matter, Serjeant! I'm afraid you are too rough with theſe Gentlemen.

Kite. I'm too mild, Sir: They diſobey Command, Sir, and one of 'em ſhou'd be ſhot for an Example to the other.

1ſt *Mob.* Shot, *Tummas!*

Plume. Come, Gentlemen, what's the matter?

1ſt *Mob.* We don't know; the noble Serjeant is pleas'd to be in a Paſſion, Sir,——but——

Kite. They diſobey Command, they deny their being liſted.

2d *Mob.* Nay, Serjeant, we don't downright deny it neither; that we dare not do, for fear of being ſhot: but we humbly conceive, in a civil way, and begging your Worſhip's Pardon, that we may go home.

Plume. That's eaſily known; have either of you receiv'd any of the Queen's Money?

1ſt *Mob.* Not a Braſs Farthing, Sir.

Kite. Sir, they have each of them receiv'd three and twenty Shillings and Six-pence, and 'tis now in their Pockets.

1ſt *Mob.* Wounds, if I have a Penny in my Pocket but a bent Six-pence, I'll be content to be liſted, and ſhot into the Bargain.

2d *Mob.* And I; look ye here, Sir.

1ſt *Mob.* Ay, here's my Stock too: Nothing but the Queen's Picture, that the Serjeant gave me juſt now.

Kite. See there, a Broad-piece, three and twenty Shillings and Six-pence; t'other has the Fellow on't.

Plume. The Caſe is plain, Gentlemen, the Goods are found upon you: Thoſe Pieces of Gold are worth three and twenty and Six-pence each.

1ſt *Mob.* So it ſeems, that *Carolus* is three and twenty Shillings and Six-pence in *Latin.*

2d *Mob.* 'Tis the ſame thing in *Greek*, for we are liſted.

1ſt *Mob.* Fleſh! but we a'n't *Tummas:* I deſire to be carried before the Mayor, Captain.

[*Captain and Serjeant whiſper the while.*

Plume. 'Twill never do, *Kite*————your damn'd Tricks will ruin me at laſt——I won't loſe the Fellows tho', if I can help it———Well, Gentlemen, there muſt be ſome Trick in this; my Serjeant offers to take his Oath that you are fairly liſted.

1ſt *Mob.* Why, Captain, we know that you Soldiers have more Liberty of Conſcience than other Folks;

Folks; but for me, or Neighbour *Coſtar* here, to take ſuch an Oath, 'twou'd be downright Perjuration.

Plume. Look'e, Raſcal, you Villain, if I find that you have impos'd upon theſe two honeſt Fellows, I'll trample you to death, you Dog——— Come, how was't?

2d *Mob.* Nay then, we'll ſpeak; your Serjeant, as you ſay, is a Rogue, begging your Worſhip's Pardon ——and——

1ſt *Mob.* Nay, *Tummas,* let me ſpeak; you know I can read———And ſo, Sir, he gave us thoſe two Pieces of Money for Pictures of the Queen, by way of a Preſent.

Plume. How! by way of a Preſent! The Son of a Whore! I'll teach him to abuſe honeſt Fellows, like you! Scoundrel, Rogue, Villain!

[*Beats off the Serjeant, and follows.*

Mob. O brave noble Captain! Huzza! a brave Captain, 'faith.

1ſt *Mob.* Now *Tummas, Carolus* is *Latin* for a Beating: This is the braveſt Captain I ever ſaw——'Wounds I have a Month's Mind to go with him.

Enter Plume.

Plume. A Dog, to abuſe two ſuch honeſt Fellows as you.——Look'e, Gentlemen, I love a pretty Fellow, I come among you as an Officer to liſt Soldiers, not as a Kidnapper to ſteal Slaves.

1ſt *Mob.* Mind that, *Tummas.*

Plume. I deſire no Man to go with me, but as I went myſelf: I went a Volunteer, as you, or you, may do; for a little time carried a Muſquet, and now I command a Company.

2d *Mob.* Mind that, *Coſtar:* A ſweet Gentleman!

Plume. 'Tis true, Gentlemen, I might take an Advantage of you; the Queen's Money was in your Pockets, my Serjeant was ready to take his Oath you were liſted; but I ſcorn to do a baſe thing, you are both of you at your liberty.

1ſt *Mob.* Thank you, noble Captain—I'cod, I can't find in my Heart to leave him, he talks ſo finely.

2d *Mob.*

2d *Mob.* Ay, *Caſtar,* wou'd he always hold in this mind.

Plume. Come, my Lads, one thing more I'll tell you: you're both young tight Fellows, and the Army is the place to make you Men for ever: Every Man has his Lot, and you have yours. What think you now of a Purſe of *French* Gold out of a Monſieur's Pocket, after you have daſh'd out his Brains with the But-end of your Firelock? eh! ——

1ſt *Mob.* Wauns! I'll have it. Captain——give me a Shilling, I'll follow you to the end of the World.

2d *Mob.* Nay, dear *Coſtar,* do'na; be advis'd.

Plume. Here, my Hero, here are two Guineas for thee, as Earneſt of what I'll do farther for thee.

2d *Mob.* Do'na take it, do'na, dear *Coſtar.*

[*Cries and pulls back his Arm.*

1ſt *Mob.* I wull——I wull——Waunds, my Mind gives me, that I ſhall be a Captain myſelf——I take your Money, Sir, and now I am a Gentleman.

Plume. Give me thy Hand, and now you and I will travel the World o'er, and command it wherever we tread—Bring your Friend with you, if you can. [*Aſide.*

1ſt *Mob.* Well *Tummas,* muſt we part?

2d *Mob.* No, *Coſtar,* I conno leave thee——Come, Captain, I'll e'en go along too; and if you have two honeſter ſimpler Lads in your Company, than we two been, I'll ſay no more.

Plume. Here my Lad, [*Gives him Money.*] Now your Name?

1ſt *Mob.* *Tummas Appletree.*

Plume. And yours?

2d *Mob.* *Coſtar Pearmain.*

Plume. Born where?

1ſt *Mob.* Both in *Hereforeſhire.*

Plume. Very well; Courage, my Lads——Now we'll ſing, *Over the Hills and far away.*

Courage, Boys, 'tis One to Ten,
But we return all Gentlemen, &c. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, *The Market-place.*

Enter Plume *and* Worthy.

Wor. I Cannot forbear admiring the Equality of our two Fortunes: We lov'd two Ladies, they met us half way, and just as we were upon the point of leaping into their Arms, Fortune drops into their Laps, Pride possesses their Hearts, a Maggot fills their Heads, Madness takes 'em by the Tails; they snort, kick up their Heels, and away they run.

Plume. And leave us here to mourn upon the Shore —— A couple of poor melancholy Monsters——What shall we do?

Wor. I have a Trick for mine; the Letter, you know, and the Fortune-teller.

Plume. And I have a Trick for mine.

Wor. What is't?

Plume. I'll never think of her again.

Wor. No!

Plume. No; I think myself above administring to the Pride of any Woman, were she worth twelve thousand a Year; and I han't the Vanity to believe I shall ever gain a Lady worth twelve Hundred ——The generous, good-natur'd *Sylvia*, in her Smock, I admire; but the haughty, scornful *Sylvia*, with her Fortune, I despise——What, sneak out of Town, and not so much as a Word, a Line, a Compliment! ——'Sdeath! how far off does she live? I'll go and break her Windows.

Wor. Ha, ha, ha; ay, and the Window-Bars too, to come at her ——Come, come, Friend, no more of your rough military Airs.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Captain, Sir! look yonder, she's a coming this way: 'tis the prettiest, cleanest, little Tit!

Plume. Now, *Worthy*, to shew you how much I am

am in love; ——— here ſhe comes; and what is that great Country Fellow with her?

Kite. I can't tell, Sir.

Enter Roſe, *and her Brother* Bullock, *and Chickens on her Arms in a Basket*, &c.

Roſe. Buy Chickens, young and tender, young and tender Chickens.

Plume. Here, you Chickens!

Roſe. Who calls?

Plume. Come hither, pretty Maid.

Roſe. Will you pleaſe to buy, Sir?

Wor. Yes, Child, we'll both buy.

Plume. Nay, *Worthy*, that's not fair, market for your ſelf——Come, Child, I'll buy all you have.

Roſe. Then all I have is at your Service. [*Court'ſies.*

Wor. Then I muſt ſhift for my ſelf, I find. [*Exit.*

Plume. Let me ſee; young and tender, you ſay. [*Chucks her under the Chin.*

Roſe. As ever you taſted in your Life, Sir.

Plume. Come, I muſt examine your Baſket to the bottom, my Dear.

Roſe. Nay, for that matter, put in your Hand; feel, Sir; I warrant my Ware as good as any in the Market.

Plume. And I'll buy it all, Child, were it ten times more.

Roſe. Sir, I can furniſh you.

Plume. Come then, we won't quarrel about the Price, they're fine Birds ——Pray what's your Name, pretty Creature?

Roſe. *Roſe*, Sir: My Father is a Farmer within three ſhort Mile o'the Town; we keep this Market: I ſell Chickens, Eggs, and Butter, and my Brother *Bullock* there ſells Corn.

Bullock. Come, Siſter, haſte, we ſhall be late home. [*Whiſtles about the Stage.*

Plume. Kite! [*Tips him the Wink, he returns it.* Pretty Mrs. *Roſe*——you have——let me ſee——how many?

Roſe.

Rose. A dozen, Sir, and they are richly worth a Crown.

Bull. Come *Ruose, Ruose,* I sold fifty Strake of Barley to-day in half this time; but you will higgle and higgle for a Penny more than the Commodity is worth.

Rose. What's that to you, Oaf? I can make as much out of a Groat, as you can out of Four-pence, I'm sure ——The Gentleman bids fair, and when I meet with a Chapman, I know how to make the best of him ——And so, Sir, I say, for a Crown Piece the Bargain's yours.

Plume. Here's a Guinea, my Dear.

Rose. I can't change your Money, Sir.

Plume. Indeed, indeed, but you can—my Lodging is hard by, Chicken, and we'll make change there.

[*Goes off, she follows him.*

Kite. So, Sir, as I was telling you, I have seen one of these *Hussars* eat up a Ravelin for his Breakfast, and afterwards pick'd his Teeth with a Pallisado.

Bull. Ay, you Soldiers see very strange things; but pray, Sir, what is a Ravelin?

Kite. Why, 'tis like a modern minc'd Pye, but the Crust is confounded hard, and the Plumbs are somewhat hard of Digestion.

Bull. Then your Pallisado, pray what may he be? Come, *Ruose,* pray ha' done.

Kite. Your Pallisado is a pretty sort of Bodkin, about the Thickness of my Leg.

Bull. That's a Fib, I believe. [*Aside.*] Eh! where's *Ruose? Ruose! Ruose!* 'sflesh where's *Ruose* gone?

Kite. She's gone with the Captain.

Bull. The Captain! Wauns there's no pressing of Women, sure.

Kite. But there is, Sir.

Bull. If the Captain shou'd press *Ruose,* I shou'd be ruin'd——Which way went she? O! the Devil take your Rablins and Pallisadoes. [*Exit.*

Kite. You shall be better acquainted with them, honest *Bullock,* or I shall miss of my Aim.

Enter

Enter Worthy.

Wor. Why thou art the most useful Fellow in Nature to your Captain; admirable in your way, I find.

Kite. Yes, Sir, I understand my Business, I will say it——You must know, Sir, I was born a Gipsey, and bred among that Crew 'till I was ten Years old, there I learn'd Canting and Lying; I was bought from my Mother *Cleopatra*, by a certain Nobleman, for three Pistoles, who liking my Beauty, made me his Page; there I learn'd Impudence and Pimping. I was turn'd off for wearing my Lord's Linnen, and drinking my Lady's Ratifia, and turn'd Bailiff's Follower; there I learn'd Bullying and Swearing. I at last got into the Army, and there I learn'd Whoring and Drinking—— So that if your Worship pleases to cast up the whole Sum, *viz.* Canting, Lying, Impudence, Pimping, Bullying, Swearing, Whoring, Drinking, and a Halbard, you will find the Sum total amount to a Recruiting Serjeant.

Wor. And pray what induc'd you to turn Soldier?

Kite. Hunger and Ambition; the Fears of Starving, and Hopes of a Truncheon, led me along to a Gentleman, with a fair Tongue, and fair Perriwig, who loaded me with Promises; but 'gad, it was the lightest Load that ever I felt in my Life ——He promis'd to advance me, and indeed he did so————to a Garret in the *Savoy*. I ask'd him why he put me in Prison; he call'd me lying Dog, and said I was in Garrison; and indeed, 'tis a Garrison that may hold out 'till Doom's-day before I should desire to take it again. But here comes Justice *Ballance*.

Enter Ballance *and* Bullock.

Ball. Here, you Serjeant, where's your Captain? Here's a poor foolish Fellow comes clamouring to me with a Complaint, that your Captain has press'd his Sister; do you know any thing of this matter, *Worthy!*

Wor. Ha, ha, ha! I know his Sister is gone with *Plume* to his Lodging, to sell him some Chickens.

Ball. Is that all? the Fellow's a Fool.

Bull.

Bull. I know that, an' pleaſe you; but if your Worſhip pleaſes to grant me a Warrant to bring her before you, for fear of the worſt.

Ball. Thou'rt mad, Fellow, thy Siſter's ſafe enough.

Kite. I hope ſo too. [*Aſide.*

Wor. Haſt thou no more Senſe, Fellow, than to believe that the Captain can liſt Women?

Bull. I know not whether they liſt them, or what they do with them; but, I am ſure, they carry as many Women as Men with them out of the Country.

Ball. But how came you not to go along with your Siſter?

Bull. Lord, Sir, I thought no more of her going than I do of the Day I ſhall die; but this Gentleman here not ſuſpecting any hurt neither, I believe —— you thought no harm, Friend, did you?

Kite. Lackaday, Sir, not I—only that, I believe, I ſhall marry her to-morrow. [*Aſide.*

Ball. I begin to ſmell Powder. Well, Friend, but what did that Gentleman with you?

Bull. Why, Sir, he entertain'd me with a fine Story of a great Fight between the *Hungarians,* I think it was, and the *Iriſh*; and ſo, Sir, while we were in the Heat of the Battle —The Captain carry'd off the Baggage.

Ball. Serjeant, go along with this Fellow to your Captain, give him my humble Service, and deſire him to diſcharge the Wench, tho' he has liſted her.

Bull. Ay, and if he been't free for that, he ſhall have another Man in her place.

Kite. Come, honeſt Friend, you ſhall go to my Quarters inſtead of the Captain's. [*Aſide.*

[*Exeunt* Kite *and* Bullock.

Ball. We muſt get this mad Captain his Complement of Men, and ſend him packing, elſe he'll over-run the Country.

Wor. You ſee, Sir, how little he values your Daughter's Diſdain.

Ball. I like him the better; I was juſt ſuch another Fellow at his Age: I never ſet my Heart upon any Woman

Woman ſo much as to make my ſelf uneaſy at the Diſappointment; but what was very ſurpriſing both to my ſelf and Friends, I chang'd o'th' ſudden, from the moſt fickle Lover, to the moſt conſtant Huſband in the World. But how goes your Affair with *Melinda?*

Wor. Very ſlowly. *Cupid* had formerly Wings, but I think, in this Age, he goes upon Crutches; or, I fancy *Venus* had been dallying with her Cripple *Vulcan* when my Amour commenc'd, which has made it go on ſo lamely; my Miſtreſs has got a Captain too, but ſuch a Captain! As I live yonder he comes.

Ball. Who? that bluff Fellow in the Saſh! I don't know him.

Wor. But I engage he knows you, and every body at firſt ſight; his Impudence were a Prodigy, were not his Ignorance proportionable; he has the moſt univerſal Acquaintance of any Man living, for he won't be alone, and no body will keep him company twice; then he's a *Cæſar* among the Women, *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, that's all. If he has but talk'd with the Maid, he ſwears he has lain with the Miſtreſs; but the moſt ſurprizing part of his Character is his Memory, which is the moſt prodigious and the moſt trifling in the World.

Ball. I have met with ſuch Men, and I take this good for nothing Memory to proceed from a certain Contexture of the Brain, which is purely adapted to Impertinencies, and there they lodge ſecure, the Owner having no Thoughts of his own to diſturb them. I have known a Man as perfect as a Chronologer, as to the Day and Year of moſt important Tranſactions, but be altogether ignorant in the Cauſes, or Conſequences of any one thing of moment; I have known another acquire ſo much by Travel, as to tell you the Names of moſt Places in *Europe*, with their Diſtances of Miles, Leagues, or Hours, as punctually as a Poſt-Boy; but for any thing elſe, as ignorant as the Horſe that carries the Mail.

Wor. This is your Man, Sir, add but the Traveller's Privilege of Lying, and even that he abuſes; this is the Picture, behold the Life.

Enter

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Mr. *Worthy*, I am your Servant, and ſo forth —Heark'e, my Dear.

Wor. Whiſpering, Sir, before Company is not Manners; and when nobody's by, 'tis fooliſh.

Braz. Company! *Mort de ma vie!* I beg the Gentleman's Pardon; who is he?

Wor. Aſk him.

Braz. So I will. My Dear, I am your Servant, and ſo forth;——your Name, my Dear.

Ball. Very *Laconick*, Sir.

Braz. *Laconick!* A very good Name truly; I have known ſeveral of the *Laconicks* abroad, poor *Jack Laconick!* He was kill'd at the Battel of *Landen*. I remember that he had a blue Ribbon in his Hat that very Day, and after he fell we found a piece of Neat's Tongue in his Pocket.

Ball. Pray, Sir, did the *French* attack us, or we them, at *Landen?*

Braz. The *French* attack us! Oons, Sir, are you a Jacobite?

Ball. Why that Queſtion?

Braz. Becauſe none but a Jacobite cou'd think that the *French* durſt attack us—No, Sir, we attack'd them in the—I have reaſon to remember the time, for I had two and twenty Horſes kill'd under me that Day.

Wor. Then, Sir, you muſt have rid mighty hard.

Ball. Or perhaps, Sir, like my Countryman, you kill'd upon half a dozen Horſes at once.

Braz. What do you mean, Gentlemen? I tell you they were kill'd, all torn to pieces by Cannon-Shot, except ſix I ſtak'd to Death upon the Enemies *Chevaux de Friſe.*

Ball. Noble Captain, may I crave your Name?

Braz. *Brazen*, at your Service.

Ball. Oh, *Brazen*, a very good Name; I have known ſeveral of the *Brazens* abroad.

Wor. Do you know one Captain *Plume*, Sir?

Braz. Is he any thing related to *Frank Plume*, in *Northamptonſhire?*——Honeſt *Frank!* many, many

a dry Bottle have we crack'd Hand to Fist; you must have known his Brother *Charles* that was concern'd in the *India* Company, he marry'd the Daughter of old *Tongue-Pad* the Master in *Chancery*, a very pretty Woman, only squinted a little; she dy'd in Child-bed of her first Child, but the Child surviv'd; 'twas a Daughter, but whether 'twas call'd *Margaret* or *Margery*, upon my Soul, I can't remember: [*Looking on his Watch.*] But, Gentlemen, I must meet a Lady, a twenty thousand Pounder, presently, upon the Walk by the Water——*Worthy*, your Servant; *Laconick*, yours. [*Exit.*

Ball. If you can have so mean an Opinion of *Melinda*, as to be jealous of this Fellow, I think she ought to give you cause to be so.

Wor. I don't think she encourages him so much for gaining herself a Lover, as to set me up a Rival; were there any Credit to be given to his Words, I shou'd believe *Melinda* had made him this Assignation; I must go see; Sir, you'll pardon me.

Ball. Ay, ay, Sir, you're a Man of Business——But what have we got here?

Enter Rose *singing.*

Rose. And I shall be a Lady, a Captain's Lady, and ride single upon a white Horse with a Star, upon a Velvet Side-saddle; and I shall go to *London*, and see the Tombs, and the Lions, and the Queen. Sir, an' please your Worship, I have often seen your Worship ride through our Grounds a hunting, begging your Worship's Pardon——Pray what may this Lace be worth a Yard? [*Shewing some Lace.*

Ball. Right *Mechlin*, by this Light! Where did you get this Lace, Child?

Rose. No matter for that, Sir, I came honestly by it.

Ball. I question it much.

Rose. And see here, Sir, a fine Turkey-Shell Snuff-box, and fine Mangere, see here. [*Takes Snuff affectedly*] The Captain learn'd me how to take it with an Air.

Ball. Oho! the Captain! Now the Murther's out and so the Captain taught you to take it with an Air.

Rose

Rose. Yes, and give it with an Air too——Will ur Worship please to taste my Snuff?

[*Offers the Box affectedly.*

Ball. You are a very apt Scholar, pretty Maid. nd pray what did you give the Captain for these fine ings?

Rose. He's to have my Brother for a Soldier, and o or three Sweet-hearts that I have in the Coun- y, they shall all go with the Captain: O he's the est Man, and the humblest withal; wou'd you be- eve it, Sir, he carry'd me up with him to his own hamber, with as much Familiarity as if I had been e best Lady in the Land.

Ball. Oh! he's a mighty familiar Gentleman, as an be.

Enter Plume *singing.*

Plume. *But it is not so*
With those that go,
Thro' Frost and Snow,
Most a-propo.
My Maid with the Milking-pail.

[*Takes hold of* Rose.

How, the Justice! then I'm arraign'd, condemn'd and executed.

Ball. O, my noble Captain!

Rose. And my noble Captain too, Sir.

Plume. 'Sdeath, Child, are you mad?——Mr. *Ballance*, I am so full of Business about my Recruits, that I ha'n't a moment's time to——I have just now three or four People to——

Ball. Nay, Captain, I must speak to you——

Rose. And so must I too, Captain.

Plume. Any other time, Sir——I cannot for my Life, Sir——

Ball. Pray, Sir——

Plume. Twenty thousand things——I wou'd——but——now, Sir, pray——Devil take me——I cannot——I must——

[*Breaks away.*

Ball.

Ball. Nay, I'll follow you. [*Exit.*

Rose. And I too. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *The Walk by the* Severn *side.*

Enter Melinda, *and her Maid* Lucy.

Mel. And pray, was it a Ring, or Buckle, or Pendants, or Knots? or, in what Shape was the Almighty Gold transform'd, that has brib'd you so much in his favour.

Luc. Indeed, Madam, the last Bribe I had was from the Captain, and that was only a small piece of *Flanders* Edging for Pinners.

Mel. Ay, *Flanders* Lace is as constant a Present from Officers to their Women, as something else is from their Women to them. They every Year bring over a Cargo of Lace, to cheat the Queen of her Duty, and her Subjects of their Honesty.

Luc. They only barter one sort of prohibited Goods for another, Madam.

Mel. Has any one of 'em been bartering with you, Mrs. *Pert*, that you talk so like a Trader?

Luc. Madam, you talk as peevishly to me, as if it were my Fault; the Crime is none of mine, tho' I pretend to excuse it: Tho' he shou'd not see you this Week, can I help it? But as I was saying, Madam ——his Friend Captain *Plume*, has so taken him up these two Days.

Mel. Psha! wou'd his Friend, the Captain, were ty'd upon his Back; I warrant he has never been sober since that confounded Captain came to Town: The Devil take all Officers, I say——they do the Nation more harm by debauching us at home, than they do good by defending us abroad: No sooner a Captain comes to Town, but all the young Fellows flock about him, and we can't keep a Man to our selves.

Luc. One wou'd imagine, Madam, by your Concern for *Worthy*'s Absence, that you shou'd use him better when he's with you.

Mel. Who told you, pray, that I was concern'd for his Absence? I'm only vex'd that I've had nothing

hing ſaid to me theſe two Days: One may like the Love, and deſpiſe the Lover, I hope; as one may ove the Treaſon, and hate the Traytor. O! here omes another Captain, and a Rogue that has the Confidence to make Love to me; but, indeed, I don't vonder at that, when he has Aſſurance to fancy imſelf a fine Gentleman.

Luc. If he ſhou'd ſpeak o'th' Aſſignation, I ſhou'd be uin'd. [*Aſide.*

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Truth to the Touch, 'faith! [*Aſide.*] Maam, I am your humble Seryant, and all that, Maam? A fine River this ſame *Severn*——Do you love 'iſhing, Madam?

Mel. 'Tis a pretty melancholy Amuſement for Loers.

Braz. I'll go buy Hooks and Lines preſently; for ou muſt know, Madam, that I have ſerv'd in *Flanders* againſt the *French*, in *Hungary* againſt the *Turks*, nd in *Tangier* againſt the *Moors*, and I was never ſo uch in Love before; and ſplit me, Madam, in all he Campaigns I ever made, I have not ſeen ſo fine a Woman as your Ladyſhip.

Mel. And from all the Men I ever ſaw, I never ad ſo fine a Complement; but you Soldiers are the eſt-bred Men, that we muſt allow.

Braz. Some of us, Madam——But there are Brutes mong us too, very ſad Brutes; for my own part, I have lways had the good luck to prove agreeable——I have ad very conſiderable Offers, Madam—I might have arry'd a *German* Princeſs, worth fifty thouſand Crowns a Year, but her Stove diſguſted me. The Daughter of a *Turkiſh Baſhaw* fell in love with me too, hen I was Priſoner among the Infidels; ſhe offer'd to ob her Father of his Treaſure, and make her Eſcape ith me; but I don't know how, my Time was not ome; Hanging and Marriage, you know, go by Deſtiny: Fate has reſerv'd me for a *Shropſhire* Lady ith Twenty thouſand Pound——Do you know any ich Perſon, Madam?

Mel.

Mel. Extravagant Coxcomb! [*Aſide.*] To be ſure, a great many Ladies of that Fortune, wou'd be proud of the Name of Mrs. *Brazen.*

Braz. Nay, for that matter, Madam, there are Women of very good Quality of the Name of *Brazen.*

Enter Worthy.

Mel. O! are you there, Gentlemen?——Come, Captain, we'll walk this way, give me your Hand.

Braz. My Hand, Heart's Blood and Guts are at your Service.——Mr. *Worthy*, your Servant, my Dear. [*Exit, leading* Melinda.

Wor. Death and Fire, this is not to be borne.

Enter Plume.

Plume. No more it is, faith.

Wor. What?

Plume. The *March* Beer at the *Raven*; I have been doubly ſerving the Queen——raiſing Men, and raiſing the Exciſe——Recruiting and Election are rare Friends to the Exciſe.

Wor. You a'n't drunk.

Plume. No, no, whimſical only; I cou'd be mighty fooliſh, and fancy my ſelf mighty witty. Reaſon ſtill keeps its Throne, but it nods a little, that's all.

Wor. Then you're juſt fit for a Frolick.

Plume. As fit as cloſe Pinners for a Punk in the Pit.

Wor. There's your Play then, recover me that Veſſel from that *Tangerine.*

Plume. She's well rigg'd, but how is ſhe mann'd?

Wor. By Captain *Brazen*, that I told you of to-day; ſhe's call'd the *Melinda*, a Firſt-Rate, I can aſſure you; ſhe ſheer'd off with him juſt now, on purpoſe to affront me: but according to your Advice I wou'd take no notice, becauſe I wou'd ſeem to be above a Concern for her Behaviour; but have a Care of a Quarrel.

Plume. No, no, I never quarrel with any thing in my Cups but an Oyſter-Wench, or a Cook-Maid; and if they been't civil, I knock 'em down: But hearkʼe, my Friend, I'll make Love, and I muſt make Love. I'll tell you what, I'll make Love like a Platoon.

Wor

Wor. Platoon! how's that?

Plume. I'll kneel, ſtoop and ſtand, 'faith; moſt Ladies are gain'd by Platooning.

Wor. Here they come; I muſt leave you. [*Exit.*

Plume. Soh! now muſt I look as ſober, and as demure, as a Whore at a Chriſtning.

Enter Brazen *and* Melinda.

Braz. Who's that, Madam?

Mel. A Brother Officer of yours, I ſuppoſe, Sir.

Braz. Ay!——my Dear. [*To* Plume.

Plume. My Dear. [*Run and embrace.*

Braz. My dear Boy, how is't? Your Name, my Dear? if I be not miſtaken, I have ſeen your Face.

Plume. I never ſaw yours in my Life, my Dear—— But there's a Face well known, as the Sun's that ſhines on all, and is by all ador'd.

Braz. Have you any Pretenſions, Sir?

Plume. Pretenſions!

Braz. That is, Sir, have you ever ſerv'd abroad?

Plume. I have ſerv'd at home, Sir, for Ages ſerv'd this cruel Fair——And that will ſerve the turn, Sir?

Mel. So between the Fool and the Rake, I ſhall bring a fine Spot of Work upon my hands ——I ſee *Worthy* yonder——I cou'd be content to be Friends with him, wou'd he come this way. [*Aſide.*

Braz. Will you fight for the Lady, Sir?

Plume. No, Sir, but I'll have her notwithſtanding.

Thou Peerleſs Princeſs of Salopian *Plains,*
Envy'd by Nymphs, and worſhipp'd by the Swains.

Braz. Oons, Sir, not fight for her!

Plume. Prithee be quiet——I ſhall be out——

Behold, how humbly does the Severn *glide,*
To greet thee, Princeſs of the Severn *ſide.*

Braz. Don't mind him, Madam——If he were not ſo well dreſs'd, I ſhou'd take him for a Poet.—But I'll ſhew the Difference preſently ——Come, Madam,—— we'll place you between us, and now the longeſt Sword carries her. [*Draws.*

Mel. [*Shrieking.*]

Enter Worthy.

Oh, Mr. *Worthy*, ſave me from theſe Madmen.

[*Exit with* Worthy.

Plume. Ha, ha, ha! why don't you follow, Sir, and fight the bold Raviſher?

Braz. No, Sir, you are my Man.

Plume. I don't like the Wages, and I won't be your Man.

Braz. Then you're not worth my Sword.

Plume. No! Pray what did it coſt?

Braz. It coſt me twenty Piſtoles in *France*, and my Enemies thouſands of Lives in *Flanders*.

Plume. Then they had a dear Bargain.

Enter Sylvia *in Man's Apparel.*

Syl. Save ye, ſave ye, Gentlemen.

Braz. My Dear! I'm yours.

Plume. Do you know the Gentleman?

Braz. No, but I will preſently.—Your Name, my Dear.

Syl. Wilful; *Jack Wilful*, at your Service.

Braz. What, the *Kentiſh Wilfuls*, or thoſe of *Staffordſhire?*

Syl. Both, Sir, both; I'm related to all the *Wilfuls* in *Europe*, and I'm Head of the Family at preſent.

Plume. Do you live in this Country, Sir?

Syl. Yes, Sir, I live where I ſtand; I have neither Home, Houſe, nor Habitation, beyond this Spot of Ground.

Braz. What are you, Sir?

Syl. A Rake.

Plume. In the Army, I preſume.

Syl. No, but I intend to liſt immediately—Look'e, Gentlemen, he that bids me faireſt, has me.

Braz. Sir, I'll prefer you, I'll make you a Corporal this Minute.

Plume. Corporal! I'll make you my Companion, you ſhall eat with me.

Braz. You ſhall drink with me.

Plume. You ſhall lie with me, you young Rogue.

[*Kiſſes.*

Braz.

Braz. You ſhall receive your Pay, and do no Duty.

Syl. Then you muſt make me a Field-Officer.

Plume. Pho, pho, pho! I'll do more than all this; I'll make you a Corporal, and give you a Brevet for Serjeant.

Braz. Can you read and write, Sir?

Syl. Yes.

Braz. Then your Buſineſs is done.——I'll make you Chaplain to the Regiment.

Syl. Your Promiſes are ſo equal, that I'm at a loſs to chuſe; there is one *Plume*, that I hear much commended, in Town; pray, which of you is Captain *Plume?*

Plume. I am Captain *Plume.*

Braz. No, no, I am Captain *Plume.*

Syl. Hey-day!

Plume. Captain *Plume!* I'm your Servant, my Dear.

Braz. Captain *Brazen!* I am yours——the Fellow dares not fight.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Sir, if you pleaſe——

[*Goes to whiſper* Plume.

Plume. No, no, there's your Captain. Captain *Plume*, your Serjeant is got ſo drunk, he miſtakes me for you.

Braz. He's an incorrigible Sot.—Here, my Hector of *Holborn*, forty Shillings for you.

Plume. I forbid the Banes.——Look'e, Friend, you ſhall liſt with Captain *Brazen.*

Syl. I will ſee Captain *Brazen* hang'd firſt; I will liſt with Captain *Plume*, I am a Free-born *Engliſhman*, and will be a Slave my own way———Look'e, Sir, will you ſtand by me? [*To* Brazen.

Braz. I warrant you, my Lad.

Syl. Then I will tell you, Captain *Brazen*, [*To* Plume,] that you are an ignorant, pretending, impudent Coxcomb.

Braz. Ay, ay, a ſad Dog.

Syl. A very ſad Dog; give me the Money, noble Captain *Plume.*

Plume. Then you won't liſt with Captain *Brazen!*

Syl. I won't.

Braz. Never mind him, Child, I'll end the Dispute presently——Heark'e, my Dear.

[*Takes* Plume *to one side of the Stage, and entertains him in dumb Shew.*

Kite. Sir, he in the plain Coat is Captain *Plume*, I am his Serjeant, and will take my Oath on't.

Syl. What! You are Serjeant *Kite?*

Kite. At your Service.

Syl. Then I would not take your Oath for a Farthing.

Kite. A very understanding Youth of his Age! Pray, Sir, let me look full in your Face?

Syl. Well, Sir, what have you to say to my Face?

Kite. The very Image of my Brother; two Bullets of the same Caliver were never so like: Sure it must be *Charles, Charles*——

Syl. What d'ye mean by *Charles?*

Kite. The Voice too, only a little Variation in *Esa ut flat.* My dear Brother, for I must call you so, if you should have the Fortune to enter into the most noble Society of the Sword, I bespeak you for a Comrade.

Syl. No, Sir, I'll be the Captain's Comrade, if any body's.

Kite. Ambition there again! 'Tis a noble Passion for a Soldier; by that I gain'd this glorious Halbert. Ambition! I see a Commission in his Face already: Pray, noble Captain, give me leave to salute you.

[*Offers to kiss her.*

Syl. What, Men kiss one another!

Kite. We Officers do: 'tis our way; we live together like Man and Wife, always either kissing or fighting:——But I see a Storm coming.

Syl. Now, Serjeant, I shall see who is your Captain by your knocking down the other.

Kite. My Captain scorns Assistance, Sir.

Braz. How dare you contend for any thing, and not dare to draw your Sword? But you are a young Fellow, and have not been much abroad; I excuse that,

that, but prithee resign the Man, prithee do; you are a very honest Fellow.

Plume. You lye; and you are a Son of a Whore. [*Draws, and makes up to* Brazen.

Braz. Hold, hold, did not you refuse to fight for the Lady?

Plume. I always do———But for a Man I'll fight Knee deep; so you lye again. [Plume *and* Brazen *fight a Traverse or two about the Stage*; Sylvia *draws, who is held by* Kite, *who sounds to Arms with his Mouth*; *takes* Sylvia *in his Arms, and carries her off the Stage.*

Braz. Hold, where's the Man?

Plume. Gone.

Braz. Then what do we fight for? [*Puts up.* Now let's embrace, my Dear.

Plume. With all my heart, my Dear. [*Putting up.*] I suppose *Kite* has lifted him by this time. [*Embraces.*

Braz. You are a brave Fellow, I always fight with a Man before I make him my Friend; and if once I find he will fight, I never quarrel with him afterwards. —— And now I'll tell you a Secret, my dear Friend, that Lady we frighted out of the Walk just now, I found in Bed this Morning——So beautiful, so inviting ——I presently lock'd the Door——But I am a Man of Honour——But I believe I shall marry her nevertheless ——Her twenty thousand Pound, you know, will be a pretty Conveniency——I had an Assignation with her here, but your coming spoil'd my Sport. Curse you, my Dear, but don't do so agen.———

Plume. No, no, my Dear, Men are my Business at present. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *The Walk continues.*

Enter Rose *and* Bullock *meeting.*

Rose. WHere have you been, you great Booby? you are always out of the way in the time of Preferment.

Bull. Preferment! who should prefer me?

Rose. I wou'd prefer you! who shou'd prefer a Man but a Woman? Come, throw away that great Club, hold up your Head, cock your Hat, and look big.

Bull. Ah *Ruose, Ruose,* I fear some body will look big sooner than Folk think of: This genteel Breeding never comes into the Country without a Train of Followers —— Here has been *Cartwheel* your Sweetheart, what will become of him?

Rose. Look'e, I'm a great Woman, and will provide for my Relations: —— I told the Captain how finely he play'd upon the Tabor and Pipe, so he has set him down for Drum-Major.

Bull. Nay, Sister, why did not you keep that Place for me? you know I have always lov'd to be a drumming, if it were but on a Table, or on a Quart Pot.

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. Had I but a Commission in my Pocket, I fancy my Breeches wou'd become me as well as any ranting Fellow of 'em all; for I take a bold Step, a rakish Toss, a smart Cock, and an impudent Air, to be the principal Ingredients in the Composition of a Captain ——— What's here? *Rose!* my Nurse's Daughter —— I'll go and practice —— Come, Child, kiss me at once, [*Kisses* Rose:] and her Brother too; —— Well honest, *Dungfork,* do you know the difference between a Horse and a Cart, and a Cart-Horse, eh?

Bull. I presume that your Worship is a Captain, by your Clothes and your Courage.

Syl. Suppose I were, wou'd you be contented to list, Friend?

Rose.

Rose. No, no, tho' your Worship be a handsome Man, there be others as fine as you; my Brother is engaged to Captain *Plume?*

Syl. Plume! Do you know Captain *Plume?*

Rose. Yes, I do, and he knows me——He took the Ribbands out of his Shirt-Sleeves, and put 'em into my Shoes——See there——I can assure you that I can do any thing with the Captain.

Bull. That is in a modest way, Sir.——Have a care what you say, *Ruose*, don't shame your Parentage.

Rose. Nay, for that matter, I am not so simple as to say that I can do any thing with the Captain, but what I may do with any body else.

Syl. So!——And pray what do you expect from this Captain, Child?

Rose. I expect, Sir,—I expect—But he order'd me to tell no body.—But suppose that he should promise to marry me?

Syl. You shou'd have a care, my Dear; Men will promise any thing before-hand.

Rose. I know that, but he promis'd to marry me afterwards.

Bull. Wouns, *Ruose*, what have you said?

Syl. Afterwards? After what?

Rose. After I had sold my Chickens.————I hope there's no harm in that.

Enter Plume.

Plume. What, Mr. *Wilful*, so close with my Market-Woman!

Syl. I'll try if he loves her. [*Aside.*] Close, Sir, ay, and closer yet, Sir,——Come, my pretty Maid, you and I will withdraw a little.

Plume. No, no, Friend, I ha'n't done with her yet.

Syl. Nor have I begun with her, so I have as good a Right as you have.

Plume. Thou art a bloody impudent Fellow.

Syl. Sir, I wou'd qualify my self for the Service,

Plume. Hast thou really a mind to the Service?

Syl. Yes, Sir: So let her go.

Rose. Pray, Gentlemen, don't be so violent.

Plume. Come, leave it to the Girl's own Choice — Will you belong to me, or to that Gentleman?

Rose. Let me consider, you're both very handsome.

Plume. Now the natural Unconstancy of her Sex begins to work.

Rose. Pray, Sir, what will you give me?

Bull. Don't be angry, Sir, that my Sister should be Mercenary, for she's but young.

Syl. Give thee, Child—I'll set thee above Scandal; you shall have a Coach with six before, and six behind, an Equipage to make Vice fashionable, and put Virtue out of countenance.

Plume. Pho, that's easily done; I'll do more for thee, Child, I'll buy you a Furbeloe Scarf, and give you a Ticket to see a Play.

Bull. A Play! Wauns, *Ruose*, take the Ticket, and let's see the Show.

Syl. Look'e, Captain, if you won't resign, I'll go list with Captain *Brazen* this Minute.

Plume. Will you list with me if I give up my Title?

Syl. I will.

Plume. Take her; I'll change a Woman for a Man at any time.

Rose. I have heard before, indeed, that you Captains us'd to sell your Men.

Bull. Pray, Captain, do not send *Ruose* to the *West-Indies.*

Plume. Ha, ha, ha, *West-Indies!* No, no, my honest Lad, give me thy Hand; nor you, nor she, shall move a step farther than I do—This Gentleman is one of us, and will be kind to you, Mrs. *Rose.*

Rose. But will you be so kind to me, Sir, as the Captain wou'd?

Syl. I can't be altogether so kind to you, my Circumstances are not so good as the Captain's; but I'll take care of you, upon my Word.

Plume, Ay, ay, we'll all take care of her; she shall live like a Princess, and her Brother here shall be—— What wou'd you be?

Bull. O! Sir! If you had not promis'd the Place of Drum-Major——

Plume.

Plume. Ay, that is promis'd———But what think you of Barrack-Maſter? You are a Perſon of Underſtanding, and Barrack-Maſter you ſhall be.———But what's become of this ſame *Cartwheel* you told me of, my Dear?

Roſe. We'll go fetch him.——Come Brother Barrack-Maſter———We ſhall find you at home, noble Captain? [*Exeunt* Roſe *and* Bullock.

Plume. Yes, yes; and now, Sir, here are your forty Shillings.

Syl. Captain *Plume*, I deſpiſe your liſting Money; if I do ſerve, 'tis purely for Love——of that Wench, I mean———For you muſt know, that among my other Sallies, I have ſpent the beſt part of my Fortune in ſearch of a Maid, and cou'd never find one hitherto; ſo you may be aſſur'd I'd ſell my Freedom under a leſs Purchaſe than I did my Eſtate———So before I liſt, I muſt be certify'd that this Girl is a Virgin.

Plume. Mr. *Wilful*, I can't tell you how you can be certify'd in that Point till you try; but upon my Honour ſhe may be a Veſtal for aught that I know to the contrary.——I gain'd her Heart indeed by ſome trifling Preſents and Promiſes, and knowing that the beſt Security for a Woman's Soul is her Body, I wou'd have made my ſelf Maſter of that too, had not the Jealouſy of my impertinent Landlady interpos'd.

Syl. So you only want an Opportunity for accompliſhing your Deſigns upon her.

Plume. Not at all, I have already gain'd my Ends, which were only the drawing in one or two of her Followers. The Women, you know, are the Loadſtones every where; gain the Wives, and you are careſs'd by the Huſbands; pleaſe the Miſtreſs, and you are valu'd by the Gallants; ſecure an Intereſt with the fineſt Women at Court, and you procure the Favour of the greateſt Men———So kiſs the prettieſt Country-Wenches, and you are ſure of liſting the luſtieſt Fellows. Some People may call this Artifice, but I term it Stratagem, ſince it's ſo main a part of

the Service——Besides, the Fatigue of Recruiting is so intolerable, that unless we cou'd make our selves some Pleasure amidst the Pain, no mortal Man wou'd be able to bear it.

Syl. Well, Sir, I am satisfy'd as to the Point in Debate; but now let me beg you to lay aside your Recruiting Airs, put on the Man of Honour, and tell me plainly what Usage I must expect when I am under your Command.

Plume. You must know, in the first place, then, that I hate to have Gentlemen in my Company; for they are always troublesome and expensive, sometimes dangerous; and it's a constant Maxim amongst us, that those who know the least, obey the best. Notwithstanding all this, I find something so agreeable about you, that engages me to court your Company; and I can't tell how it is, but I shou'd be uneasy to see you under the Command of any body else——Your Usage will chiefly depend upon your Behaviour; only this you must expect, that if you commit a small Fault, I will excuse it; if a great one, I'll discharge you: for something tells me, I shall not be able to punish you.

Syl. And something tells me, that if you do discharge me, 'twill be the greatest Punishment you can inflict; for were we this Moment to go upon the greatest Dangers in your Profession, they wou'd be less terrible to me, than to stay behind you——And now your Hand, this lifts me———And now you are my Captain.

Plume. Your Friend. [*Kisses her.*] 'Sdeath! There's something in this Fellow that charms me.

Syl. One Favour I must beg——This affair will make some noise, and I have some Friends that wou'd censure my Conduct, if I threw my self into the Circumstance of a Private Centinel of my own head—— I must therefore take care to be impress by the Act of Parliament; you shall leave that to me.

Plume. What you please as to that———Will you lodge at my Quarters in the mean time? You shall have part of my Bed.

Syl.

Syl. O fye! Lie with a common Soldier! Wou'd not you rather lie with a common Woman?

Plume. No, faith, I'm not that Rake that the World imagines! I have got an Air of Freedom, which People mistake for Lewdness in me, as they mistake Formality in others for Religion——The World is all a Cheat; only I take mine, which is undesign'd, to be more excusable than theirs which is hypocritical. I hurt no body but my self, and they abuse all Mankind——Will you lie with me?

Syl. No, no, Captain, you forget *Rose*; she's to be my Bedfellow, you know.

Plume. I had forgot; pray be kind to her.

[Exeunt *severally*.

Enter Melinda *and* Lucy.

Mel. 'Tis the greatest Misfortune in Nature for a Woman to want a Confident: We are so weak, that we can do nothing without Assistance, and then a Secret racks us worse than the Cholick——I am at this minute so sick of a Secret, that I'm ready to faint away——Help me, *Lucy*.

Luc. Bless me, Madam! What's the matter?

Mel. Vapours only, I begin to recover——If *Sylvia* were in Town, I could heartily forgive her Faults for the Ease of discovering my own.

Luc. You're thoughtful, Madam; am not I worthy to know the Cause?

Mel. You are a Servant, and a Secret may make you saucy.

Luc. Not unless you shou'd find fault without a Cause, Madam.

Mel. Cause or not Cause, I must not lose the Pleasure of chiding when I please: Women must discharge their Vapours somewhere, and before we get Husbands our Servants must expect to bear with 'em.

Luc. Then, Madam, you had better raise me to a Degree above a Servant: You know my Family, and that 500*l.* would set me upon the foot of a Gentlewoman, and make me worthy the Confidence of any Lady in the Land; besides, Madam, 'twill extremely

tremely encourage me in the great Design I now have in hand.

Mel. I don't find that your Design can be of any great Advantage to you: 'Twill please me, indeed, in the Humour I have of being reveng'd on the Fool for his Vanity of making Love to me; so I don't much care if I do promise you five hundred Pound upon my Day of Marriage.

Luc. That is the way, Madam, to make me diligent in the Vocation of a Confident, which I think is generally to bring People together.

Mel. O *Lucy!* I can hold my Secret no longer: You must know, that hearing of the famous Fortune-teller in Town, I went disguis'd to satisfy a Curiosity, which has cost me dear: That Fellow is certainly the Devil, or one of his Bosom-Favourites, he has told me the most surprizing things of my past Life.

Luc. Things past, Madam, can hardly be reckon'd surprizing, because we know them already. Did he tell you any thing surprizing that was to come?

Mel. One thing very surprizing; he said I shou'd die a Maid.

Luc. Die a Maid! Come into the World for nothing——Dear Madam, if you shou'd believe him, it might come to pass; for the bare Thought on't might kill one in four and twenty Hours——And did you ask him any Questions about me?

Mel. You! Why, I pass'd for you.

Luc. So 'tis I that am to die a Maid———But the Devil was a Lyar from the beginning, he can't make me die a Maid——I have put it out of his power already.

Mel. I do but jest, I wou'd have pass'd for you, and call'd my self *Lucy*; but he presently told me my Name, my Quality, my Fortune, and gave me the whole History of my Life——He told me of a Lover I had in this Country, and describ'd *Worthy* exactly, but in nothing so well as in his present Indifference———I fled to him for Refuge here to-day, he never so much as encouraged me in my fright, but coldly

coldly told me, that he was sorry for the Accident, because it might give the Town cause to censure my Conduct, excus'd his not waiting on me home, made me a careless Bow, and walk'd off. 'Sdeath! I cou'd have stabb'd him, or my self, 'twas the same thing—— Yonder he comes———I will so use him!

Luc. Don't exasperate him, consider what the Fortune-teller told you: Men are scarce, and as Times go, it is not impossible for a Woman to die a Maid.

Enter Worthy.

Mel. No matter.

Wor. I find she's warm'd, I must strike while the Iron is hot———You have a great deal of Courage, Madam, to venture into the Walks where you were so lately frighten'd.

Mel. And you have a quantity of Impudence to appear before me, that you have so lately affronted.

Wor. I had no design to affront you, nor appear before you either, Madam: I left you here, because I had business in another place, and came hither thinking to meet another Person.

Mel. Since you find your self disappointed, I hope you'll withdraw to another part of the Walk.

Wor. The Walk is broad enough for us both. [*They walk by one another, he with his Hat cock'd, she fretting and tearing her Fan.*] Will you please to take Snuff, Madam? [*He offers her his Box, she strikes it out of his Hand; while he is gathering it up,* Brazen *takes her round the Waist, she cuffs him.*

Enter Brazen.

Braz. What, here before me, my Dear!

Mel. What means this Insolence?

Luc. Are you mad? Don't you see Mr. *Worthy?* [*To* Brazen.]

Braz. No, no, I'm struck blind——*Worthy!* odso! well turn'd———My Mistress has wit at her Fingers ends———Madam, I ask your pardon, 'tis our way abroad———Mr. *Worthy*, you are the happy Man.

Wor. I don't envy your Happiness very much, if the Lady can afford no other sort of Favours but what she has bestow'd upon you.

Mel.

Mel. I am ſorry the Favour miſcarry'd, for it was deſign'd for you, Mr. *Worthy*; and be aſſur'd 'tis the laſt and only Favour you muſt expect at my Hands ——Captain, I aſk your Pardon——[*Exit with* Lucy.

Braz. I grant it.——You ſee, Mr. *Worthy*, 'twas only a Random-ſhot, it might have taken off your Head as well as mine: Courage, my Dear, 'tis the Fortune of War; but the Enemy has thought fit to withdraw, I think.

Wor. Withdraw! Ouns, Sir! what d'ye mean by withdraw.

Braz. I'll ſhew you.

Wor. She's loſt, irrecoverably loſt, and *Plume*'s Advice has ruin'd me: 'Sdeath! why ſhou'd I, that knew her haughty Spirit, be rul'd by a Man that's a Stranger to her Pride?

Enter Plume.

Plume. Ha, ha, ha, a Battle-Royal: Don't frown ſo, Man, ſhe's your own, I tell you: I ſaw the Fury of her Love in the Extremity of her Paſſion: The Wildneſs of her Anger is a certain Sign that ſhe loves you to Madneſs. That Rogue *Kite* began the Battel with abundance of Conduct, and will bring you off victorious, my Life on't; he plays his part admirably, ſhe's to be with him again preſently.

Wor. But what cou'd be the meaning of *Brazen*'s Familiarity with her?

Plume. You are no Logician, if you pretend to draw Conſequences from the Actions of Fools: There's no arguing by the Rule of Reaſon upon a Science without Principles, and ſuch is their Conduct——Whim, unaccountable Whim hurries 'em on like a Man drunk with Brandy before ten a Clock in the Morning ——But we loſe our Sport——*Kite* has open'd above an hour ago, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Chamber; a Table with Books and Globes.*

Kite *diſguis'd in a ſtrange Habit, ſitting at a Table.*

Kite. [*Riſing.*] By the Poſition of the Heavens, gain'd

gain'd from my Obſervation upon theſe Celeſtial Globes, I find that *Luna* was a Tide-waiter, *Sol* a Surveyor, *Mercury* a Thief, *Venus* a Whore, *Saturn* an Alderman, *Jupiter* a Rake, and *Mars* a Serjeant of Granadeers; and this is the Syſtem of *Kite* the Conjurer.

Enter Plume *and* Worthy.

Plume. Well, what Succeſs?

Kite. I have ſent away a *Shoemaker* and a *Taylor* already; one's to be a Captain of Marines, and the other a Major of Dragoons———I am to manage them at night————Have you ſeen the Lady, Mr. *Worthy!*

Wor. Ay, but it won't do———Have you ſhew'd her her Name, that I tore off from the bottom of the Letter?

Kite. No, Sir, I reſerve that for the laſt Stroke.

Plume. What Letter?

Wor. One that I wou'd not let you ſee, for fear that you ſhou'd break Windows in good earneſt.

[*Knocking at the Door.*

Kite. Officers to your Poſts. Mind the Door.

[*Exeunt* Plume *and* Worthy. *Servant opens the Door.*

Enter a Smith.

Smith. Well, Maſter, are you the Cunning Man?

Kite. I am the Learned *Copernicus.*

Smith. Well, Maſter, I'm but a poor Man, and I can't afford above a Shilling for my Fortune.

Kite. Perhaps that is more than 'tis worth.

Smith. Look'e, Doctor, let me have ſomething that's good for my Shilling, or I'll have my Money again.

Kite. If there be Faith in the Stars, you ſhall have your Shilling forty-ſold——Your Hand, Countryman, you're by Trade a *Smith.*

Smith. How the Devil ſhou'd you know that?

Kite. Becauſe the Devil and you are Brother-Tradeſmen————You were born under *Forceps.*

Smith. *Forceps,* what's that?

Kite. One of the Signs: There's *Leo, Sagittarius, Forceps,*

Forceps, Furnes, Dixmude, Namur, Bruſſels, Charleroy, and ſo forth——Twelve of 'em———Let me ſee——Did you ever make any Bombs or Cannon-Bullets?

Smith. Not I.

Kite. You either have or will——The Stars have decreed, that you ſhall be——I muſt have more Money, Sir——Your Fortune's great.

Smith. Faith, Doctor, I have no more.

Kite. O Sir, I'll truſt you, and take it out of your Arrears.

Smith. Arrears! what Arrears?

Kite. The five hundred Pound that's owing to you from the Government.

Smith. Owing me!

Kite. Owing you, Sir——Let me ſee your t'other Hand——I beg your pardon, it will be owing to you: And the Rogue of an Agent will demand Fifty *per Cent.* for a Fortnight's Advance.

Smith. I'm in the Clouds, Doctor, all this while.

Kite. Sir, I am above 'em, among the Stars——In two Years, three Months and two Hours, you will be made Captain of the Forges to the Grand Train of Artillery, and will have Ten Shillings a Day, and two Servants——'Tis the Decree of the Stars, and of the fix'd Stars, that are as immoveable as your Anvil——Strike, Sir, while the Iron is hot———Fly, Sir, be gone.

Smith. What! what wou'd you have me do, Doctor? I wiſh the Stars wou'd put me in a way for this fine Place.

Kite. The Stars do——let me ſee——ay, about an Hour hence walk careleſly into the Market-place, and you'll ſee a tall, ſlender Gentleman, cheap'ning a Pennyworth of Apples, with a Cane hanging upon his Button——This Gentleman will aſk you what's a-clock——He's your Man, and the Maker of your Fortune,——Follow him, follow him———And now go home, and take leave of your Wife and Children? an Hour hence exactly is your time.

Smith. A tall ſlender Gentleman, you ſay, with a Cane! Pray, what ſort of Head has the Cane?

Kite.

Kite. An Amber Head, with a black Ribband.

Smith. And pray, of what Employment is the Gentleman?

Kite. Let me ſee, he's either a Collector of the Exciſe, or a Plenipotentiary, or a Captain of Granadeers———I can't tell exactly which———but he'll call you honeſt———your Name is———

Smith. Thomas.

Kite. He'll call you honeſt *Tom.*

Smith. But how the Devil ſhou'd he know my Name?

Kite. O there are ſeveral ſorts of *Toms*——*Tom o' Lincoln, Tom-tit, Tom Tell-Troth, Tom o' Bedlam,* and *Tom Fool*———Be gone———An Hour hence preciſely. [*Knocking at the Door.*

Smith. You ſay, he'll aſk me what's a-clock.

Kite. Moſt certainly———And you'll anſwer, you don't know———And beſure you look at St. *Mary*'s Dial; for the Sun won't ſhine, and if it ſhou'd, you won't be able to tell the Figures.

Smith. I will, I will. [*Exit.*

Plume. Well done, Conjurer, go on and proſper. [*Behind.*

Enter a Butcher.

What, my old Friend *Pluck* the Butcher!———I offer'd the ſurly Bull-dog five Guineas this Morning, and he refus'd it. [*Aſide.*

But. So, Mr. Conjurer, here's Halfa Crown——— And now you muſt underſtand———

Kite. Hold, Friend, I know your Buſineſs beforehand———

But. You're deviliſh cunning then, for I don't well know it my ſelf.

Kite. I know more than you, Friend———You have a fooliſh Saying, that ſuch a one knows no more than the Man in the Moon: I tell you, the Man in the Moon knows more than all the Men under the Sun: Don't the Moon ſee all the World?

But. All the World ſee the Moon, I muſt confeſs.

Kite. Then ſhe muſt ſee all the World, that's certain

tain——Give me your Hand——You're by Trade, either a *Butcher* or a *Surgeon*.

But. True, I am a *Butcher*.

Kite. And a *Surgeon* you will be, the Employments differ only in the Name——He that can cut up an Ox, may diſſect a Man: and the ſame Dexterity that cracks a Marrow-bone, will cut off a Leg or an Arm.

But. What d'ye mean, Doctor, what d'ye mean?

Kite. Patience, Patience, Mr. *Surgeon-General*, the Stars are great Bodies, and move ſlowly.

But. But what d'ye mean by *Surgeon-General*, Doctor?

Kite. Nay, Sir, if your Worſhip won't have Patience, I muſt beg the Favour of your Worſhip's Abſence.

But. My Worſhip! my Worſhip! but why my Worſhip?

Kite. Nay, then I have done.

But. Pray, Doctor——

Kite. Fire and Fury, Sir! [*Riſes in a Paſſion.*] Do you think the Stars will be hurried? Do the Stars owe you any Money, Sir, that you dare to dun their Lordſhips at this Rate?——Sir, I am Porter to the Stars, and I am order'd to let no Dun come near their Doors.

But. Dear Doctor, I never had any Dealing with the Stars, they don't owe me a Penny——But ſince you are their Porter, pleaſe to accept of this Half-Crown to drink their Healths, and don't be angry.

Kite. Let me ſee your Hand then once more——Here has been Gold——Five Guineas, my Friend, in this very Hand this Morning.

But. Nay, then he is the Devil——Pray, Doctor, were you born of a Woman? or, did you come into the World of your own Head?

Kite. That's a Secret——This Gold was offer'd you by a proper handſome Man, call'd *Hawk*, or *Buzzard*, or——

But. *Kite* you mean.

Kite. Ay, ay, *Kite*.

But. As arrant a Rogue as ever carry'd a Halberd: The impudent Rascal would have decoy'd me for a Soldier.

Kite. A Soldier! a Man of your Substance for a Soldier! Your Mother has a hundred Pound in hard Money, lying at this Minute in the hands of a Mercer, not forty Yards from this Place.

But. Oons! and so she has; but very few know so much.

Kite. I know it, and that Rogue, what's his Name, *Kite*, knew it, and offer'd you five Guineas to list, because he knew your poor Mother wou'd give the Hundred for your Discharge.

But. There's a Dog now ——'sflesh, Doctor, I'll give you t'other Half-Crown, and tell me that this same *Kite* will be hang'd.

Kite. He's in as much danger as any Man in the County of *Salop*.

But. There's your Fee ——but you have forgot the Surgeon-General all this while.

Kite. You put the Stars in a Passion. [*Looks on his Books.*] But now they are pacified again. —— Let me see, did you never cut off a Man's Leg?

But. No.

Kite. Recollect, pray.

But. I say, no.

Kite. That's strange, wonderful strange; but nothing is strange to me, such wonderful Changes have seen——The Second, or Third, ay, the Third Campaign that you make in *Flanders*, the Leg of a great Officer will be shatter'd by a great Shot; you will be there accidentally, and with your Cleaver chop off the Limb at a Blow: In short, the Operation will be perform'd with so much Dexterity, that with general Applause you will be made Surgeon-General of the whole Army.

But. Nay, for the matter of cutting off a Limb, I'll do't, I'll do't with any Surgeon in *Europe*; but I have no Thoughts of making a Campaign.

Kite. You have no Thoughts! what's matter for your

your Thoughts; the Stars have decreed it, and you must go.

But. The Stars decree it! Oons, Sir, the Justice can't press me.

Kite. Nay, Friend, 'tis none of my Business, I have done; only mind this, you'll know more an Hour and a half hence; that's all, farewell.

But. Hold, hold, Doctor, Surgeon-General! What is the Place worth, pray?

Kite. Five hundred Pounds a Year, besides Guineas for Claps.

But. Five hundred Pounds a Year!——An hour and a half hence, you say.

Kite. Prithee, Friend, be quiet, don't be troublesome here's such a work to make a Booby Butcher accept of Five hundred Pound a Year — But if you must hear it —I'll tell you in short, you'll be standing in your Stall an Hour and a half hence, and a Gentleman will come by with a Snuff-box in his Hand, and the tip of his Handkerchief hanging out of his right Pocket; he'll ask you the Price of a Loin of Veal, and at the same time stroak your great Dog upon the Head, and call him *Chopper*.

But. Mercy on us! *Chopper* is the Dog's Name.

Kite. Look'e there———What I say is true——— things that are to come, must come to pass———Get you home, sell off your Stock, don't mind the whining and the snivelling of your Mother and your Sister——Women always hinder Preferment——make what Money you can, and follow that Gentleman, his Name begins with a *P*,———mind that——There will be the Barber's Daughter too, that you promis'd Marriage to———she will be pulling and hauling you to pieces.

But. What! know *Sally* too? He's the Devil, and he needs must go that the Devil drives. [*Going.*] The tip of his Handkerchief out of his left Pocket.

Kite. No, no, his right Pocket; if it be the left 'tis none of the Man.

But. Well, well, I'll mind him. [*Exit Plum*

Plume. The right Pocket, you ſay.

[*Behind with his Pocket-Book.*

Kite. I hear the ruſtling of Silks. [*Knocking.*] Fly, ir, 'tis Madam *Melinda.*

Enter Melinda *and* Lucy.

Kite. *Tycho,* Chairs for the Ladies.

Mel. Don't trouble yourſelf, we ſhan't ſtay, Doctor.

Kite. Your Ladyſhip is to ſtay much longer than ou imagine.

Mel. For what?

Kite. For a Huſband———For your part, Madam, ou won't ſtay for a Huſband. [*To* Lucy.

Luc. Pray, Doctor, do you converſe with the Stars, r the Devil?

Kite. With both; when I have the Deſtinies of Men n ſearch, I conſult the Stars; when the Affairs of Wo- nen come under my hands, I adviſe with my t'other Friend.

Mel. And have you rais'd the Devil upon my ac- ount?

Kite. Yes, Madam, and he's now under the Table.

Luc. Oh Heavens protect us! Dear Madam, let's be gone.

Kite. If you be afraid of him, why do ye come to conſult him?

Mel. Don't fear, Fool; do you think, Sir, that be- cauſe I am a Woman, I'm to be fool'd out of my Rea- ſon, or frighten'd out of my Senſes? Come, ſhew me this Devil.

Kite. He's a little buſy at preſent; but when he has done, he ſhall wait on you.

Mel. What is he doing?

Kite. Writing your Name in his Pocket-Book.

Mel. Ha, ha! my Name! Pray, what have you or he to do with my Name?

Kite. Look'e, fair Lady———the Devil is a very modeſt Perſon, he ſeeks no body, unleſs they ſeek him firſt; he's chain'd up like a Maſtiff, and can't ſtir, unleſs he be let looſe———You come to me to have your Fortune told———Do you think, Madam, that

that I can anſwer you of my own Head? No, Madam, the Affairs of Women are ſo irregular, that nothing leſs than the Devil can give any account of 'em. Now to convince you of your Incredulity, I'll ſhew you a Trial of my Skill——Here, you *Cacademo del Plumo*——exert your Power, draw me this Lady's Name, the Word *Melinda*, in proper Letters and Characters of her own Hand-writing——do it at three Motions——one——two——three——'tis done——Now, Madam, will you pleaſe to ſend your Maid to fetch it?

Luc. I fetch it! the Devil fetch me if I do.

Mel. My Name in my own Hand-writing! that wou'd be convincing indeed.

Kite. Seeing's believing. [*Goes to the Table, lifts up the Carpet.*] Here *Tre, Tre,* poor *Tre,* give me the Bone, Sirrah. There's your Name upon that ſquare Piece of Paper, behold——

Mel. 'Tis wonderful, my very Letters to a tittle.

Luc. 'Tis like your Hand, Madam, but not ſo like your Hand neither; and now I look nearer, 'tis not like your Hand at all.

Kite. Here's a Chambermaid now will out-lye the Devil!

Luc. Look'e, Madam, they ſha'n't impoſe upon us; People can't remember their Hands, no more than they can their Faces——Come, Madam, let us be certain, write your Name upon this Paper, then we'll compare the two Names.

[*Takes out a Paper, and folds it.*

Kite. Any thing for your Satisfaction, Madam——here's Pen and Ink.

[Melinda *writes,* Lucy *holds the Paper.*

Luc. Let me ſee it, Madam, 'tis the ſame——the very ſame.——But I'll ſecure one Copy for my own Affairs. [*Aſide.*

Mel. This is Demonſtration.

Kite. 'Tis ſo, Madam——The word Demonſtration comes from *Dæmon* the Father of Lyes.

Mel. Well, Doctor, I am convinc'd; and now, pray, what account can you give of my future Fortune?

Kite.

Kite. Before the Sun has made one Course round his earthly Globe, your Fortune will be fix'd for Happiness or Misery.

Mel. What! So near the Crisis of my Fate!

Kite. Let me see——About the Hour of ten to-morrow Morning you will be saluted by a Gentleman, who will come to take his Leave of you, being design'd for Travel; his Intention of going abroad is sudden, and the Occasion a Woman. Your Fortune and his are like the Bullet and the Barrel, one runs plump into the other.——In short, if the Gentleman travels, he will die abroad; and if he does, you will die before he comes home.

Mel. What sort of Man is he?

Kite. Madam, he's a fine Gentleman and a Lover, that is, a Man of very good Sense, and a very great Fool.

Mel. How is that possible, Doctor?

Kite. Because, Madam——because it is so——A Woman's Reason is the best for a Man's being a Fool.

Mel. Ten a-clock, you say?

Kite. Ten——— about the Hour of Tea-drinking throughout the Kingdom.

Mel. Here, Doctor. [*Gives Money.*] *Lucy*, have you any Questions to ask?

Luc. Oh Madam! A thousand.

Kite. I must beg your Patience 'till another time; for I expect more Company this Minute; besides, I must discharge the Gentleman under the Table.

Luc. O pray, Sir, discharge us first!

Kite. *Tycho*, wait on the Ladies down Stairs.

[*Exeunt* Melinda *and* Lucy.

Enter Worthy *and* Plume.

Kite. Mr. *Worthy*, you were pleased to wish me joy to-day, I hope to be able to return the Compliment to-morrow.

Wor. I'll make it the best Compliment to you that ever I made in my Life, if you do; but I must be a Traveller, you say?

Kite.

Kite. No farther than the Chops of the Channel, I presume, Sir.

Plume. That we have concerted already. [*Knocking hard.*] Hey-day! You don't profess Midwifery, Doctor?

Kite. Away to your Ambuscade.

[*Exeunt* Plume *and* Worthy.

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Your Servant, Servant, my Dear.

Kite. Stand off, I have my Familiar already.

Braz. Are you bewitch'd, my Dear?

Kite. Yes, my Dear; but mine is a peaceable Spirit, and hates Gun-powder. Thus I fortify my self; [*Draws a Circle round him,*] and now, Captain, have a care how you force my Lines.

Braz. Lines! What dost talk of Lines! You have something like a Fishing-Rod there, indeed; but I come to be acquainted with you, Man ——What's your Name, my Dear?

Kite. Conundrum.

Braz. Conundrum! Rat me, I knew a famous Doctor in *London* of your Name——Where were you born?

Kite. I was born in *Algebra.*

Braz. Algebra! 'Tis no Country in *Christendom*, I'm sure, unless it be some Place in the Highlands of *Scotland.*

Kite. Right——I told you I was bewitch'd.

Braz. So am I, my Dear; I am going to be marry'd——I have had two Letters from a Lady of Fortune, that loves me to Madness, Fits, Cholick, Spleen, and Vapours ——shall I marry her in four and twenty Hours, ay, or no?

Kite. I must have the Year and Day of the Month when these Letters were dated.

Braz. Why, you old Bitch, did you ever hear of Love-Letters dated with the Year and Day of the Month? Do you think Billet-Doux are like Bank Bills?

Kite.

Kite. They are not ſo good———but if they bear no Date, I muſt examine the Contents.

Braz. Contents! That you ſhall, old Boy, here they be both.

Kite. Only the laſt you receiv'd, if you pleaſe. [*Takes the Letter.*] Now, Sir, if you pleaſe to let me conſult my Books for a Minute, I'll ſend this Letter inclos'd to you with the Determination of the Stars upon it to your Lodgings.

Braz. With all my heart——I muſt give him—— [*Puts his Hands in his Pocket.*] *Algebra!* I fancy, Doctor, 'tis hard to calculate the Place of your Nativity ——Here:——[*Gives him Money.*] And if I ſucceed, I'll build a Watch-Tower on the top of the higheſt Mountain in *Wales* for the Study of Aſtrology, and the Benefit of *Conundrums.* [*Exit.*]

Enter Plume *and* Worthy.

Wor. O Doctor! That Letter's worth a Million, let me ſee it; and now I have it, I'm afraid to open it.

Plume. Pho! let me ſee it? [*Opening the Letter.*] If ſhe be a Jilt——Damn her, ſhe is one——There's her Name at the bottom on't.

Wor. How! Then I'll travel in good Earneſt—— By all my Hopes, 'tis *Lucy*'s Hand.

Plume. Lucy's!

Wor. Certainly——'tis no more like *Melinda*'s Character, than black is to white.

Plume. Then 'tis certainly *Lucy*'s Contrivance to draw in *Brazen* for a Huſband———But are you ſure 'tis not *Melinda*'s Hand?

Wor. You ſhall ſee; where's the bit of Paper I gave you juſt now, that the Devil writ *Melinda* upon?

Kite. Here, Sir.

Plume. 'Tis plain they are not the ſame; and is this the malicious Name that was ſubſcribed to the Letter, which made Mr. *Ballance* ſend his Daughter into the Country?

Wor. The very ſame, the other Fragments I ſhew'd you juſt now.

Plume. But 'twas barbarous to conceal this ſo long,

and to continue me ſo many Hours in the pernicious Hereſy of believing that Angelick Creature cou'd change: Poor *Sylvia!*

Wor. Rich *Sylvia* you mean, and poor Captain; ha, ha, ha,——Come, come, Friend, *Melinda* is true, and ſhall be mine; *Sylvia* is conſtant, and may be yours.

Plume. No, ſhe's above my Hopes —— But for her ſake I'll recant my Opinion of her Sex.

By ſome the Sex is blam'd without Deſign,
Light harmleſs Cenſure, ſuch as yours and mine,
Sallies of Wit, and Vapours of our Wine.
Others the Juſtice of the Sex condemn,
And wanting Merit to create Eſteem,
Wou'd hide their own Defects by cens'ring them.
But they, ſecure in their all-conqu'ring Charms,
Laugh at the vain Efforts of falſe Alarms;
He magnifies their Conqueſts who complains,
For none wou'd ſtruggle, were they not in Chains.

[Exeunt.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, *Juſtice* Ballance's *Houſe.*

Enter Ballance *and* Scale.

Scale. I Say, 'tis not to be borne, ~~Mr. Ballance~~—

Ball. Look'e, Mr. *Scale*, for my own part I ſhall be very tender in what regards the Officers of the Army; they expoſe their Lives to ſo many Dangers for us abroad, that we may give them ſome Grains of Allowance at home.

Scale. Allowance! This poor Girl's Father is my Tenant; and if I miſtake not, her Mother nurs'd a Child for you ——Shall they debauch our Daughters to our faces?

Ball.

Ball. Consider, Mr. *Scale*, that were it not for the Bravery of these Officers, we should have *French* Dragoons among us, that wou'd leave us neither Liberty, Property, Wives nor Daughters——Come, Mr. *Scale*, the Gentlemen are vigorous and warm, and may they continue so; the same Heat that stirs them up to Love, spurs them on to Battel: You never knew a great General in your Life, that did not love a Whore. This I only speak in reference to Captain *Plume*——for the other Spark I know nothing of.

Scale. Nor can I hear of any body that does——Oh, here they come!

Enter Sylvia, Bullock, Rose, *Prisoners; Constable and Mob.*

Const. May it please your Worships we took them in the very Act, *re infecta*, Sir———The Gentleman, indeed, behav'd himself like a Gentleman; for he drew his Sword and swore, and afterwards laid it down and said nothing.

Ball. Give the Gentleman his Sword again——— Wait you without. [*Exit Constable and Watch.*] I'm sorry, Sir, [*To* Sylvia] to know a Gentleman upon such Terms, that the Occasion of our Meeting should prevent the Satisfaction of an Acquaintance.

Syl. Sir, you need make no Apology for your Warrant, no more than I shall do for my Behaviour ——— My Innocence is upon an equal Foot with your Authority.

Scale. Innocence! Have not you seduc'd that young Maid?

Syl. No, Mr. Goosecap, she seduc'd me.

Bull. So she did, I'll swear ——— for she propos'd Marriage first.

Ball. What, then you are marry'd, Child? [*To* Rose.

Rose. Yes, Sir, to my sorrow.

Ball. Who was Witness?

Bull. That was I——I danc'd, threw the Stocking, and spoke Jokes by their Bed-side, I'm sure.

Ball. Who was the Minister?

Bull. Minister! We are Soldiers, and want no Minister—They were marry'd by the Articles of War.

Ball. Hold thy prating, Fool—Your Appearance, Sir, promises some Understanding; pray what does this Fellow mean?

Syl. He means Marriage, I think —— but that you know is so odd a thing, that hardly any two People under the Sun agree in the Ceremony; some make it a Sacrament, others a Convenience, and others make it a Jest; but among Soldiers 'tis most sacred ——— Our Sword, you know, is our Honour, that we lay down —The Hero jumps over it first, and the Amazon after——Leap Rogue, follow Whore ——— The Drum beats a Ruff, and so to Bed; that's all, the Ceremony is concise.

Bull. And the prettiest Ceremony, so full of Pastime and Prodigality———

Ball. What! Are you a Soldier?

Bull. Ay, that I am—Will your Worship lend me your Cane, and I'll shew you how I can exercise.

Ball. Take it, [*Strikes him over the Head.*] Pray, Sir, what Commission may you bear? [*To* Sylvia.

Syl. I'm call'd Captain, Sir, by all the Coffee-men, Drawers, Whores, and Groom-Porters in *London*; for I wear a red Coat, a Sword, a Hat *bien trousée*, a Martial Twist in my Cravat, a fierce Knot in my Perriwig, a Cane upon my Button, Picquet in my Head, and Dice in my Pocket.

Scal. Your Name, pray Sir?

Syl. Captain *Pinch*: I cock my Hat with a Pinch; I take Snuff with a Pinch, pay my Whores with a Pinch: In short, I can do any thing at a Pinch, but fight and fill my Belly.

Ball. And pray, Sir, what brought you into *Shropshire?*

Syl. A Pinch, Sir; I knew you Country Gentlemen want Wit, and you know that we Town Gentlemen want Money, and so——

Ball. I understand you, Sir—Here, Constable—

Enter

Enter Conſtable.

Take this Gentleman into Cuſtody 'till farther Orders.

Roſe. Pray your Worſhip don't be uncivil to him, for he did me no hurt; he's the moſt harmleſs Man in the World, for all he talks ſo.

Scale. Come, come, Child, I'll take care of you.

Syl. What, Gentlemen, rob me of my Freedom, and my Wife at once! 'Tis the firſt time they ever went together.

Ball. Heark'e, Conſtable. [*Whiſpers him.*

Conſt. It ſhall be done, Sir——Come along, Sir.

[*Exeunt Conſtable,* Bullock *and* Sylvia.

Ball. Come, Mr. *Scale,* we'll manage the Spark preſently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Melinda's *Apartment.*

Enter Melinda *and* Worthy.

Mel. So far the Prediction is right, 'tis ten exactly, [*Aſide.*] And pray, Sir, how long have you been in this travelling Humour?

Wor. 'Tis natural, Madam, for us to avoid what diſturbs our Quiet.

Mel. Rather the Love of Change, which is more natural, may be the occaſion of it.

Wor. To be ſure, Madam, there muſt be Charms in Variety, elſe neither you nor I ſhou'd be ſo fond of it.

Mel. You, miſtake, Mr. *Worthy,* I am not ſo fond of Variety as to travel for't; nor do I think it Prudence in you to run yourſelf into a certain Expence and Danger, in hopes of precarious Pleaſure, which at beſt never anſwers Expectation, as 'tis evident from the Example of moſt Travellers, that long more to return to their own Country, than they did to go abroad.

Wor. What Pleaſures I may receive abroad, are indeed uncertain; but this I am ſure of, I ſhall meet with leſs Cruelty among the moſt barbarous of Nations, than I have found at home.

Mel. Come, Sir, you and I have been jangling a

great while; I fancy if we made up our Accounts, we shou'd the sooner come to an Agreement.

Wor. Sure, Madam, you won't dispute your being in my debt —My Fears, Sighs, Vows, Promises, Assiduities, Anxieties, Jealousies, have run on for a whole Year without any Payment.

Mel. A Year! Oh Mr. *Worthy!* What you owe to me is not to be paid under a seven Year's Servitude: How did you use me the Year before? when taking the advantage of my Innocence and Necessity, you wou'd have made me your Mistress, that is, your Slave —Remember the wicked Insinuations, artful Baits, deceitful Arguments, cunning Pretences; then your impudent Behaviour, loose Expressions, familiar Letters, rude Visits; remember those, those, Mr. *Worthy.*

Wor. I do remember, and am sorry I made no better use of 'em. [*Aside.*] But you may remember, Madam, that——

Mel. Sir, I'll remember nothing——'Tis your Interest that I should forget: You have been barbarous to me, I have been cruel to you; put that and that together, and let one ballance the other —— Now if you will begin upon a new Score, lay aside your adventuring Airs, and behave yourself handsomely 'till *Lent* be over: here's my Hand, I'll use you as a Gentleman shou'd be.

Wor. And if I don't use you as a Gentlewoman shou'd be, may this be my Poison. [*Kissing her Hand.*

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the Coach is at the Door.

Mel. I am going to Mr. *Ballance*'s Country-House to see my Cousin *Sylvia*; I have done her an Injury, and can't be easy 'till I have ask'd her Pardon.

Wor. I dare not hope for the Honour of waiting on you.

Mel. My Coach is full; but if you will be so gallant as to mount your own Horses, and follow us, we shall be glad to be overtaken; and if you bring Captain *Plume* with you, we sha'n't have the worse Reception.

Wor.

Wor. I'll endeavour it. [*Exit, leading* Melinda.

SCENE, *The Market-Place.*

Enter Plume *and* Kite.

Plume. A *Baker*, a *Taylor*, a *Smith*, and a *Butcher* —I believe the first Colony planted in *Virginia* had not more Trades in their Company than I have in mine.

Kite. The *Butcher*, Sir, will have his Hands full; for we have two Sheep-stealers among us——I hear of a Fellow too committed just now for stealing of Horses.

Plume. We'll dispose of him among the Dragoons ——Have we ne'er a *Poulterer* among us?

Kite. Yes, Sir, the King of the Gipseys is a very good one, he has an excellent Hand at a Goose or a Turkey——Here's Captain *Brazen*, Sir, I must go look after the Men. [*Exit.*

Enter Brazen, *reading a Letter.*

Braz. Um, um, um, the Canonical Hour——Um, um, very well——My dear *Plume!* Give me a Buss.

Plume. Half a score, if you will, my Dear: What hast got in thy Hand, Child?

Braz. 'Tis a Project for laying out a thousand Pound.

Plume. Were it not requisite to project first how to get it in?

Braz. You can't imagine, my Dear, that I want twenty thousand Pound; I have spent twenty times as much in the Service——Now, my Dear, pray advise me, my Head runs much upon Architecture, shall I build a Privateer or a Play-house?

Plume. An odd Question——a Privateer or a Play-house! 'Twill require some Consideration——Faith, I'm for a Privateer.

Braz. I'm not of your Opinion, my Dear——for in the first place a Privateer may be ill built.

Plume. And so may a Play-house.

Braz. But a Privateer may be ill mann'd.

Plume. And so may a Play-house.

Braz. But a Privateer may run upon the Shallows.

Plume. Not ſo often as a Play-houſe.

Braz. But you know a Privateer may ſpring a Leak.

Plume. And I know a Play-houſe may ſpring a great many.

Braz. But ſuppoſe the Privateer come home with a rich Booty, we ſhould never agree about our Shares.

Plume. 'Tis juſt ſo in a Play-houſe——So, by my Advice, you ſhall fix upon a Privateer.

Braz. Agreed————But if this twenty thouſand Pound ſhou'd not be in Specie————

Plume. What twenty thouſand?

Braz. Heak'e. [*Whiſpers.*

Plume. Marry'd!

Braz. Preſently, we're to meet about half a Mile out of Town at the Water-ſide——and ſo forth——— [*Reads.*] *For fear I ſhou'd be known by any of* Worthy's *Friends, you muſt give me leave to wear my Maſk till after the Ceremony, which will make me for ever yours*————Look'e there, my dear Dog.

[*Shews the bottom of the Letter to* Plume.

Plume. Melinda! And by this Light, her own Hand! Once more, if you pleaſe, my Dear——Her Hand exactly——Juſt now, you ſay?

Braz. This Minute I muſt be gone.

Plume. Have a little Patience, and I'll go with you.

Braz. No, no, I ſee a Gentleman coming this way, that may be inquiſitive; 'tis *Worthy*, do you know him?

Plume. By ſight only.

Braz. Have a care, the very Eyes diſcover Secrets. [*Exit.*

Enter Worthy.

Wor. To Boot and Saddle, Captain, you muſt mount.

Plume. Whip and Spur, *Worthy*, or you won't mount.

Wor. But I ſhall: *Melinda* and I are agreed, ſhe's gone

gone to visit *Sylvia*, we are to mount and follow; and cou'd we carry a Parson with us, who knows what might be done for us both?

Plume. Don't trouble your Head, *Melinda* has secur'd a Parson already.

Wor. Already! Do you know more than I?

Plume. Yes, I saw it under her Hand——*Brazen* and she are to meet half a Mile hence at the Water-side, there to take Boat, I suppose to be ferry'd over to the *Elysian* Fields, if there be any such thing in Matrimony.

Wor. I parted with *Melinda* just now, she assur'd me she hated *Brazen*, and that she resolv'd to discard *Lucy* for daring to write Letters to him in her Name.

Plume. Nay, nay, there's nothing of *Lucy* in this ——I tell ye I saw *Melinda*'s Hand, as surely as this is mine.

Wor. But I tell you, she's gone this Minute to Justice *Ballance*'s Country-house.

Plume. But I tell you, she's gone this Minute to the Water-side.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam *Melinda* has sent word, that you need not trouble your self to follow her, because her Journey to Justice *Ballance*'s is put off, and she's gone to take the Air another way. [*To* Worthy.

Wor. How! her Journey put off!

Plume. That is, her Journey was put off to you.

Wor. 'Tis plain, plain——But how, where, when is she to meet *Brazen?*

Plume. Just now, I tell you, half a Mile hence at the Water-side.

Wor. Up or down the Water?

Plume. That I don't know.

Wor. I'm glad my Horses are ready——*Jack*, get 'em out.

Plume. Shall I go with you?

Wor. Not an Inch—I shall return presently. [*Exit.*

Plume. You'll find me at the Hall; the Justices are sitting by this time, and I must attend them.

SCENE, *A Court of Juſtice:* Ballance, Scale *and* Scruple *upon the Bench:* Conſtable, Kite, Mob.

Kite *and* Conſtable *advance forward.*

Kite. Pray, who are thoſe honourable Gentlemen upon the Bench?

Conſt. He in the middle is Juſtice *Ballance*, he on the right is Juſtice *Scale*, and he on the left is Juſtice *Scruple*, and I am Mr. *Conſtable*; four very honeſt Gentlemen.

Kite. O dear Sir! I am your moſt obedient Servant: [*Saluting the* Conſtable.] I fancy, Sir, that your Employment and mine are much the ſame; for my Buſineſs is to keep People in order, and if they diſobey, to knock 'em down; and then we are both Staff-Officers.

Conſt. Nay, I'm a Serjeant my ſelf——of the Militia——Come, Brother, you ſhall ſee me exerciſe: Suppoſe this a Muſket now: Now I am ſhoulder'd.

[*Puts his Staff on's Right Shoulder.*

Kite. Ay, you are ſhoulder'd pretty well for a Conſtable's Staff; but for a Muſket you muſt put it on the other Shoulder, my Dear.

Conſt. Adſo! that's true——Come, now give the Word of Command.

Kite. Silence.

Conſt. Ay, ay, ſo we will——We will be ſilent.

Kite. Silence, you Dog, Silence!

[*Strikes him over the Head with his Halberd.*

Conſt. That's the way to ſilence a Man with a witneſs——What d'ye mean, Friend?

Kite. Only to exerciſe you, Sir?

Conſt. Your Exerciſe differs ſo from ours, that we ſhall ne'er agree about it; if my own Captain had given me ſuch a Rap, I had taken the Law of him.

Enter Plume.

Ball. Captain, you're welcome.

Plume. Gentlemen, I thank you.

Scru. Come, honeſt Captain, ſit by me. [*Plume aſcends, and ſits upon the Bench.*] Now produce your Priſoners

Priſoners——Here that Fellow there——ſet him up——Mr. *Conſtable*, what have you to ſay againſt this Man?

Conſt. I have nothing to ſay againſt him, an' pleaſe you.

Ball. No! what made you bring him hither?

Conſt. I don't know, an' pleaſe your Worſhip.

Scale. Did not the Contents of your Warrant direct you what ſort of Men to take up?

Conſt. I can't tell, an' pleaſe ye; I can't read.

Scru. A very pretty Conſtable truly——I find we have no Buſineſs here.

Kite. May it pleaſe the Worſhipful Bench, I deſire to be heard in this Caſe, as being Counſel for the Queen.

Ball. Come, Serjeant, you ſhall be heard, ſince no body elſe will ſpeak; we won't come here for nothing.

Kite. This Man is but one Man, the Country may ſpare him, and the Army wants him; beſides, he's cut out by Nature for a Granadeer; he's five Foot ten Inches high; he ſhall box, wreſtle, or dance the *Cheſhire* Round with any Man in the Country; he gets drunk every Sabbath-Day, and he beats his Wife.

Wife. You lye, Sirrah, you lye; an' pleaſe your Worſhip, he's the beſt-natur'd, pains-taking Man in the Pariſh, witneſs my five poor Children.

Scru. A Wife! and five Children! You Conſtable, you Rogue, how durſt you impreſs a Man that has a Wife and five Children?

Scale. Diſcharge him, diſcharge him.

Ball. Hold, Gentlemen——Heark'e, Friend, how do you maintain your Wife and five Children?

Plume. They live upon Wild-fowl and Veniſon, Sir; the Huſband keeps a Gun, and kills all the Hares and Partridge within five Mile round.

Ball. A Gun! nay, if he be ſo good at Gunning, he ſhall have enough on't——He may be of uſe againſt the *French*, for he ſhoots flying, to be ſure.

Scru.

Scru. But his Wife and Children, Mr. *Ballance!*

Wife. Ay, ay, that's the reason you wou'd send him away; you know I have a Child every Year, and you are afraid they shou'd come upon the Parish at last.

Plume. Look'e there, Gentlemen, the honest Woman has spoke it at once, the Parish had better maintain five Children this Year, than six or seven the next: That Fellow upon his high Feeding, may get you two or three Beggars at a Birth.

Wife. Look'e, Mr. Captain, the Parish shall get nothing by sending him away, for I won't lose my Teeming-time if there be a Man left in the Parish.

Ball. Send that Woman to the House of Correction ——and the Man——

Kite. I'll take care of him, if you please.

[*Takes him down.*

Scale. Here, you Constable, the next——Set up that black-fac'd Fellow, he has a Gun-powder Look; what can you say against this Man, Constable?

Const. Nothing but that he is a very honest Man.

Plume. Pray, Gentlemen, let me have one honest Man in my Company, for the Novelty's sake.

Ball. What are you, Friend?

Mob. A Collier, I work in the Coal-pits.

Scru. Look'e, Gentlemen, this Fellow has a Trade, and the Act of Parliament here expresses, that we are to impress no Man that has any visible Means of a Livelihood.

Kite. May it please your Worships, this Man has no visible Means of a Livelihood, for he works under ground.

Plume. Well said, *Kite*; besides the Army wants Miners.

Ball. Right, and had we an Order of Government for't, we cou'd raise you in this and the neighbouring County of *Stafford*, five hundred Colliers that wou'd run you under-ground like Moles, and do more Service in a Siege than all the Miners in the Army.

Scru.

Scru. Well, Friend, what have you to ſay for your ſelf?

Mob. I am marry'd.

Kite. Lack-a-day, ſo am I.

Mob. Here's my Wife, poor Woman.

Ball. Are you marry'd, good Woman?

Wom. I'm marry'd in Conſcience.

Kite. May it pleaſe your Worſhip, ſhe's with Child in Conſcience.

Scale. Who marry'd you, Miſtreſs?

Wom. My Huſband——we agreed that I ſhou'd call him Huſband, to avoid paſſing for a Whore; and that he ſhould call me Wife, to ſhun going for a Soldier.

Scru. A very pretty Couple! pray Captain, will you take 'em both?

Plume. What ſay you, Mr. *Kite*, will you take care of the Woman?

Kite. Yes, Sir, ſhe ſhall go with us to the Sea-ſide, and there, if ſhe has a mind to drown her ſelf, we'll take care nobody ſhall hinder her.

Ball. Here, Conſtable, bring in my Man. [*Exit* Conſtable] Now, Captain, I'll fit you with a Man, ſuch as you ne'er liſted in your Life. [*Enter* Conſtable *and* Sylvia.] Oh! my Friend *Pinch*, I'm very glad to ſee you.

Syl. Well, Sir, and what then?

Scale. What then! Is that your Reſpect to the Bench?

Syl. Sir, I don't care a farthing for you nor your Bench neither?

Scru. Look'e, Gentlemen, that's enough; he's a very impudent Fellow, and fit for a Soldier.

Scale. A notorious Rogue, I ſay, and very fit for a Soldier.

Conſt. A Whore-Maſter, I ſay, and therefore fit to go.

Ball. What think you, Captain?

Plume. I think he is a very pretty Fellow, and therefore fit to ſerve.

Syl.

Syl. Me for a Soldier! ſend your own lazy, lubberly Sons at home; Fellows that hazard their Necks every Day in the purſuit of a Fox, yet dare not peep abroad to look an Enemy in the Face.

Conſt. May it pleaſe your Worſhips, I have a Woman at the Door to ſwear a Rape againſt this Rogue.

Syl. Is it your Wife or Daughter, Booby? I raviſh'd 'em both yeſterday.

Ball. Pray, Captain, read the Articles of War, we'll ſee him liſted immediately.

[Plume *reads Articles of War againſt Mutiny and Deſertion.*

Syl. Hold, Sir,——Once more, Gentlemen, have a care what you do, for you ſhall ſeverely ſmart for any Violence you offer to me; and you, Mr. *Ballance*, I ſpeak to you particularly, you ſhall heartily repent it.

Plume. Look'e, young Spark, ſay but one Word more, and I'll build a Horſe for you as high as the Cieling, and make you ride the moſt tireſome Journey that ever you rid in your Life.

Syl. You have made a fine Speech, good Captain *Huffcap*; but you had better be quiet, I ſhall find a way to cool your Courage.

Plume. Pray, Gentlemen, don't mind him, he's diſtracted.

Syl. 'Tis falſe——I am deſcended of as good a Family as any in your County; my Father is as good a Man as any upon your Bench, and I am Heir to Twelve hundred Pound a Year.

Ball. He's certainly mad——Pray, Captain, read the Articles of War.

Syl. Hold once more——Pray Mr. *Ballance*, to you I ſpeak, ſuppoſe I were your Child, wou'd you uſe me at this rate?

Ball. No, 'faith, were you mine, I wou'd ſend you to *Bedlam* firſt, and into the Army afterward.

Syl. But conſider my Father, Sir, he's as good, as generous, as brave, as juſt a Man as ever ſerv'd his Country; I'm his only Child, perhaps the Loſs of me may break his Heart.

Ball.

Ball. He's a very great Fool if it does; Captain, if you don't lift him this Minute, I'll leave the Court.

Plume. Kite, do you diſtribute the Levy-Money to the Men, while I read.

Kite. Ay, Sir——Silence, Gentlemen.

[Plume *reads the Articles of War.*

Ball. Very well; now, Captain, let me beg the Favour of you not to diſcharge this Fellow upon any account whatſoever. Bring in the reſt.

Conſt. There are no more, an't pleaſe your Worſhip.

Ball. No more! there were five two Hours ago.

Syl. 'Tis true, Sir, but this Rogue of a Conſtable let the reſt eſcape for a Bribe of eleven Shillings a Man, becauſe, he ſaid, the Act allow'd him but ten; ſo the odd Shilling was clear Gains.

All Juſt. How!

Syl. Gentlemen, he offer'd to let me go away for two Guineas; but I had not ſo much about me; this is truth, and I'm ready to ſwear it.

Kite: And I'll ſwear it; give me the Book, 'tis for the good of the Service.

Mob. May it pleaſe your Worſhip, I gave him Half a Crown to ſay that I was an honeſt Man; but now, ſince that your Worſhips have made me a Rogue, I hope I ſhall have my Money again.

Ball. 'Tis my Opinion, that this Conſtable be put into the Captain's hands, and if his Friends don't bring four good Men for his Ranſom by to-morrow Night———Captain, you ſhall carry him to *Flanders.*

Scale. Scruple. Agreed, agreed!

Plume. Mr. *Kite,* take the Conſtable into Cuſtody.

Kite. Ay, ay,————Sir, [*To the* Conſtable] will you pleaſe to have your Office taken from you? Or will you handſomely lay down your Staff, as your Betters have done before you? [Conſtable *drops his Staff.*

Ball. Come, Gentlemen, there needs no great Ceremony in adjourning this Court————Captain, you ſhall dine with me.

Kite.

Kite. Come, Mr. Militia Serjeant, I ſhall ſilence you now, I believe, without your taking the Law of me. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE, *the Fields.*

Enter Brazen, *leading in* Lucy *maſk'd.*

Brazen. The Boat is juſt below here.

Enter Worthy *with a Caſe of Piſtols under his Arm.*

Wor. Here, Sir, take your Choice.

[*Going between 'em, and offering them.*

Braz. What, Piſtols! are they charg'd, my Dear?

Wor. With a Brace of Bullets each.

Braz. But I'm a Foot Officer, my Dear, and never uſe Piſtols, the Sword is my way——and I won't be put out of my Road to pleaſe any Man.

Wor. Nor I neither; ſo have at you.

[*Cocks one Piſtol.*

Braz. Look'e, my Dear, I don't care for Piſtols ———Pray, oblige me, and let us have a Bout at Sharps; damn it, there's no parrying theſe Bullets.

Wor. Sir, if you ha'n't your Belly full of theſe, the Swords ſhall come in for ſecond Courſe.

Braz. Why then, Fire and Fury! I have eaten Smoak from the Mouth of a Cannon, Sir; don't think I fear Powder, for I live upon't. Let me ſee: [*Takes one.*] And now, Sir, how many Paces diſtant ſhall we fire?

Wor. Fire you when you pleaſe, I'll reſerve my Shot till I am ſure of you.

Braz. Come, where's your Cloak!

Wor. Cloak! what d'ye mean?

Braz. To fight upon; I always fight upon a Cloak, 'tis our way abroad.

Luc. Come, Gentlemen, I'll end the Strife.

[*Unmaſks.*

Wor. *Lucy!* take her.

Braz. The Devil take me if I do———Huzza! [*Fires his Piſtol*] D'ye hear, d'ye hear, you plague Harrydan, how thoſe Bullets whiſtle; ſuppoſe they had been lodg'd in my Gizzard now?

Luc.

Luc. Pray, Sir, pardon me.

Braz. I can't tell, Child, 'till I know whether my Money be ſafe. [*Searching his Pockets*] Yes, yes, I do pardon you, but if I had you in the *Roſe* Tavern, *Covent-Garden*, with three or four hearty Rakes, and three or four ſmart Napkins, I wou'd tell you another Story, my Dear. [*Exit.*

Wor. And was *Melinda* privy to this?

Luc. No, Sir, ſhe wrote her Name, upon a piece of Paper at the Fortune-teller's laſt Night, which I put in my Pocket, and ſo writ about it to the Captain.

Wor. And how can *Melinda*'s Journey be put off?

Luc. At the Town's end ſhe met Mr. *Ballance*'s Steward, who told her, that Mrs. *Sylvia* was gone from her Father's, and no body could tell whither.

Wor. *Sylvia* gone from her Father's! This will be News to *Plume*. Go home, and tell your Lady how near I was being ſhot for her. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ballance *with a Napkin in his Hand, as riſen from Dinner, and* Steward.

Stew. We did not miſs her till the Evening, Sir; and then ſearching for her in the Chamber that was my young Maſter's, we found her Clothes there; but the Suit that your Son left in the Preſs, when he went to *London*, was gone.

Ball. The white trim'd with Silver?

Stew. The ſame.

Ball. You ha'n't told that Circumſtance to any body?

Stew. To none but your Worſhip.

Ball. And be ſure you don't; go into the Dining-Room, and tell Captain *Plume* that I beg to ſpeak with him.

Stew. I ſhall—— [*Exit.*

Ball. Was ever Man ſo impos'd upon? I had her Promiſe indeed, that ſhe wou'd never diſpoſe of her ſelf without my Conſent. I have conſented with a witneſs, given her away as my Act and Deed——

And

And this, I warrant, the Captain thinks will paſs; no, I ſhall never pardon him the Villany, firſt of robbing me of my Daughter, and then the mean Opinion he muſt have of me, to think that I cou'd be ſo wretchedly impoſed upon; her extravagant Paſſion might encourage her in the Attempt, but the Contrivance muſt be his———I'll know the Truth preſently——

Enter Plume.

Pray, Captain, what have you done with your young Gentleman Soldier?

Plume. He's at my Quarters, I ſuppoſe, with the reſt of my Men.

Ball. Does he keep Company with the common Soldiers?

Plume. No, he's generally with me.

Ball. He lies with you, I preſume.

Plume. No, 'faith, I offer'd him part of my Bed, ———but the young Rogue fell in love with *Roſe*, and has lain with her, I think, ſince ſhe came to Town,

Ball. So that between you both, *Roſe* has been finely manag'd.

Plume. Upon my Honour, Sir, ſhe had no harm from me.

Ball. All's ſafe, I find ——Now Captain, you muſt know, that the young Fellow's Impudence in Court was well grounded; he ſaid I ſhould heartily repent his being liſted, and ſo I do from my Soul.

Plume. Ay! For what Reaſon?

Ball. Becauſe he is no leſs than what he ſaid he was, born of as good a Family as any in this County, and he is Heir to twelve hundred Pound a Year.

Plume. I'm very glad to hear it———For I wanted but a Man of that Quality to make my Company a perfect Repreſentative of the whole Commons of *England*.

Ball. Won't you diſcharge him?

Plume. Not under a hundred Pound Sterling.

Ball. You ſhall have it, for his Father is my intimate Friend.

Plume.

Plume. Then you ſhall have him for nothing.

Ball. Nay, Sir, you ſhall have your Price.

Plume. Not a Penny, Sir; I value an Obligation to u much above a hundred Pound.

Ball. Perhaps, Sir, you ſha'n't repent your Genero-y——Will you pleaſe to write his Diſcharge in my cket-Book? [*Gives his Book.*] In the mean time, we'll d for the Gentleman. Who waits there?

Enter Servant.

o to the Captain's Lodging, and enquire for Mr. *Wil-l*, tell him his Captain wants him here immediately.

Ser. Sir, the Gentleman's below at the door, en-iring for the Captain.

Plume. Bid him come up——Here's the Diſcharge, r.

Ball. Sir, I thank you———'Tis plain, he had no nd in't. [*Aſide.*

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. I think, Captain, you might have us'd me bet-than to leave me yonder among your ſwearing, drun-n Crew; and you, Mr. Juſtice, might have been ſo vil, as to have invited me to Dinner, for I have eaten th as good a Man as your Worſhip.

Plume. Sir, you muſt charge our want of Reſpect, on our Ignorance of your Quality——but now you e at liberty——I have diſcharg'd you.

Syl. Diſcharg'd me!

Ball. Yes, Sir, and you muſt once more go home to ur Father.

Syl. My Father! Then I am diſcover'd——Oh, Sir, *Kneeling.*] I expect no Pardon.

Ball. Pardon! No, no, Child, your Crime ſhall your Puniſhment; here, Captain, I deliver her er to the Conjugal Power for her Chaſtiſement; nce ſhe will be a Wife, be you a Huſband, a very uſband——when ſhe tells you of her Love, upbraid r with her Folly; be modiſhly ungrateful, becauſe e has been unfaſhionably kind, and uſe her worſe than

than you would any body elſe, becauſe you can't uſe her ſo well as ſhe deſerves.

Plume. And are you, *Sylvia*, in good earneſt?

Syl. Earneſt! I have gone too far to make it a Jeſt, Sir?

Plume. And do you give her to me in good earneſt?

Ball. If you pleaſe to take her, Sir.

Plume. Why then I have ſav'd my Legs and Arms, and loſt my Liberty; ſecure from Wounds, I am prepar'd for the Gout; farewel Subſiſtence, and welcome Taxes——Sir, my Liberty, and hopes of being a General, are much dearer to me than your twelve hundred Pound a Year——But to your Love, Madam, I reſign my Freedom, and to your Beauty my Ambition——greater in obeying at your Feet, than commanding at the Head of an Army.

Enter Worthy.

Wor. I am ſorry to hear, Mr. *Ballance*, that your Daughter is loſt.

Ball. So am not I, Sir, ſince an honeſt Gentleman has found her.

Enter Melinda.

Mel. Pray, Mr. *Ballance*, what's become of my Couſin *Sylvia*?

Ball. Your Couſin *Sylvia* is talking yonder with your Couſin *Plume*.

Mel. and *Wor.* How!

Syl. Do you think it ſtrange, Couſin, that a Woman ſhould change? But, I hope, you'll excuſe a Change that has proceeded from Conſtancy; I alter'd my out-ſide, becauſe I was the ſame within; and only laid by the Woman, to make ſure of my Man; that's my Hiſtory.

Mel. Your Hiſtory is a little Romantick, Couſin; but ſince Succeſs has crown'd your Adventures, you will have the World o' your ſide, and I ſhall be willing to go with the Tide, provided you'll pardon an Injury I offer'd you in the Letter to your Father.

Plume.

Plume. That Injury, Madam, was done to me, d the Reparation I expect ſhall be made to my iend; make Mr. *Worthy* happy, and I ſhall be ſa-fy'd.

Mel. A good Example, Sir, will go a great way ——when my Couſin is pleas'd to [redacted] 'tis obable I ſhan't hold out much longer.

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Gentlemen, I am yours——Madam, I am t yours.

Mel. I'm glad on't, Sir.

Braz. So am I——You have got a pretty Houſe re, Mr. *Laconick*,

Ball. 'Tis time to right all Miſtakes——My Name, r, is *Ballance*.

Braz. Ballance! Sir, I am your moſt obedient—— know your whole Generation——had not you an ncle that was Governor of the *Leeward* Iſlands ſome ears ago?

Ball. Did you know him?

Braz. Intimately, Sir——He play'd at *Billiards* a Miracle——You had a Brother too that was a aptain of a Fireſhip——poor *Dick*——he had the oſt engaging way with him——of making Punch—— nd then his Cabbin was ſo neat——but his poor Boy *ack* was the moſt comical Baſtard——Ha, ha, ha, ha, a, a pickled Dog, I ſhall never forget him.

Plume. Well, Captain, are you fix'd in your Project et? Are you ſtill for the Privateer?

Braz. No, no, I had enough of a Privateer juſt ow; I had like to have been pick'd up by a Cruiſer nder falſe Colours, and a *French* Pickaroon for ight I know.

Plume. But have you got your Recruits, my Dear?

Braz. Not a Stick, my Dear.

Plume. Probably, I ſhall furniſh you.

Enter Roſe *and* Bullock.

Roſe. Captain, Captain, I have got looſe once more, nd have perſuaded my Sweet-heart *Cartwheel* to go with

with us; but you muſt promiſe not to part with me again.

Syl. I find Mrs. *Roſe* has not been pleas'd with her Bedfellow.

Roſe. Bedfellow! I don't know whether I had a Bedfellow or not.

Syl. Don't be in a Paſſion, Child, I was as little pleas'd with your Company, as you cou'd be with mine.

Bull. Pray, Sir, dunna be offended at my Siſter, ſhe's ſomething under-bred; but if you pleaſe, I'll lie with you in her ſtead.

Plume. I have promis'd, Madam, to provide for this Girl; now will you be pleas'd to let her wait upon you? or ſhall I take care of her?

Syl. She ſhall be my Charge, Sir; you may find it Buſineſs enough to take care of me.

Bull. Ay, and of me, Captain; for wauns! if ever you lift your Hand againſt me, I'll deſert———

Plume. Captain *Brazen* ſhall take care o' that, my Dear: Inſtead of the twenty thouſand Pound you talk'd of, you ſhall have the twenty brave Recruits that I have rais'd at the rate they coſt me———My Commiſſion I lay down, to be taken up by ſome braver Fellow, that has more Merit, and leſs good Fortune———Whilſt I endeavour, by the Example of this worthy Gentleman, to ſerve my Queen and Country at home.

With ſome Regret I quit the active Field,
Where Glory full Reward for Life does yield;
But the Recruiting Trade, with all its Train
Of endleſs Plague, Fatigue, and endleſs Pain,
I gladly quit, with my fair Spouſe to ſtay,
And raiſe Recruits the Matrimonial Way. [Exeunt.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

ALL Ladies and Gentlemen, that are willing to ſee the Comedy call'd the *Recruiting Officer*, let them repair to-morrow Night, by ſix a Clock, to the Sign of the *Theatre-Royal* in *Drury-Lane*, and they ſhall be kindly entertain'd.

We ſcorn the vulgar Ways to bid you come,
Whole Europe *now obeys the Call of Drum.*
The Soldier, not the Poet, here appears,
And beats up for a Corps *of Volunteers:*
He finds that Muſick chiefly does delight ye,
And therefore chuſes Muſick to invite ye.

Beat the Granadeer March———Row, row, tow, —Gentlemen, this piece of Muſick, call'd, *An Overre to a Battel*, was compos'd by a famous *Italian* laſter, and was perform'd with wonderful Succeſs, the great *Opera's* of *Vigo*, *Schellenbergh* and *Blenim:* it came off with the Applauſe of all *Europe*, cepting *France*; the *French* found it a little too ugh for their *Delicateſſe*.

Some that have acted on thoſe glorious Stages,
Are here to witneſs to ſucceeding Ages,
That no Muſick like the Granadeer's engages.

Ladies,

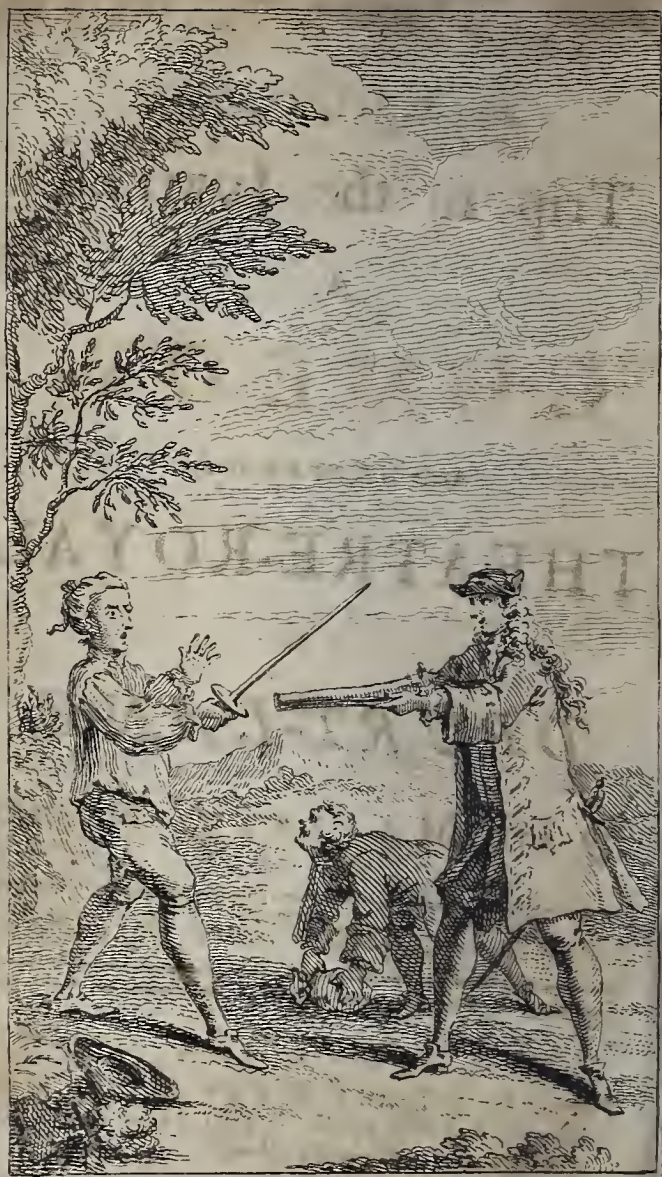
EPILOGUE.

Ladies, we muſt own, that this Muſick of ours is not altogether ſo ſoft as *Bononcini*'s; yet we dare affirm, that it has laid more People aſleep than all the *Camilla's* in the World? And you'll condeſcend to own, that it keeps one awake, better than any *Opera* that ever was acted.

The Granadeer March ſeems to be a Compoſure excellently adapted to the *Genius* of the *Engliſh*, for no Muſick was ever follow'd ſo far by us, nor with ſo much Alacrity; and with all Deference to the preſent Subſcription, We muſt ſay, that the Granadeer March has been ſubſcrib'd for by the whole Grand Alliance: and we preſume to inform the Ladies, that it always has the Pre-eminence abroad, and is conſtantly heard by the talleſt, handſomeſt Men in the whole Army. In ſhort, to gratify the preſent Taſte, our Author is now adapting ſome Words to the Granadeer March, which he intends to have perform'd to-morrow, if the Lady, who is to ſing it, ſhou'd not happen to be ſick.

This he concludes to be the ſureſt way
To draw you hither; for you'll all obey
Soft Muſick's Call, tho' you ſhou'd damn his Play.

FINIS.



G Vand.r Gucht In: & Scul.

Sir HARRY WILDAIR:

Being the SEQUEL of the

Trip to the JUBILEE.

A

COMEDY.

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

By Mr. *GEORGE FARQUHAR.*

LONDON:

Printed for J. J. and P. KNAPTON, in *Ludgate-Street*; and sold by W. FEALES at *Rowe's Head*, over-against St. *Clement's Church.*

MDCCXXXV.

To the Right HONOURABLE the

Earl of ALBEMARLE, &c.

Knight of the Moſt Noble Order of the Garter.

My LORD,

MY Pen is both a Novice in Poetry, and a Stranger at Court, and can no more raiſe it ſelf to the Style of *Panegyrick*, than it can ſtoop to the *Art of Flattery*; but if in the plain and ſimple Habit of Truth, it may preſume to mix with that Crowd of Followers that daily attend upon your Lordſhip's Favour, pleaſe to behold a Stranger, with this difference, that he pays more Homage to your Worth, than Adoration to your Greatneſs.

This Diſtinction, my Lord, will appear too nice and Metaphyſical to the World, who know your Lordſhip's Merit and Place to be inſeparable, that they can only differ as the Cauſe from the Effect; and this, my Lord, is as much beyond Diſpute, as that your Royal Maſter, who has made the noble Choice, is the moſt wiſe, and moſt diſcerning Prince in the Univerſe.

To preſent the World with a lively Draught of your Lordſhip's Perfections, I ſhould enumerate the Judgment, Conduct, Piety and Courage of our great and gracious King, who can only place his Favours on thoſe ſhining Qualifications, for which his Majeſty is ſo eminently remarkable himſelf; but this, my Lord, will prove the Buſineſs of a voluminous Hiſtory, and your Lordſhip's Character muſt attend the Fame of your great Maſter in the Memoirs of Futurity, as your faithful Service has hitherto accompanied the noble Actions of his Life.

The greateſt Princes in all Ages, have had their Friends and Favourites, with them to communicate and debate their Thoughts, ſo to exerciſe and ripen their Judgments; or ſometimes to eaſe their Cares by imparting them. The great *Auguſtus*, we read in his Project of ſettling the unweildy *Roman* Conqueſts on a fix'd Baſis of Government, had the Deſign laid, not in his Council, but his Cloſet; there we find him with his two Friends, *Mecœnas* and *Agrippa*, his Favourite Friends, Perſons of ſound Judgment, and unqueſtionable Fidelity; there the great Queſtion is freely and reaſonably debated, without the Noiſe of Faction, and conſtraint of Formality; and there was laid that prodigious Scheme of Government, that ſoon recover'd their bleeding Country, heal'd the Wounds of the Civil War, bleſt the Empire with a laſting Peace, and ſtyl'd its Monarch *Pater Patriæ*.

The Parallel, my Lord, is eaſily made; we have our *Cæſar* too, no leſs renown'd than the forementioned *Auguſtus*; he firſt aſſerted our Liberties at home againſt Popery and Thraldom; headed our Armies abroad with Bravery and Succeſs; gave Peace to *Europe*, and Security to our Religion. And you, my Lord, are his *Mecœnas*, the private Counſellor to thoſe great Tranſactions which have made *England* ſo formidable to its Enemies, that (which I bluſh to own) it is grown jealous of its Friends.

But here, my Lord, appears the particular Wiſdom and Circumſpection of your Lordſhip's Conduct, that you ſo firmly retain the Favour of your Maſter without the Envy of the Subject; your Moderation and even Deportment between both, has ſecur'd to your Lordſhip the Ear of the King, and the Heart of the People; the Nation has voted you their *Good Angel* in all Suits and Petitions to their Prince, and their Succeſs fills the three Kingdoms with daily Praiſes of your Lordſhip's Goodneſs, and his Majeſty's Grace and Clemency.

And

And now, my Lord, give me leave humbly to beg, that among all the good Actions of your Lordship's high and happy Station, the Encouragement of Arts and Literature may not be solely excluded from the Influence of your Favour. The polite *Mecænas*, whom I presum'd to make a Parallel to your Lordship in the Favour of his Prince, had his *Virgil*, and his *Horace*, and his Time was mostly divided between the Emperor, and the Poet; he so manag'd his Stake of Royal Favour, that as *Augustus* made him great, so the Muses fix'd him immortal; and *Maro*'s Excellency, my Lord, will appear the less Wonder, when we consider that his Pen was so cherish'd with Bounty, and inspir'd by Gratitude.

But I can lay no Claim to the Merits of so great a Person for my Access to your Lordship; I have only this to recommend me without Art void of Rhetorick, that I am a true Lover of my King, and pay an unfeigned Veneration to all those who are his trusty Servants, and faithful Ministers; which infers that I am, my Lord, with all Submission,

Your Lordship's most devoted, and

most obedient humble Servant,

G. FARQUHAR.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

OUR Authors have, in most their late Essays,
Prologu'd their own, by damning other Plays;
Made great Harangues to teach you what was fit
To pass for Humour and go down for Wit.
Athenian *Rules must form an* English *Piece,*
And Drury-Lane *comply with ancient* Greece.
Exactness *only, such as* Terence *writ,*
Must please our masqu'd Lucretias *in the Pit.*
Our youthful Author swears he cares not a Pin
For Vossius, Scaliger, Hedèlin, *or* Rapin:
He leaves to learned Pens such labour'd Lays:
You are the Rules by which he writes his Plays.
From musty Books let others take their View,
He hates dull Reading, but he studies You.
First, from your Beaux, his Lesson is Formality;
And in your Footmen there —— most nice Morality;
To pleasure them his Pegasus *must fly,*
Because they judge and lodge, three Stories high.
From the Front-Boxes he has pick'd his Style,
And learns, without a Blush, to make 'em smile;
A Lesson only taught us by the Fair;
A waggish Action ———— but a modest Air.
Among his Friends here in the Pit, he reads
Some Rules that every modish Writer necas.
He learns from ev'ry Covent-Garden *Critick's Face,*
The modern Forms of Action, Time, *and* Place,

The

PROLOGUE.

The Action he's aſham'd to name, —— *d'ye ſee,*
The Time *is* Seven, *the* Place *is* Number Three.
The Maſques *he only reads by paſſant Looks,*
He dares not venture far into their Books.
Thus then the Pit *and* Boxes *are his* Schools,
Your Air, your Humour, his Dramatick Rules.
Let Criticks cenſure then, and hiſs like Snakes,
He gains his Ends, if his light Fancy takes
St. James's *Beaux, and* Covent-Garden *Rakes.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Sir *Harry Wildair*,	Mr. *Wilks*.
Col. *Standard*,	Mr. *Mills*.
Fireball, a Sea Captain,	Mr. *Johnſon*.
Monſ. *Marquis*, a ſharping Refugee,	Mr. *Cibber*.
Beau Banter,	Mrs. *Rogers*.
Clincher, *the* Jubilee-Beau, turn'd Politician,	Mr. *Pinkethman*.
Dicky, Servant to *Wildair*,	Mr. *Norris*.
Shark, Servant to *Fireball*,	Mr. *Fairbank*.
Ghoſt,	Mrs. *Rogers*.
Lord *Bellamy*,	Mr. *Simpſon*.

WOMEN.

Lady *Lurewell*,	Mrs. *Verbruggen*.
Angelica,	Mrs. *Rogers*.
Parly,	Mrs. *Lucas*.

Servants and Attendants.

SCENE, St. *JAMES*'s

THE

THE

Second Part of the

CONSTANT COUPLE:

OR, A

Trip to the JUBILEE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Park.*

Enter Standard *and* Fireball *meeting.*

Standard.

AH! Brother *Fireball!* Welcome a-ſhore, What! Heart-whole? Limbs firm, and Frigate ſafe?

Fire. All, all, as my Fortune and Friends cou'd wiſh.

Stand. And what News from the *Baltick?*

Fire. Why, yonder are three or four young Boys i'th' North that have got Globes and Scepters to play with: They fell to Loggerheads about their Play-things; the

Engliſh

Engliſh came in like *Robbin Good-Fellow*, cry'd *Boh*, and made 'em quiet.

Stand. In the next place then, you're to congratulate my Succeſs: You have heard, I ſuppoſe, that I've marry'd a fine Lady with a great Fortune.

Fire. Ay, ay, 'twas my firſt News upon my Landing, that Colonel *Standard* had marry'd the fine Lady *Lurewell* —— A fine Lady indeed! A very fine Lady! —— But Faith, Brother, I had rather turn Skipper to an *Indian* Canoo, than manage the Veſſel you're Maſter of.

Stand. Why ſo, Sir?

Fire. Becauſe ſhe'll run adrift with every Wind that blows: She's all Sail and no Ballaſt —— Shall I tell you the Character I have heard of a fine Lady? A fine Lady can laugh at the Death of her Huſband, and cry for the Loſs of her Lap-Dog. A fine Lady is angry without a Cauſe, and pleas'd without a Reaſon. A fine Lady has the Vapours all the Morning, and the Cholick all the Afternoon. The Pride of a fine Lady is above the Merit of an underſtanding Head; yet her Vanity will ſtoop to the Adoration of a Peruke. And in fine, a fine Lady goes to Church for Faſhion's ſake, and to the Baſſet-Table with Devotion; and her Paſſion for Gaming exceeds her Vanity of being thought virtuous, or the Deſire of acting the contrary —— We Seamen ſpeak plain, Brother.

Stand. You Seamen are like your Element, always tempeſtuous, too ruffling to handle a fine Lady.

Fire. Say you ſo? Why then give me thy Hand, honeſt *Frank*, and let the World talk on and be damn'd.

Stand. The World talk, ſay you? What does the World talk?

Fire. Nothing, nothing at all —— They only ſay what's uſual upon ſuch Occaſions: That your Wife's the greateſt Coquet about the Court, and your Worſhip the greateſt Cuckold about the City: That's all.

Stand. How, how, Sir?

Fire. That ſhe's a Coquet, and you a Cuckold.

Stand.

Stand. She's an Angel in her ſelf, and a Paradiſe to me.

Fire. She's an *Eve* in her ſelf, and a Devil to you.

Stand. She's all Truth, and the World a Liar.

Fire. Why then, I gad, Brother, it ſhall be ſo: I'll back again to *White*'s, and whoever dares mutter Scandal of my Brother and Siſter, I'll daſh his Ratifia in's Face, and call him a Liar. [*Going.*

Stand. Hold, hold, Sir. The World is too ſtrong for us. Were Scandal and Detraction to be throughly reveng'd, we muſt murder all the Beaux, and poiſon half the Ladies: Thoſe that have nothing elſe to ſay, muſt tell Stories; Fools over *Burgundy*; and Ladies over Tea, muſt have ſomething that's ſharp to reliſh their Liquor; Malice is the piquant Sauce of ſuch Converſation; and without it, their Entertainment would prove mighty inſipid —— Now, Brother, why ſhould we pretend to quarrel with all Mankind?

Fire. Becauſe all Mankind quarrel with us.

Stand. The worſt Reaſon in the World. —— Would you pretend to devour a Lion, becauſe a Lion wou'd devour you?

Fire. Yes, if I could.

Stand. Ay, that's right; if you could! But ſince you have neither Teeth nor Paws for ſuch an Encounter, lye quietly down, and perhaps the furious Beaſt may run over you.

Fire. 'Sdeath, Sir! But, I ſay, that whoever abuſes my Brother's Wife, tho' at the back of the King's Chair, he's a Villain.

Stand. No, no, Brother, that's a Contradiction; there's no ſuch thing as Villany at Court. Indeed, if the Practice of Courts were found in a ſingle Perſon, he might be ſtil'd Villain with a vengeance; but Number and Power authorizes every thing, and turns the Villain upon their Accuſers. In ſhort, Sir, every Man's Morals, like his Religion now a-days, pleads Liberty of Conſcience;

every Man's Conſcience is his Convenience, and we know no Convenience but Preferment——— As for inſtance, who would be ſo complaiſant as to thank an Officer for his Courage, when that's the Condition of his Pay ? And who can be ſo ill-natur'd, as to blame a Courtier for eſpouſing that which is the very Tenure of his Livelihood ?

Fire. A very good Argument in a very damnable Cauſe ; —— But, Sir, my Bus'neſs is not with the Court, but with you : I deſire you, Sir, to open your Eyes ; at leaſt, be pleas'd to lend an Ear to what I heard juſt now at the Chocolate-Houſe.

Stand. Brother. —

Fire. Well, Sir.

Stand. Did the Scandal pleaſe you when you heard it ?

Fire. No.

Stand. Then why ſhould you think it ſhould pleaſe me ? Be not more uncharitable to your Friends than to your ſelf, ſweet Sir : If it made you uneaſy, there's no queſtion but it will torment me, who am ſo much nearer concern'd.

Fire. But wou'd you not be glad to know your Enemies ?

Stand. 'Pſhaw ! If they abus'd me, they are my Friends, my intimate Friends, my Table-Company, and Bottle-Companions.

Fire. Why then, Brother, the Devil take all your Acquaintance. You were ſo rally'd, ſo torn ! there was a hundred Ranks of ſneering white Teeth drawn upon your Misfortunes at once, which ſo mangled your Wife's Reputation, that ſhe can never patch up her Honour while ſhe lives.

Stand. And their Teeth were very white, you ſay.

Fire. Very white ; Blood, Sir, I ſay, they mangled your Wife's Reputation.

Stand.

Stand. And I ſay, that if they touch my Wife's Reputation with nothing but their Teeth, her Honour will be ſafe enough.

Fire. Then you won't hear it.

Stand. Not a Syllable. Liſt'ning after Slander is laying Nets for Serpents, which, when you have caught, will ſting you to Death : Let 'em ſpit their Venom among themſelves, and it hurts no Body.

Fire. Lord ! Lord ! How Cuckoldom and Contentment go together ! Fye, fye, Sir ! conſider you have been a Soldier, dignify'd by a noble Poſt ; diſtinguiſh'd by brave Actions, and Honour to your Nation, and a Terror to your Enemies —— Hell ! that a Man who has ſtorm'd *Namur* ſhould become the Jeſt of a Coffee-Table —— The whole Houſe was clearly taken up with the two important Queſtions, whether the Colonel was a Cuckold, or *Kid* a Pyrate ?

Stand. This I can't bear. [*Aſide.*

Fire. Ay (ſays a ſneering Coxcomb) the Colonel has made his Fortune with a witneſs ; he has ſecur'd himſelf a good Eſtate in this Life, and a Reverſion in the World to come. Then (replies another) I preſume he's oblig'd to your Lordſhip's Bounty for the latter part of the Settlement. There are others (ſays a third) that have play'd with my Lady *Lurewell* at Piquet, beſides my Lord ; I have capotted her my ſelf two or three times in an Evening.

Stand. O Matrimonial Patience, aſſiſt me.

Fire. Matrimonial Patience ! Matrimonial Peſtilence ! — Shake off theſe drowzy Chains that ſetter your Reſentments. If your Wife has wrong'd ye, pack her off, and let her Perſon be as publick as her Character : If ſhe be honeſt, revenge her Quarrel. —— I can ſtay no longer : This is my Hour of Attendance at the *Navy-Office* ; I'll come and dine with you ; in the mean time, Revenge ! think on't. [*Exit* Fireball.

Stand. [*Solus*] How easy is it to give Advice, and how difficult to observe it! *If your Wife has wrong'd ye, pack her off.* Ay, but how? The Gospel drives the Matrimonial Nail, and the Law clinches it so very hard, that to draw it again wou'd tear the Work to pieces.—— That her Intentions have wrong'd me, here's a young Bawd can witness.

Enter Parley, *running cross the Stage.*

Here, here, Mrs. *Parley*, whither so fast?

Par. Oh Lord! my Master! — Sir, I was running to Madamoiselle *Furbello*, the *French* Milliner, for a new *Burgundy* for my Lady's Head.

Stand. No, Child, you're employ'd about an old fashion'd Garniture for your Master's Head, if I mistake not your Errand.

Par. Oh, Sir, there's the prettiest Fashion lately come over! so airy, so *French*, and all that! ——— The Pinners are double ruffled with twelve Plaits of a side, and open all from the Face; the Hair is frizled all up round the Head, and stands as stiff as a Bodkin. Then the Favourites hang loose upon the Temples with a languishing Lock in the middle. Then the Caule is extremely wide, and over all is a Cornet rais'd very high, and all the Lappets behind. — I must fetch it presently.

Stand. Hold a little, Child, I must talk with you.

Par. Another time, Sir, my Lady stays for it.

Stand. One Question first: What Wages doth my Wife give you?

Par. Ten Pounds a Year, Sir, which God knows is little enough, considering how I slave from Place to Place upon her Occasions. But then, Sir, my Perquisites are considerable; I make above two hundred Pounds a Year by her old Cloaths.

Stand. Two hundred Pounds a Year of her old Cloaths! What then must her new ones cost? —— But what do you get by visiting Gallants, and Picquet?

Par.

Par. About a hundred Pounds more.

Stand. A hundred Pounds more! Now who can expect to find a Lady's Woman honeſt, when ſhe gets ſo much by being a Jade? ——— What Religion are you of, Mrs. *Parley*?

Par. Religion, Sir! I can't tell.

Stand. What was your Father?

Par. A Mountebank.

Stand. Where was you born?

Par. In *Holland.*

Stand Were you ever chriſten'd?

Par. No.

Stand. How came that?

Par. My Parents were Anabaptiſts: they dy'd before I was dipt; I then forſook their Religion, and ha' got ne'er a new one ſince.

Stand. I'm very ſorry, Madam, that I had not the Honour to know the Worth of your Extraction ſooner, that I might have paid you the Reſpect due to your Quality.

Par. Sir, your humble Servant.

Stand. Have you any Principles?

Par. Five hundred.

Stand. Have you loſt your Maidenhead? ——— [*She puts on her Mask, and nods.*] Do you love Money?

Par. Yaw, Mijn Heer.

Stand. Well, Mrs. *Parley*, now you have been ſo free with me, I tell you what you muſt truſt to in return: Never to come near my Houſe again. Be gone, Monſter, fly, ——— Hell and Furies! never chriſten'd! Her Father a Mountebank!

Par. Lord, Sir, you need not be ſo furious. Never chriſten'd! What then? I may be a very good Chriſtian for all that, I ſuppoſe. ——— Turn me off! Sir, you ſhan't. Meddle with your Fellows; 'tis my Lady's Buſineſs to order her Women.

Stand. Here's a young Whore for you! A sweet Companion for my Wife! Where there's such a hellish Confident, there must be damnable Secrets. —— Be gone, I say. —— My Wife shall turn you away.

Par. Sir, she won't turn me away, she sha'n't turn me away, nor she can't turn me away: Sir, I say, she dare not turn me away.

Stand. Why, you Jade? Why?

Par. Because I'm the Mistress, not she.

Stand. You the Mistress!

Par. Yes, I know all her Secrets; and let her offer to turn me off if she dares.

Stand. What Secrets do you know?

Par. Humph! —— Tell a Wife's Secrets to her Husband! —— Very pretty, Faith! Sure, Sir, you don't think me such a *Jew:* Tho' I was never christen'd, I have more Religion than that comes to.

Stand. Are you faithful to your Lady for Affection, or Interest?

Par. Shall I tell you a Christian Lie, or a Pagan Truth.

Stand. Come, Truth for once.

Par. Why then, Interest, Interest! I have a great Soul, which nothing can gain but a great Bribe.

Stand. Well, tho' thou art a Devil, thou art a very honest one —— Give me thy Hand, Wench. Should not Interest make you faithful to me, as much as to others?

Par. Honest to you! Marry for what? you gave me indeed two pitiful Pieces the Day you were marry'd, but not a Sriver since. One Gallant gives me ten Guineas, another a Watch, another a Pair of Pendants, a fourth a Diamond Ring; and my noble Master gives me —— his Linnen to mend —— Faugh! —— I'll tell you a Secret, Sir: Stinginess to Servants makes more Cuckolds, than Ill-nature to Wives.

Stand. And am I a Cuckold, *Parley!*

Par

Par. No, faith not yet; tho' in a very fair Way of having the Dignity conferr'd upon you very ſuddenly.

Stand. Come, Girl, you ſhall be my Penſioner; you ſhall have a glorious Revenue; for every Guinea that you get for keeping a Secret, I'll give you two for revealing it: You ſhall find a Huſband once in your Life out-do all your Gallants in Generoſity. Take their Money, Child; take all their Bribes; give 'em Hopes; make 'em Aſſignations; ſerve your Lady faithfully, but tell all to me. By which means, ſhe will be kept chaſte, you will grow rich, and I ſhall preſerve my Honour.

Par. But what Security ſhall I have for Performance of Articles?

Stand. Ready Payment, Child.

Par. Then give me Earneſt.

Stand. Five Guineas. [*Giving her Money.*

Par. Are they right? No *Gray's-Inn* Pieces amongſt 'em.—All right as my Leg —— Now, Sir, I'll give you an Earneſt of my Service. Who d'ye think is come to Town?

Stand. Who?

Par. Your old Friend, Sir *Harry Wildair.*

Stand. Impoſſible?

Par. Yes, faith, and as gay as ever.

Stand. And has he forgot his Wife ſo ſoon?

Par. Why, ſhe has been dead now above a Year. —— He appear'd in the Ring laſt Night with ſuch Splendor and Equipage, that he eclips'd the Beaux, dazled the Ladies, and made your Wife dream all Night of ſix *Flanders* Mares, ſeven *French* Liveries, a Wig like a Cloak, and a Hat like a Shittlecock.

Stand. What are a Woman's Promiſes and Oaths?

Par. Wind, Wind, Sir.

Stand. When I marry'd her, how heartily did ſhe condemn her light preceding Conduct, and for the future vow'd her ſelf a perfect Pattern of Conjugal Fidelity!

Par.

Par. She might as ſafely ſwear, Sir, that this Day-ſe'nnight, at four a-Clock, the Wind will blow fair for *Flanders.* 'Tis preſuming for any of us all to promiſe for our Inclinations a whole Week. Beſides, Sir, my Lady has got the knack of Coquetting it; and when once a Woman has got that in her Head, ſhe will have a touch on't every-where elſe.

Stand. An Oracle, Child! But now I muſt make the beſt of a bad Bargain; and ſince I have got you on my ſide, I have ſome Hopes, that by conſtant Diſappointment and Croſſes in her Deſigns, I may at laſt tire her into good Behaviour.

Par. Well, Sir, the Condition of the Articles being duly perform'd, I ſtand to the Obligation; and will tell you farther, that by and by Sir *Harry Wildair* is to come to our Houſe to Cards, and that there is a Deſign laid to cheat him of his Money.

Stand. What Company will there be beſides?

Par. Why, the old Set at the Baſſet-Table; my Lady *Lovecards,* and the uſual Company: They have made up a Bank of fifteen hundred *Louis d'Ors* among 'em; the whole Deſign lies upon Sir *Harry*'s Purſe, and the *French* Marquis, you know, conſtantly *Taillés.*

Stand. Ay, the *French* Marquis, that's one of your Benefactors, *Parley*; ——— the Perſecution of *Baſſet* in *Paris* furniſh'd us with that Refugee; but the Character of ſuch a Fellow ought not to reflect on thoſe who have been real Sufferers for their Religion. ——— But take no notice. Be ſure only to inform me of all that paſſes. ——— There's more Earneſt for you: Be rich and faithful.

[*Exit* Standard.

Par. [*Solus*] I am now not only Woman to the Lady *Lurewell,* but Steward to her Huſband, in my double Capacity of knowing her Secrets, and commanding his Purſe. A very pretty Office in a Family; *For every Guinea that I get for keeping a Secret, he'll give me two for revealing*

re-vealing it —— My Comings-in, at this rate, will be worth a Maſter in *Chancery*'s Place, and many a poor Templer will be glad to marry me with half my Fortune.

Enter Dicky, *meeting her.*

Dick. Here's a Man much fitter for your Purpoſes.

Par. Bleſs me! Mr. *Dicky!*

Dick. The very ſame in Longitude and Latitude! not a bit diminiſh'd, not a Hair's breadth increas'd. —— Dear Mrs. *Parley*, give me a Buſs, for I'm almoſt ſtarv'd.

Par. Why ſo hungry, Mr. *Dicky?*

Dick. Why, I han't taſted a bit this Year and half, Woman? I have been wand'ring about all over the World, following my Maſter, and come home to dear *London* but two Days ago. Now the Devil take me, if I had not rather kiſs an *Engliſh* pair of Pattins, than the fineſt Lady in *France.*

Par. Then you're overjoy'd to ſee *London* again?

Dick. Oh! I was juſt dead of a Conſumption, till the ſweet Smoke of *Cheapſide*, and the dear Perfume of *Fleet-Ditch*, made me a Man again.

Par. But how came you to live with Sir *Harry Wildair?*

Dick. Why, ſeeing me a handſome perſonable Fellow, and well qualify'd for a Livery, he took a Fancy to my Figure, that was all.

Par. And what's become of your old Maſter?

Dick. O! hang him, he was a Blockhead, and I turn'd him off; I turn'd him away.

Par. And were not you very ſorry for the Loſs of your Miſtreſs, Sir *Harry*'s Lady? They ſay, ſhe was a very good Woman.

Dick. Oh! the ſweeteſt Woman that ever the Sun ſhin'd upon. I could almoſt weep when I think of her. [*Wiping his Eyes.*

Par. How did ſhe die, pray? I cou'd never hear how 'twas.

Dick.

Dick. Give me a Buſs then, and I'll tell ye.

Par. You ſhall have your Wages when your Work's done.

Dick. Well then —— Courage! —— Now for a doleful Tale —— You know that my Maſter took a Freak to go ſee that fooliſh *Jubilee* that made ſuch a Noiſe among us here; and no ſooner ſaid than done; away he went; he took his fine *French* Servants to wait on him, and left me, the poor *Engliſh* Puppy, to wait upon his Lady at home here. —— Well, ſo far, ſo good —— But ſcarce was my Maſter's Back turn'd, when my Lady fell to ſighing, and pouting, and whining, and crying; and in ſhort fell ſick upon't.

Par. Well, well, I know all this already; and that ſhe pluck'd up her Spirits at laſt, and went to follow him.

Dick. Very well. Follow him we did, far and far; and farther than I can tell, till we came to a Place call'd *Montpelier*, in *France*; a goodly Place truly. —— But, Sir *Harry* was gone to *Rome*; there was our Labour loſt. —— But, to be ſhort, my poor Lady, with the Tireſomneſs of Travelling, fell ſick —— and dy'd.

Par. Poor Woman!

Dick. Ay, but that was not all. Here comes the worſt of the Story. —— Thoſe curſed barbarous Devils, the *French*, wou'd not let us bury her.

Par. Not bury her!

Dick. No, ſhe was a Heretick Woman, and they would not let her Corps be put in their holy Ground —— Oh! damn their holy Ground for me.

Par. Now had not I better be an honeſt Pagan, as I am, than ſuch a Chriſtian as one of theſe? —— But how did you diſpoſe the Body?

Dick. Why, there was one charitable Gentlewoman that us'd to viſit my Lady in her Sickneſs; ſhe contriv'd the Matter ſo, that ſhe had her bury'd in her own pri-

vate

vate Chapel. This Lady and my ſelf carried her out upon our own Shoulders, through a Back-door at the Hour of Midnight, and laid her in a Grave that I dug for her with my own Hands; and if we had been catch'd by the Prieſts, we had gone to the Gallows without the Benefit of Clergy.

Par. Oh! the Devil take 'em. But what did they mean by a Heretick Woman?

Dick. I don't know; ſome ſort of a Cannibal, I believe. I know there are ſome Cannibal Women here in *England*, that come to the Play-houſes in Maſks; but let them have a care how they go to *France*: (For they are all Hereticks, I believe.) But I'm ſure my good Lady was none of theſe.

Par. But how did Sir *Harry* bear the News?

Dick. Why, you muſt know, that my Lady, after ſhe was bury'd, ſent me ———

Par. How! after ſhe was bury'd!

Dick. 'Pſhaw! Why Lord, Miſtreſs, you know what I mean; I went to Sir *Harry* all the way to *Rome*; and where d'ye think I found him?

Par. Where?

Dick. Why, in the middle of a Monaſtery, among a hundred and fifty Nuns, playing at Hot-cockles. He was ſurpriz'd to ſee honeſt *Dicky*, you may be ſure. But when I told him the ſad Story, he roar'd out a whole Volley of *Engliſh* Oaths upon the Spot, and ſwore that he would ſet Fire on the Pope's Palace for the Injury done to his Wife. He then flew away to his Chamber, lock'd himſelf up for three Days; we thought to have found him dead; but inſtead of that, he call'd for his beſt Linnen, fine Wig, gilt Coach; and laughing very heartily, ſwore again he would be reveng'd, and bid them drive to the Nunnery; and he was reveng'd to ſome purpoſe.

Par. How, how, dear Mr. *Dicky*?

Dick.

Dick. Why, in a matter of five Days he got ſix Nuns with Child, and left them to provide for their Heretick Baſtards —— Ah plague on 'em, they hate a dead Heretick, but they love a piping-hot warm Heretick with all their Hearts. —— So away we came; and thus did he jog on, revenging himſelf at this rate through all the Catholick Countries that we paſſed, till we came home; and now, Mrs. *Parley*, I fancy he has ſome Deſigns of Revenge too upon your Lady.

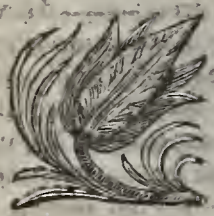
Par. Who could have thought that a Man of his light airy Temper would have been ſo revengeful?

Dick. Why, faith, I'm a little malicious too: Where's the Buſs you promis'd me, you Jade?

Par. Follow me, you Rogue. [*Runs off.*

Dick. Allons. [*Follows.*

The End of the Firſt ACT.



ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *A Lady's Apartment.*

Enter two Chamber-Maids.

1 *Cham.*

ARE all Things ſet in order? The Toilet fix'd, the Bottles and Combs put in Form, and the Chocolate ready?

2. *Cham.* 'Tis no great matter whether they be right or not; for right or wrong we ſhall be ſure of our Lecture; I wiſh for my part that my Time were out.

1 *Cham.* Nay, 'tis a hundred to one but we may run away before our Time be half expir'd; and ſhe's worſe this Morning than ever. —— Here ſhe comes.

Enter Lurewell.

Lure. Ay, there's a Couple of you indeed! But how, in the Name of Negligence cou'd you two contrive to make a Bed as mine was laſt Night; a Wrinkle on one ſide, and a Rumple on t'other; the Pillars awry, and the Quilt aſkew. —— I did nothing but tumble about, and fence with the Sheets all Night long. —— Oh! — my Bones ake this Morning as if I had lain all Night on a pair of *Dutch* Stairs. —— —— Go, bring Chocolate. —— And, d'ye hear? Be ſure to ſtay an Hour or two at leaſt. —— Well! Theſe *Engliſh* Animals are ſo unpoliſh'd! I wiſh the Perſecution wou'd rage a little harder, that we might have more of theſe *French* Refugees among us.

Enter the Maids with Chocolate.

Theſe Wenches are gone to *Smyrna* for this Chocolate. —— And what made you ſtay ſo long?

Cham. I thought we did not ſtay at all, Madam.

Lure. Only an Hour and half by the ſloweſt Clock in Chriſtendom — And ſuch Salvers and Diſhes too! The Lard be merciful to me! what have I committed, to be plagu'd with ſuch Animals? — Where are my new *Japan* Salvers? — Broke, o' my Conſcience! All to pieces, I'll lay my Life on't.

Cham. No, indeed, Madam; but your Huſband ——

Lure. How? Huſband, Impudence! I'll teach you Manners. [*Gives her a Box on the Ear.*] Huſband! Is that your *Welſh* Breeding? Han't the Coll. a Name of his own.

Cham. Well then, the Coll. He us'd 'em this Morning, and we han't got 'em ſince.

Lure. How, the Coll. uſe my Things! How dare the Coll. uſe any thing of mine? —— But his Campaign Education muſt be pardon'd. —— And I warrant they were fifted about among his dirty Levee of diſbanded Officers? —— Faugh! The very Thoughts of them Fellows with their eager Looks, iron Swords, ty'd-up Wigs, and tuck'd-in Cravats, make me ſick as Death —— Come, let me ſee. —— [*Goes to take the Chocolate, and ſtarts back.*] Heav'ns protect me from ſuch a Sight! Lord, Girl! When did you waſh your Hands laſt? And have you been pawing me all this Morning with them dirty Fiſts of yours? [*Runs to the Glaſs*] —— I muſt dreſs all over again —— Go, take it away, I ſhall ſwoon elſe —— Here, Mrs. Monſter, call up my Taylor; and d'ye hear? You, Mrs. Hobbyhorſe, ſee if my Company be come to Cards yet.

Enter the Taylor.

Oh, Mr. *Remnant!* I don't know what ails theſe Stays you have made me; but ſomething is the matter, I don't like 'em.

Rem.

Rem. I am very ſorry for that, Madam. But what Fault does your Ladyſhip find?

Lure. I don't know where the Fault lies; but in ſhort I don't like 'em; I can't tell how; the Things are well enough made, but I don't like 'em.

Rem. Are they too wide, Madam?

Lure. No.

Rem. Too ſtraight, perhaps.

Lure. Not at all! they fit me very well; but —— Lard bleſs me; can't you tell where the Fault lies?

Rem. Why truly Madam, I can't tell? —— But your Ladyſhip, I think, is a little too ſlender for the Faſhion.

Lure. How! too ſlender for the Faſhion, ſay you?

Rem. Yes, Madam! there's no ſuch Thing as a good Shape worn among the Quality: Your fine Waſtes are clear out, Madam.

Lure. And why did not you plump up my Stays to the faſhionable Size?

Rem. I made 'em to fit you, Madam.

Lure. Fit me! fit my Monkey —— What d'ye think I wear Cloaths to pleaſe my ſelf! Fit me! fit the Faſhion, pray; no matter for me —— I thought ſomething was the matter, I wanted Quality-Air. —— Pray Mr. *Remnant*, let me have a Bulk of Quality, a ſpreading Counter. I do remember now, the Ladies in the Apartments, the Birth-Night, were moſt of 'em two Yards about. —— Indeed, Sir, if you contrive my things any more with your ſcanty Chambermaid's Air, you ſhall work no more for me.

Rem. I ſhall take care to pleaſe your Ladyſhip for the future. [*Exit.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, my Maſter deſires ——

Lure. Hold, hold, Fellow; for Gad's ſake, hold; If thou touch my Cloaths with that Tobacco-Breath of

thine, I ſhall poiſon the whole Drawing-Room. Stand at the Door, pray, and ſpeak.

[Serv. *goes to the Door, and ſpeaks.*

Serv. My Maſter, Madam, deſires ——

Lure. Oh hideous! Now the Raſcal bellows ſo loud, that he tears my Head to pieces. —— Here, Aukwardneſs, go take the Booby's Meſſage, and bring it to me.

[*Maid goes to the Door, whiſpers and returns.*

Cham. My Maſter deſires to know how your Ladyſhip reſted laſt Night, and if you are pleas'd to admit of a Viſit this Morning?

Lure. Ay —— Why this is civil ——! 'Tis an inſupportable Toil tho' for Women of Quality to model their Huſbands to good Breeding.

Enter Standard.

Stand. Good-morrow, deareſt Angel. How have you reſted laſt Night?

Lure. Lard, Lard, Coll.! What a Room have you made me here with your dirty Feet! Bleſs me, Sir! Will you never be reclaim'd from your ſlovenly Campaign-Airs? 'Tis the moſt unmannerly Thing in Nature to make a ſliding Bow in a Lady's Chamber with dirty Shoes; it writes Rudeneſs upon the Boards.

Stand. A very odd kind of Reception this, truly. —— I'm very ſorry, Madam, that the Offences of my Feet ſhould create an Averſion to my Company: But for the future I ſhall honour your Ladyſhip's Apartment as the Sepulchre at *Jeruſalem*, and always come in bare-foot.

Lure. Sepulchre at *Jeruſalem!* Your Compliment, Sir, is very far-fetch'd: But your Feet indeed have a very travelling Air.

Stand. Come, come, my Dear, no ſerious Diſputes upon Trifles, ſince you know I never contend with you in Matters of Conſequence. You are ſtill Miſtreſs of your Fortune, and Marriage has only made you more abſolute in your Pleaſure, by adding one faithful Servant

to

to your Desires. —— Come, clear your Brow of that uneasy Chagrin, and let that pleasing Air take place that first ensnar'd my Heart. I have invited some Gentlemen to Dinner, whose Friendships deserve a welcome Look. Let their Entertainment shew how bless'd you have made me by a plentiful Fortune, and the love of so agreeable a Creature.

Lure. Your Friends, I suppose, are all Men of Quality.

Stand. Madam, they are Officers, and Men of Honour.

Lure. Officers, and Men of Honour! That is, they will daub the Stairs with their Feet, stain all the Rooms with their Wine, talk Bawdy to my Woman, rail at the Parliament, then at one another, fall to cutting of Throats, and break all my China.

Stand. Admitting that I kept such Company; 'tis unkind in you, Madam, to talk so severely of my Friends— But my Brother, my Dear, is just come from his Voyage, and will be here to pay his Respects to you.

Lure. Sir, I shall not be at Leisure to entertain a Person of his *Wapping* Education, I can assure you.

Enter Parly, *and whispers her.*

Sir, I have some Business with my Woman; you may entertain your Sea-Monster by your self; you may command a Dish of Pork and Pease, with a Bowl of Punch, I suppose; and so, Sir, much good may do you. —— Come, *Parly.* [*Exeunt* Lure. *and* Par.

Stand. Hell and Furies!

Enter Fireball.

Fire. With all my Heart. —— Where's your Wife, Brother? —— H' now Man, what's the Matter? —— Is Dinner ready?

Stand. No —— I don't know —— Hang it, I'm sorry that I invited you: —— For you must know that my Wife is very much out of Order; taken dangerous ill of a sudden. —— So that ——

Fire. 'Pshaw! Nothing, nothing but a Marriage Qualm; breeding Children or breeding Mischief? Where is she, Man? Prithee let me see her; I long to see this fine Lady you have got.

Stand. Upon my Word she's very ill, and can't see any Body.

Fire. So ill that she can't see any Body! What, she's not in Labour sure! I tell you, I will see her.——— Where is she? [*Looking about.*

Stand. No, no, Brother; she's gone abroad to take the Air.

Fire. What the Devil! dangerous sick, and gone out! So sick, that she'll see no body within, yet gone abroad to see all the World! — Ay, you have made your Fortune with a Vengeance! —— Then, Brother, you shall dine with me at *Locket's*; I hate these Family-Dinners, where a Man's oblig'd to. O Lard, Madam; no Apology, dear Sir —— 'Tis very good indeed, Madam. —— For your self, dear Madam. —— Where between the rubb'd Floor under-foot, the China in one Corner, and the Glasses in another, a Man can't make two Strides without hazard of his Life. Commend me to a Boy and a Bell; coming, coming, Sir. Much Noise, no Attendance, and a dirty Room, where I may eat like a Horse, drink like a Fish, and swear like a Devil. Hang your Family-Dinners; come along with me.

[*As they are going out, enter* Banter; *who seeing them, seems to retire*]

Stand. Who's that? Come in, Sir. Your Business, pray Sir?

Bant. Perhaps, Sir, it may not be so proper to inform you; for you appear to be as great a Stranger here as my self.

Fire. Come, come away, Brother; he has some Business with your Wife.

Ban.

Ban. His Wife, Gad so! A pretty Fellow, a very pretty Fellow, a likely Fellow, and a handsome Fellow; I find nothing like a Monster about him; I would fain see his Forehead tho' —— Sir, your humble Servant.

Stand. Yours, Sir. —— But why d'ye stare so in my Face?

Ban. I was told, Sir, that the Lady *Lurewell*'s Husband had something very remarkable over his Eyes, by which he might be known.

Fire. Mark that, Brother. [*In his Ear.*

Stand. Your Information, Sir, was right; I have a cross Cut over my left Eye that's very remarkable —— But pray, Sir, by what Marks are you to be known.

Ban. Sir, I am dignify'd and distinguish'd by the Name and Title of *Beau Banter*; I'm younger Brother to Sir *Harry Wildair*; and I hope to inherit his Estate with his Humour, for his Wife, I'm told, is dead, and has left no Child.

Stand. Oh, Sir, I'm your very humble Servant; you're not unlike your Brother in the Face; but methinks, Sir, you don't become his Humour altogether so well; for what's Nature in him looks like Affectation in you.

Ban. Oh, Laird, Sir! 'tis rather Nature in me, what is acquir'd by him; he's beholding to his Education for his Air: Now where d'ye think my Humour was establish'd?

Stand. Where?

Ban. At *Oxford*.

Stand. }
Fire. } At *Oxford*!

Ban. Ay: There have I been sucking my dear *Alma Mater* these seven Years: Yet in defiance to Legs of Mutton, Small Beer, crabbed Books, and sour-fac'd Doctors, I can dance a Minuet, court a Mistress, play at Piquet, or make a Paroli, with any *Wildair* in *Christendom*. In short, Sir, in spite of the University, I'm a pretty Gentleman. —— Colonel, where's your Wife?

Fire.

Fire. [*Mimicking him*] *In spite of the University, I'm a pretty Gentleman.* —— Then, *Colonel, where is your Wife?* —— Hark ye, young *Plato*, whether wou'd you have your Nose slit, or your Ears cut?

Ban. First tell me, Sir, which would you chuse, to be run through the Body, or shot thro' the Head?

Fire. Follow me, and I'll tell ye.

Ban. Sir, my Servants shall attend ye, if you have no Equipage of your own.

Fire. Blood, Sir!

Stand. Hold, Brother, hold; he's a Boy.

Ban. Look ye, Sir, I keep half a dozen Footmen that have no Business upon Earth but to answer impertinent Questions: Now, Sir, if your fighting Stomach can digest these six brawny Fellows for a Breakfast, their Master, perhaps, may do you the Favour to run you through the Body for a Dinner.

Fire. Sirrah, will you fight me? I receiv'd just now six Months Pay, and by this Light, I'll give you the half on't for one fair Blow at your Skull.

Ban. Down with your Money, Sir.

Stand. No, no, Brother; if you are so free of your Pay, get into the next Room; there you'll find some Company at Cards, I suppose; you may find Opportunity for your Revenge; my House protects him now.

Fire. Well, Sir, the Time will come. [*Exit.*

Ban. Well said, Brazen-head.

Stand. I hope, Sir, you'll excuse the Freedom of this Gentleman; his Education has been among the boisterous Elements, the Wind and Waves.

Ban. Sir, I value neither him, nor his Wind and Waves neither; I'm privileg'd to be very impertinent, being an *Oxonian*, and oblig'd to fight no Man, being a Beau.

Stand. Sir, I admire the Freedom of your Condition.— But pray, Sir, have you seen your Brother since he came last over?

Ban.

Ban. I ha'n't ſeen my Brother theſe ſeven Years, and ſcarcely heard from him but by report of others. About a Month ago he was pleas'd to honour me with a Letter from *Paris*, importing his Deſign of being in *London* very ſoon, with a Deſire of meeting me here. Upon this, I chang'd my Cap and Gown for a long Wig and Sword, and came up to *London* to attend him, went to his Houſe, but that was all in Troubles for the Death of Wife; there I was told that he deſign'd to change his Habitation, becauſe he wou'd avoid all Remembrances that might diſturb his Quiet. You are the firſt Perſon that has told me of his Arrival, and I expect that you may likewiſe inform me where to wait on him.

Stand. And I ſuppoſe, Sir, this was the Bus'neſs that occaſion'd me the Honour of this Viſit.

Ban. Partly this, and partly an Affair of greater Conſequence. You muſt know, Sir, that tho' I have read ten thouſand Lies in the Univerſity, yet I have learn'd to ſpeak the Truth my ſelf; and to deal plainly with you, the Honour of this Viſit, as you were pleas'd to term it, was deſign'd to the Lady *Lurewell.*

Stand. My Wife, Sir!

Ban. My Lady *Lurewell*, I ſay, Sir.

Stand. But I ſay, my Wife, Sir. —— What!

Ban. Why, look ye Sir; you may have the Honour of being call'd the Lady *Lurewell*'s Huſband; but you will never find in any Author, either ancient or modern, that's ſhe's call'd Mr. *Standard*'s Wife. 'Tis true, you're a handſome young Fellow; ſhe lik'd you, ſhe marry'd you; and tho' the Prieſt made you both one Fleſh, yet there's no ſmall Diſtinction in your Blood. You are ſtill a diſbanded Colonel, and ſhe is ſtill a Woman of Quality, I take it.

Stand. And you are the moſt impudent young Fellow I ever met with in all my Life, I take it.

Ban.

Ban. Sir, I'm a Maſter of Arts, and I plead the Privilege of my Standing.

Enter a Servant and whiſpers Banter.

Serv. Sir, the Gentleman in the Coach below ſays, he'll be gone unleſs you come preſently.

Ban. I had forgot —— Col. your humble Servant.

[*Exit.*

Stand. You muſt excuſe me for not waiting on you down Stairs. —— An impudent young Dog.

[*Exit another way.*

SCENE *changes to another Apartment in the ſame Houſe.*

Enter Lurewell, Ladies, Monſ. Marquis *and* Fireball, *as loſing Gameſters, one after another, tearing their Cards, and flinging 'em about the Room.*

Lure. RUin'd! Undone! Deſtroy'd!

1 *La.* Oh Fortune! Fortune! Fortune!

2 *La.* What will my Huſband ſay?

Monſ. Oh *Malheur! malheur! malheur!*

Fire. Blood and Fire, I have loſt ſix Months Pay.

Monſ. A hundred and ten Piſtoles, ſink me.

Fire. Sink you! ſink me, that have loſt two hundred and ten Piſtoles. —— Sink you indeed!

Lure. But why wou'd you hazard the Bank upon one Card?

Monſ. Becauſe me had loſe by de Card tree times before. —— Look, dere Madam, de very next Card had been out. Oh *Morbleu! qui ſa?*

Lure. I rely'd altogether on your ſetting the Cards; you us'd to *Tailleé* with Succeſs.

Monſ.

Monſ. Morbleu, Madam, me nevre loſe before: But dat Monſieur Sir *Arry*, dat Chevalier *Wildair* is de Devil. —— Vere is de Chevalier?

Lure. Counting our Money within yonder —— Go, go, be gone; and bethink your ſelf of ſome Revenge. —— Here he comes.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Fifteen hundred and ſeventy *Louis d'Ors!* —— Tall dall de rall [*Sings*] Look ye, Gentlemen, any body may dance to this Tune; —— Tall dall de rall. I dance to the Tune of fifteen hundred Pounds, the moſt elevated Piece of Muſick that ever I heard in my Life; they are the prettieſt Caſtagnets in the World. [*Chinks the Money.*] Here, Waiters, there's Cards and Candles for you. [*Gives the Servants Money.*] Mrs. *Parley* —— here's Hoods and Scarfs for you: [*Gives her Money.*] And here's fine Coaches, ſplendid Equipage, lovely Women, and victorious *Burgundy* for me —— Oh the charming Angels! the Loſers Sorrow, and the Gainer's Joy: Get ye into my Pocket. —— Now, Gentlemen and Ladies, I am your humble Servant. —— You'll excuſe me, I hope; the ſmall Devotion here that I pay to my good Fortune. —— Ho'now! Mute! Why, Ladies, I know that Loſers have Leave to ſpeak; but I don't find that they're privileg'd to be dumb. —— *Monſieur!* Ladies! Captain! [*Claps the Captain on the Shoulder.*

Fire. Death and Hell! Why d'ye ſtrike me, Sir? [*Drawing.*

Wild. To comfort you, Sir. —— Your Ear, Capt. —— The King of *Spain* is dead.

Fire. The King of *Spain* dead!

Wild. Dead as *Julius Cæſar*; I had a Letter on't juſt now.

Fire. Tall dall de rall [*ſings.*] Look ye, Sir, pray ſtrike me again, if you pleaſe —— See here, Sir, you have

have left me but one solitary Guinea in the World. [*Puts it in his Mouth.*

Down it goes i'faith. —— Allons for the *Thatch'd House* and the *Mediterranean.* —— Tall dall de rall.

[*Exit.*

Wild. Ha, ha, ha. —— Bravely resolv'd, Captain.

Lure. Bless me, Sir *Harry!* I was afraid of a Quarrel. I'm so much concern'd.

Wild. At the loss of your money, Madam. But why, should the Fair be afflicted? Your Eyes, your Eyes, Ladies, much brighter than the Sun, have equal Power with him, and can transform to Gold whate'er they please. The Lawyer's Tongue, the Soldier's Sword, the Courtier's Flattery, and the Merchant's Trade, are Slaves that dig the Golden Mines for you. Your Eyes unty the Miser's knotted Purse. [*To one Lady.*] Melt into Coin the Magistrate's massy Chain. ——— Youth mints for you Hereditary Lands. [*To another*] ——— And Gamesters only win when they can lose to you. [*To* Lurewell.] —— This Luck is the most Rhetorical thing in Nature.

Lure. I have a great mind to forswear Cards as long as I live.

1. *La.* And I. [*Exit.*

2. *La.* And I [*Crying, and Exit.*

Wild. What, forswear Cards! Why, Madam, you'll ruin our Trade, ——— I'll maintain, that the Money at Court circulates more by the Basset-Bank, than the Wealth of the Merchants by the Bank of the City. Cards! the great Minister of Fortune's Power, that blindly shuffle out her thoughtless Favours, and make a Knave more powerful than a King. —— What Adoration do these Pow'rs receive [*Lifting up a Card*] from the bright Hands and Fingers of the Fair, always list up to pay Devotion here! And the pleasing Fears, the anxious Hopes, and dubious Joy that entertain our Mind!

Mind! The Capot at Piquet, the Paroli at Baſſet; — And then Ombre! who can reſiſt the Charms of Mattadors?

Lure. Ay, Sir *Harry*; and then the *Sept le Va, Quinze le Va, & Trante le Va!*

Wild. Right, right, Madam.

Lure. Then the Nine of Diamonds at Comet, three Fives at Cribbidge, and Pam in Lanteraloo, Sir *Harry!*

Wild. Ay, Madam, theſe are Charms indeed. — Then the Pleaſure of picking our Husband's Pocket overnight, to play at Baſſet next Day! Then the Advantage a fine Gentleman may make of a Lady's Neceſſity, by gaining a Favour for fifty Piſtoles, which a hundred Years Courtſhip cou'd never have produc'd.

Lure. Nay, nay, Sir *Harry*, that's foul play.

Wild. Nay, nay, Madam, 'tis nothing but the Game; and I have play'd it ſo in *France* a hundred times.

Lure. Come, come, Sir, no more on't. I'll tell you in three Words, that rather than forego my Cards, I'll forſwear my Viſits, Faſhions, my Monkey, Friends and Relations.

Wild. There ſpoke the Spirit of true-born *Engliſh* Women of Quality, with a true *French* Education.

Lure. Look ye, Sir *Harry*, I am well born, and I was well bred; I brought my Husband a large Fortune; he ſhall mortgage, or I will elope.

Wild. No, no, Madam; there's no occaſion for that; See here, Madam!

Lure. What, the ſinging Birds, Sir *Harry*, let me ſee.

Wild. Pugh, Madam, theſe are but a few — But I could wiſh, *de tout mon cœur, for quelque Commodite*, where I might be handſomely plunder'd of 'em.

Lure. Ah! Chevalier! tous jour obligeant, engageant, & tout ſa —

Wild. Allons, Allons, Madam, tout á votre ſervice.

[*Pulls her.*

Lure. No, no, Sir *Harry*, not at this time o'day; you ſhall hear from me in the Evening.

Wild. Then, Madam, I'll leave you ſomething to entertain you the while. 'Tis a *French* Pocket-book, with ſome Remarks of my own upon the new way of making Love. Pleaſe to peruſe it, and give me your Opinion in the Evening.

Lure. [*Opening the Book.*] A *French* Pocket-book, with Remarks upon the new way of making Love! Then Sir *Harry* is turning Author, I find. — What's here? — Hi, hi hi. A Bank Bill for a hundred Pound. — The new way of making Love! — *Pardie cit fort Gallant* — One of the prettieſt Remarks that ever I ſaw in my Life! Well now, that *Wildair*'s a charming Fellow! — Hi, hi, hi, — He has ſuch an air, and ſuch a turn in what he does! I warrant now there's a hundred home-bred Blockheads wou'd come, — Madam, I'll give you a hundred Guineas if you'll let me. — Faugh! hang their nauſeous immodeſt Proceedings. — Here's a hundred Pound now, and he never names the thing; I love an impudent Action with an Air of Modeſty with all my Heart.

[*Exit.*

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE *continues.*

Lurewell *and* Monſieur Marquis.

LUREWELL.

WELL, *Monſieur*, and have you thought how to retaliate your ill Fortune?

Monſ. Madam, I have tought dat Fortune be one blind Bitch. Why ſhou'd Fortune be kinder to de Anglis Chevalier dan to de France Marquis? Ave I not de bon Grace? Ave not I de Perſonage! Ave I not de Underſtanding? Can de Anglis Chevalier dance bettre dan I? Can de Anglis Chevalier fence bettre dan I? Can de Anglis Chevalier play Baſſet bettre dan I? Den why ſhould Fortune be kinder to de Anglis Chevalier dan de France Marquis?

Lure. Why becauſe Fortune is blind.

Monſ. Blind! Yes, begar, and dum and deaf too, — Vell den, Fortune give de Anglis Man de Riches, but Nature give de France Man de Politique to correct de unequal Diſtribution.

Lure. But how can you correct it, *Monſieur?*

Monſ. Ecoute, Madam. Sir *Arny Wildair* his Vife be dead.

Lure. And what Advantage can you make of that?

Monſ. Begar, Madam — Hi, hi, hi. — De Anglis man's dead Vife ſall Cuckold her Usband!

Lure. How, how, Sir, a dead Woman Cuckold her Husband!

L'art de corriger la fortune.

Monſ. Mark! Madam: We France-men make de diſtinction between de deſign and de term of de Treaty.— She canno touch his Head, but ſhe can Cuckold his Pocket of ten touſand Livres.

Lure. Pray explain your ſelf, Sir.

Monſ. I ave Sir *Arry Wildair* his Vife in my Pocket.

Lure. How! Sir *Harry*'s Wife in your Pocket!

Monſ. Hold, Madam, dere is an autre diſtinction between de Deſign and de Term of de Treaty.

Lure. Pray, Sir, no more of your Diſtinctions, but ſpeak plain.

Monſ. Wen de France-man's Politique is in his Head, dere is noting but diſtinction upon his Tongue.—See here, Madam! I ave de Picture of Sir *Arry*'s Vife in my Pocket.

Lure. Is't poſſible?

Monſ. Voyez.

Lure. The very ſame, and finely drawn, pray, *Monſieur*, how did you purchaſe it?

Monſ. As me did purchaſe de Picture, ſo me did gain de Subſtance, de dear, dear Subſtance, by de bon mien, de France Air, chatant, charmant, de Politique à la Tate, and dançant à la Pie.

Lure. Lard bleſs me! How cunningly ſome Women can play the Rogue! Ah! have I found it out! Now, as I hope for Mercy, I am glad on't. I hate to have any Woman more virtuous than my ſelf.——Here was ſuch a work with my Lady *Wildair*'s Piety! my Lady *Wildair*'s Conduct! and my Lady *Wildair*'s Fidelity, forſooth! Now, dear *Monſieur*, you have infallibly told me the beſt News that I ever heard in my Life. Well, and ſhe was but one of us! heh!

Monſ. Oh, Madam! me no tell Tale, me no ſcandalize de Dead; de Picture be dumb, de Picture ſay noting.

Lure. Come, come, Sir, no more Diſtinctions; I'm ſure it was ſo. I wou'd have given the World for ſuch

a Story

a Story of her while ſhe was living. She was charitable, forſooth! and ſhe was devout, forſooth! and every body was twitted i'th' Teeth with my Lady *Wildair*'s Reputation: And why don't you mark her Behaviour, and her Diſcretion? She goes to Church twice a day. ——— Ah! I hate theſe Congregation-Women. There's ſuch a fuſs, and ſuch a clutter about their Devotion, that it makes more noiſe than all the Bells in the Pariſh ——— Well, but what Advantage can you make now of the Picture?

Monſ. De Advantage of ten touſand Livres, parde. — *Attendez vous*, Madam. Dis Lady ſhe die at *Montpelier* in *France*; I ave de Broder in dat City dat write me one Account dat ſhe dye in dat City, and dat ſhe ſend me dis Picture as a Legacy, wid a touſand baſe mains to de dear Marquis, de charmant Marquis, mon cœur le Marquis.

Lure. Ay, here was Devotion! here was Diſcretion! here was Fidelity! Mon cœur le Marquis! Ha, ha, ha, ——— Well, but how will this procure the Money?

Monſ. Now, Madam, for de France Politique.

Lure. Ay, what is the *French* Politick?

Monſ. Never to tell a Secret to a Voman. ——— Madam, *je ſui vôtre ſerviteur.* [*Runs off.*

Lure. Hold, hold, Sir, we ſha'n't part ſo; I will have it. [*Follows.*

Enter Standard *and* Fireball.

Fire. Hah! Look! Look! Look you there, Brother! See how they Coquet it! Oh! There's a Look! there's a Simper! there's a Squeeze for you! Ay, now the Marquis is at it. *Mon cœur, may foy, pardie, allons:* Don't you ſee how the *French* Rogue has the Head, and the Feet, and the Hands, and the Tongue, all going together?

Stand. [*Walking in Diſorder.*] Where's my Reaſon? Where's my Philoſophy? Where's my Religion now?

Fire. I'll tell you where they are, in your Forehead, Sir. — Blood! I ſay, Revenge.

Stand. But how, dear Brother?

Fire. Why ſtab him, ſtab him now. —— *Italian* him, *Spaniard* him, I ſay.

Stand. Stab him! Why Cuckoldom's a Hydra that bears a thouſand Heads; and tho' I ſhould cut this one off, the Monſter ſtill wou'd ſprout. Muſt I murder all the Fops in the Nation? and to ſave my Head from Horns, expoſe my Neck to the Halter?

Fire. 'Sdeath, Sir, can't you kick and kuff? —— Kick one.

Stand. Cane another.

Fire. Cut off the Ears of a third.

Stand. Slit the Noſe of a fourth.

Fire. Tear Crevats.

Stand. Burn Perukes.

Fire. Shoot their Coach-horſes.

Stand. A noble Plot.—But now it's laid, how ſhall we put it in Execution? for not one of theſe Fellows ſtirs about without his Guard du Corps. Then they're ſtout as Heroes; for I can aſſure you, that a Beau with ſix Footmen ſhall fight you any Gentleman in Chriſtendom.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, here's Mr. *Clincher* below, who begs the Honour to kiſs your Hand

Stand. Ay, why here's another Beau.

Fire. Let him come, let him come; I'll ſhew you how to manage a Beau preſently.

Stand. Hold, hold, Sir; this is a ſimple inoffenſive Fellow, that will rather make us Diverſion.

Fire. Diverſion! Ay. Why, I'll knock him down for Diverſion.

Stand. No, no; prithee be quiet; I gave him a ſurfeit of Intriguing ſome Months ago, before I was marry'd —— Here, bid him come up. He's worth your Acquaintance, Brother.

Fire.

Fire. My Acquaintance! What is he?

Stand. A Fellow of a ſtrange Weathercock Head, very hard, but as light as the Wind; conſtantly full of the Times, and never fails to pick up ſome Humour or other out of the publick Revolutions; that proves diverting enough. Some time ago he had got the travelling Maggot in his Head, and was going to the *Jubilee* upon all Occaſions; but lately, ſince the new Revolution in *Europe*, another Spirit has poſſeſs'd him, and he runs ſtark mad after News and Politicks.

Enter Clincher.

Clin. News, News, Coll. great —— Eh! what's this Fellow? Methinks he has a kind of ſuſpicious Air. —— Your Ear, Coll. —— The Pope's dead.

Stand. Where did you hear it?

Clin. I read it in the publick News. [*Whiſpering.*

Stand. Ha, ha, ha. —— And why d'ye whiſper it for a Secret?

Clin. Odſo! Faith that's true —— But that Fellow there; what is he?

Stand. My Brother *Fireball*, juſt come home from the *Baltick*.

Clin. Odſo! Noble Captain, I'm your moſt humble and obedient Servant, from the Poop to the Forecaſtle. —— Nay, a Kiſs o't'other ſide, pray. —— Now, dear Captain, tell us the News. —— Odſo! I'm ſo pleas'd I have met you! Well, the News, dear Captain —— You ſailed a brave Squadron of Men of War to the *Baltick*. —— Well, and what then? eh!

Fire. Why then —— we came back again.

Clin. Did you, faith? —— Fooliſh! fooliſh! very fooliſh! a right Sea Captain —— But what did you do? How did you fight? What Storms did you meet? And what Whales did you ſee?

Fire. We had a violent Storm off the Coaſt of *Jutland*.

Clin.

Clin. Jutland! Ay, that's part of *Portugal*, —— Well, and ſo, —— you enter'd the *Sound*; —— and you maul'd *Copenhagen*, 'faith. —— And then that pretty, dear, ſweet, pretty King of *Sweden!* What ſort of man is he, pray?

Fire. Why, tall and ſlender.

Clin. Tall and ſlender! Much about my pitch? Heh!

Fire. Not ſo groſs, not altogether ſo low.

Clin. No! I'm ſorry for't; very ſorry, indeed.—— [*Here* Parley *enters and ſtands at the Door*; Clincher *beckons her with his Hands behind, going backwards, and ſpeaking to her and the Gentlemen by turns.*] Well, and what more? And ſo you bombarded *Copenhagen*, —— (Mrs. *Parley*) —— Whiz, ſlap went the Bombs. (Mrs. *Parley*) —— And ſo —— Well, not altogether ſo groſs, you ſay —— (Here's a Letter, you Jade.) —— Very tall, you ſay? Is the King very tall? —— (Here's a Guinea, you Jade.) —— [*She takes the Letter, and the Coll. obſerves him.*] Hem! hem! Coll. I'm mightily troubled with the Ptyſick of late. —— Hem! hem! A ſtrange Stoppage of my Breaſt here. Hem! But now it is off again. —— Well, but Captain, you tell us no News at all.

Fire. I tell you one piece that all the World knows, and ſtill you are ſtranger to it.

Clin. Bleſs me! What can this be?

Fire. That you are a Fool.

Clin. Eh! Witty, witty Sea-Captain. Odſo! And I wonder, Captain, that your Underſtanding did not ſplit your Ship to pieces.

Fire. Why ſo, Sir?

Clin. Becauſe, Sir, it is ſo very ſhallow, very ſhallow. There's Wit for you, Sir ——

Enter Parley, *who gives the Coll. a Letter.*

Odſo! A Letter! Then there's News. —— What, is

s it the Foreign Post? What News, dear Coll. what News? Hark ye, Mrs. *Parley*.

[*He talks with* Parley *while the Coll. reads the Letter.*

Stand. The Son of a Whore! Is it he?

[*Looks at* Clincher.

[*Reads.*] Dear Madam,

I Was afraid to break open the Seal of your Letter, lest I shou'd violate the work of your fair Hands. — [Oh! Fulsome Fop.] *I therefore with the warmth of my Kisses thaw'd it asunder.* [Ay, here's such a turn of Style, as takes a fine Lady!] *I have no News, but that the Pope's dead, and I have some Pacquets upon that Affair to send my Correspondent in* Wales; *but shall wave all Business, and hasten to wait on you at the Hour appointed, with the Wings of a Flying Post.*

Yours,

Toby Clincher.

Very well, Mr. *Toby*. ——— Hark'e, Brother, this Fellow's a Rogue. ——

Fire. A damn'd Rogue.

Stand. See here! a Letter to my Wife! ——

Fire. S'death! let me tear him to pieces.

Stand. No, no, we'll manage him to more Advantage. Take him with you to *Locket's*, and invent some way or other to fuddle him. —— Here Mr. *Clincher*, I have prevail'd on my Brother here to give you a particular Account of the whole Voyage to the *Sound* by his own Journal, if you please to honour him with your Company at *Locket's*.

Clin. His own Journal! Odso, let me see it.

Stand. Shew it him.

Fire. Here, Sir. ———

Clin. Now for News ——— [*Reads.*] Thursday, August *the 17th, from the 6th at Noon to this Day Noon Winds variable, Courses* per *Traverse, true Course protracted,*

tracted, with all Impediments allow'd, is North 45 *Degrees, West* 60 *Miles, Difference of Latitude* 42 *Miles, Departure West* 40 *Miles, Latitude* per *Judgment* 54 *Degrees* 13 *Minutes, Meridian distance current from the bearing of the Land, and the Latitude is* 88 *Miles.* ——— Odso! Great News Faith. ——— Let me see. *At Noon broke our Main-top-Sail-yard, being rotten in the Slings; two Whales South-ward.* ——— Odso! A Whale! Great News, Faith. Come, come along, Captain. But, d'ye hear? with this Proviso, Gentlemen, That I won't drink; for, hark'e, Captain, between you and I, there's a fine Lady in the Wind, and I shall have the Longitude and Latitude of a fine Lady, and the ———

Fire. A fine Lady! Ah the Rogue! [*Aside.*

Clin. Yes, a fine Lady, Collonel, a very fine Lady. ——— Come, no Ceremony, good Captain.

[*Exeunt* Fireball *and* Clincher.

Stand. Well, Mrs. *Parley*, how go the rest of our affairs.

Par. Why, worse and worse, Sir; here's more Mischief still, more Branches a sprouting.

Stand. Of whose planting, pray?

Par. Why, that impudent young Rogue, Sir *Harry Wildair*'s Brother, has commenc'd his Suit, and feed Council already. ——— Look here, Sir, two Pieces, for which, by Article, I am to receive four.

Stand. 'Tis a hard Case now, that a Man must give four Guineas for the good News of his Dishonour. Some Men throw away their Money in debauching other Men's Wives, and I lay out mine to keep my own honest: But this is making a Man's Fortune! ——— Well, Child, there's your Pay; and I expect, when I come back, a true Account how the Business goes on.

Par. But suppose the Business be done before you come back?

Stand.

Stand. No, no; ſhe ha'n't ſeen him yet; and her Pride will preſerve her againſt the firſt Aſſaults. Beſides, I ſha'n't ſtay. [*Exeunt* Coll. *and* Par.

SCENE *changes to another Room in the ſame Houſe.*

Enter Wildair *and* Lurewell.

Lure. WELL now, Sir *Harry*, this Book you gave me! As I hope to breathe I think 'tis the beſt penn'd Piece I have ſeen a great while, I don't know any of our Authors have writ in ſo florid and genteel a Style.

Wild. Upon the Subject, Madam, I dare affirm there is nothing extant more moving — Look ye, Madam, I am an Author rich in expreſſions; the needy Poets of the Age may fill their Works with Rapſodies of Flames and Darts, and barren Sighs and Tears, their ſpeaking Looks and amorous Vows, that might in *Chaucer*'s time, perhaps have paſſed for Love; but now, 'tis only ſuch as I can touch that noble Paſſion, and by the true, perſuaſive Eloquence, turn'd in the moving Style of *Louis d'Ors*, can raiſe the raviſh'd Female to a Rapture. —— In ſhort, Madam, I'll match *Cowly* in Softneſs, o'er top *Milton* in Sublime, banter *Cicero* in Eloquence, and Dr. *Swan* in Quibbling, by the help of that moſt ingenious Society, call'd the Bank of *England*.

Lure. Ay, Sir *Harry*, I begin to hate that old thing call'd Love; they ſay 'tis clear out in *France*.

Wild. Clear out, clear out, no body wears it: And here too, Honeſty went out with the ſlaſh'd Doublets, and Love with the cloſe-body'd Gowns. Love! 'Tis ſo obſolete, ſo mean, and out of Faſhion, that I can compare it too nothing but the miſerable Picture of *Patient Grizzel* at the Head of an old Ballad — Faugh!

Lure.

Lure. Ha, ha, ha. — The beſt Emblem in the World. — Come, Sir *Harry*, faith we'll run it down ——— Love! ——- Ay, methinks I ſee the mournful *Melpomene* with her Handkerchief at her Eye, her Heart full of Fire, her Eyes full of Water, her Head full of Madneſs, and her Mouth full of Nonſenſe. ——— Oh! Hang it.

Wild. Ay, Madam. Then the doleful Ditties, piteous Plaints, the Daggers, the Poyſons!

Lure. Oh the Vapours!

Wild. Then a Man muſt kneel, and a Man muſt ſwear ——— There is a Repoſe, I ſee, in the next Room. [*Aſide.*

Lure. Unnatural Stuff.

Wild. Oh, Madam, the moſt unnatural thing in the World; as fulſome as a Sack-Poſſet, [*Pulling her towards the Door.*] ungenteel as a Wedding-Ring, and as impudent as the naked Statue was in the Park. [*Pulls her again.*

Lure. Ay, Sir *Harry*; I hate Love that's impudent. Theſe Poets dreſs it up ſo in their Tragedies, that no modeſt Woman can bear it. Your way is much the more tolerable, I muſt confeſs.

Wild. Ay, ay, Madam; I hate your rude Whining and Sighing; it puts a Lady out of Countenance. [*Pulling her.*

Lure. Truly ſo it does ——— Hang their Impudence. But where are we going?

Wild. Only to rail at Love, Madam. [*Pulls her in.*

Enter Banter.

Ban. Hey! Who's here? [Lurewell *comes back.*

Lure. 'Pſhaw, prevented by a Stranger too! Had it been my Huſband now ——— 'Pſhaw! ——— Very familiar, Sir. [Banter *takes up* Wildair's *Hat, that was dropt in the Room.*

Ban.

Ban. Madam, you have dropt your Hat.

Lure. Discover'd too by a Stranger! — What shall I do?

Wild. [*From within.*] — Madam, you have got the most confounded Pens here! Can't you get the Collonel to write the Superscriptions of your Letters for you?

Lure. Bless me, Sir *Harry!* Don't you know that the Collonel can't write *French?* Your time is so precious!

Wild. Shall I direct by way of *Roan* or *Paris?*

Lure. Which you will.

Ban. Madam, I very much applaud your Choice of a Secretary; he understands the Intrigues of most Courts in *Europe* they say.

Enter Wildair *with a Letter.*

Wild. Here, Madam, I presume, 'tis right — This Gentleman a Relation of yours, Madam? — Dem him. [*Aside.*

Ban. Brother, your humble Servant.

Wild. Brother! By what Relation, Sir?

Ban. Begotten by the same Father, born of the same Mother, Brother-Kindred, and Brother Beau.

Wild. Hey day! How the Fellow strings his Genealogy! — Look ye, Sir, you may be Brother to *Tom-Thumb* for ought I know; but if you are my Brother, — I cou'd have wish'd you in your Mother's Womb for an Hour or two longer. [*Aside.*

Ban. Sir, I receiv'd your Letter at *Oxford*, with your Commands to meet you in *London*; and if you can remember your own Hand, there 'tis. [*Gives a Letter.*

Wild. [*Looking over the Letter.*] Oh! Pray, Sir, let me consider you a little. — By *Jupiter* a pretty Boy; a very pretty Boy; a handsome Face, good Shape; [*Walks about and views him.*] well dress'd — The Rogue has got a Leg too. — Come kiss me, Child. — Ay, he kisses like one of the Family, the right Velvet Lip. — Can'st thou dance, Child?

Ban. Ouy, Monſieur.

Lure. Hey-day! *French* too! Why ſure, Sir, you cou'd never be bred at *Oxford!*

Ban. No, Madam, my Cloaths were made in *London* — Brother, I have ſome Affairs of Conſequence to communicate, which require a little Privacy.

Lure. Oh, Sir! I beg your Pardon, I'll leave you. Sir *Harry*, you'll ſtay Supper? [*Exit.*

Wild. Aſſurement, Madam.

Ban. Yes, Madam, we'll both ſtay.

Wild. Both! ——— Sir, I'll ſend you back to your Mutton-Commons again. How now?

Ban. No, no; I ſhall find better Mutton-Commons by meſſing with you, Brother — Come, Sir *Harry:* If you ſtay, I ſtay; if you go, allons.

Wild. Why, the Devil's in this young Fellow. ——— Why Sirrah, haſt thou any Thoughts of being my Heir? Why, you Dog, you ought to pimp for me; you ſhou'd keep a pack of Wenches o' purpoſe to hunt down Matrimony. Don't you know, Sir, that lawful Wedlock in me is certain Poverty to you? Look ye, Sirrah, come along; and for my Diſappointment juſt now, if you don't get me a new Miſtreſs to Night, I'll marry to morrow, and won't leave you a Groat. ——— Go, Pimp, like a dutiful Brother. [*Puſhes him out, and* Exit.

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT

A C T IV.

SCENE, *A Tavern.*

Enter Fireball, *hauling in* Clincher.

FIREBALL.

COME, Sir; not drink the King's Health!

Clin. Pray now, good Captain, excuse me. Look here, Sir; the [*Pulling out his Watch.*] critical Minute, the critical Minute, Faith.

Fire. What d'ye mean, Sir?

Clin. The Lady's critical Minute, Sir.——Sir, your humble Servant. [*Going.*

Fire. Well! The Death of this *Spanish* King will—

Clin. [*Returning*] Eh! What's that of the *Spanish* King? Tell me, dear Captain, tell me.

Fire. Sir, if you please to sit down, I'll tell you that old *Don Carlos* is dead.

Clin. Dead!——Nay, then [*Sits down.*]—Here, Pen and Ink, Boy; Pen and Ink presently; I must write to my Correspondent in *Wales* strait—Dead!

[*Rises, and walks about in Disorder.*

Fire. What's the matter, Sir?

Clin. Politicks, Politicks, stark mad with Politicks.

Fire. 'Sdeath, Sir, what have such Fools as you to do with Politicks?

Clin. What, Sir? The Succession—not mind the Succession!

Fire. Nay, that's minded already; 'tis ſettled upon a Prince of *France.*

Clin. What, ſettled already! —— The beſt News that ever came into *England* —— Come, Captain, faith and troth, Captain, here's a Health to the Succeſſion.

Fire. Burn the Succeſſion, Sir. I won't drink it —— What, drink Confuſion to our Trade, Religion and Liberties.

Clin. Ay, by all means. —— As for Trade, d'ye ſee? I'm a Gentleman, and hate it mortally. Theſe Tradeſmen are the moſt impudent Fellows we have, and ſpoil all our good Manners. What have we to do with Trade?

Fire. A trim Politician, truly! —— And what do you think of our Religion, pray?

Clin. Hi, hi, hi. —— Religion! —— And what has a Gentleman to do with Religion, pray? —— And to hear a Sea Captain talk of Religion! That's pleaſant, faith.

Fire. And have you no Regard to our Liberties, Sir?

Clin. 'Pſhaw! Liberties! That's a Jeſt. We Beaux ſhall have Liberty to whore and drink in any Government, and that's all we care for. ——

Enter Standard.

Dear Collonel, the rareſt News!

Stand. Damn your News, Sir; why are you not drunk by this?

Clin. A very civil Queſtion, truly!

Stand. Here, Boy, Bring in the Brandy —— Fill.

Clin. This is a piece of Politicks that I dont ſo well comprehend.

Stand. Here, Sir; now drink it off, or [*Draws*] expect your Throat cut.

Clin. Ay, ay, this comes o'the Succeſſion; Fire and Sword already.

Stand. Come, Sir, off with it.

Clin. Pray, Colonel, what have I done to be burnt alive?

Stand.

Stand. Drink, Sir, I ſay ——— Brother, manage him, I muſt be gone. [*Aſide to* Fireball, *and* Exit.

Fire. Ay, drink, Sir.

Clin. Eh! What the Devil, attack'd both by Sea and Land! —— Look ye, Gentlemen, If I muſt be poyſon'd, pray let me chuſe my own Doſe —— Were I a Lord now, I ſhould have the Privilege of the Block, and as I'm Gentleman, pray ſtifle me with Claret at leaſt! don't let me die like a Bawd, with Brandy.

Fire. Brandy! you Dog, abuſe Brandy! Flat Treaſon againſt the Navy-Royal.——— Sirrah, I'll teach you to abuſe the Fleet ——— Here, *Shark.*

Enter Shark.

Get three or four of the Ship's Crew, and preſs this Fellow aboard the *Belzebub.*

Sha. Ay, Maſter. [*Exit.*

Clin. What! aboard the *Belzebub!* ——— Nay, nay, dear Captain, I'll chuſe to go to the Devil this way. Here, Sir, your good Health; ——— and my own Confuſion, I'm afraid. [*Drinks it off.*] Oh! Fire! Fire! Flames! Brimſtone! and Tobacco! [*Beats his Stomach.*

Fire. Here, quench it, quench it then. —— Take the Glaſs, Sir.

Clin. What, another Broadſide! nay then, I'm ſunk downright. ——— Dear Captain give me Quarter, conſider the preſent juncture of Affairs; you'll ſpoil my Head, ruin my Politicks; faith you will.

Fire. Here, *Shark.*

Clin. Well, well, I will drink ——— The Devil take *Shark* for me. [*Drinks*] Whiz, Buz. Don't you hear it? Put your Ear to my Breaſt, and hear how it whizzes like a hot Iron. —— Eh! Bleſs me, how the Ship rouls! ——— I can't ſtand upon my Legs, Faith. ——— Dear Captain, gives me a Kiſs. —— Ay, burn the Succeſſion.— Look ye, Captain, I ſhall be Sea ſick preſently.

[*Falls into* Fireball's *Arms.*

Enter Shark, *and another with a Chair.*

Fire. Here, in with him.

Sha. Ay, ay, Sir, —— Avaſt, avaſt, —— Here, Boy. —— No, *Nants* left. —— [*Tops the Glaſs.*

Fire. Bring him along.

Clin. Politicks, Politicks, Brandy, Politicks.

SCENE *changes to* Lurewell's *Apartment.*

Enter Lurewell *and* Parley.

Lure. DID you ever ſee ſuch an impudent young Rogue as that *Banter?* He follow'd his Brother up and down from place to place ſo very cloſe, that we could not ſo much as whiſper.

Par. I reckon Sir *Harry* will diſpoſe of him now, Madam, where he may be ſecur'd, —— But I wonder Madam, why *Clincher* comes not according to his Letter! 'tis near the Hour,

Lure. I wiſh, *Parley*, that no harm may befal me to Day; for I had a moſt frightful Dream laſt Night; I dreamt of a Mouſe.

Par. 'Tis ſtrange, Madam, you ſhou'd be ſo much afraid of that little Creature that can do you no harm!

Lure. Look ye, Girl, we Women of Quality have each of us ſome darling Fright. —— I now hate a Mouſe; my Lady *Lovecards* abhors a Cat; Mrs. *Fiddlefan* can't bear a Squirril; the Counteſs of *Piquet* abominates a Frog; and my Lady *Swimair* hates a Man.

Enter Marquis *running.*

Mar. Madam! Madam? Madam! Pardie voyez. —L'Argent! L'Argent! [*Shews a Bag of Money.*

Lure.

Lure. As I hope to breathe, he has got it ——— Well, but how? How, dear Monſieur?

Mar. Ah, Madam! Begar, Monſieur Sir *Arry* be one Pigeaneau — Voyez, Madam! me did tell him dat my Broder in *Montpelier* did furniſe his Lady wid ten touſan Livres for de Expence of her Travaille; and dat ſhe not being able to write when ſhe was dying, did give him de Picture for de Certificate and de Credential to receive de Money from her Huſband. Mark ye!

Lure. The beſt Plot in the World. — You told him, that your Brother lent her the Money in *France*, when her Bills, I ſuppoſe, were delay'd. — You put in that, I preſume.

Mar. Ouy, Ouy, Madam.

Lure. And that upon her Death-bed ſhe gave your Brother the Picture, as a Certificate to Sir *Harry* that ſhe had receiv'd the Money, which Picture your Brother ſent over to you, with Commiſſion to receive the Debt!

Mar. Aſſurement. — Dere was de Politique, de France Politique! — See, Madam, what he can do, de France Marquis! He did make the Angliſe Lady Cuckle her Huſband when ſhe was living, and ſheat him when ſhe was dead, Begar: Ha, ha, ha. — Oh Pardie, cet bon.

Lure. Ay, But what did Sir *Harry* ſay?

Mar. Oh! Begar Monſieur Chevalier he love his Viſe; he ſay, dat if ſhe takes up a hundre touſan Livres, he wou'd repay it; he knew de Picture, he ſay, and order me de Money from his Stewar. — Oh notre Dame? Monſieur Sir *Arry* be one Dupe.

Lure. Well but, Monſieur, I long to know one thing: Was the Conqueſt you made of his Lady ſo eaſy? What Aſſaults did you make? And what Reſiſtance did ſhe ſhew?

Mar.

Mar. Resistance against de France Marquis! Voyez, Madam; dere were tree-deux-yeux, one Serenade, an two Capre; dat was all, begar.

Lure. Chatillionte! There's nothing in Nature so sweet to a longing Woman, as a malicious Story. — Well, Monsieur! 'tis about a thousand Pounds; we go Snacks.

Mar. Snacke! Perdie, for what? why Snacke, Madam? Me vill give you de Present of Fifty *Louis d'Ors*; dat is ver' good Snacke for you.

Lure. And you'll give me no more? — Very well!

Mar. Ver' well! Yes, begar, 'tis ver' well. — Considre, Madam, me be de poor *Refugé*, me 'ave noting but de religious Charite, and de France Politique, de Fruit of my own Address, dat is all.

Lure. Ay, an Object of Charity, with a thousand Pound in his Fist! Emh! Oh Monsieur; that's my Husband, I know his knock: [*Knocking below*]. He must not see you. Get into the Closet till by and by, [*Hurries him in,*] and if I don't be reveng'd on your *France* Politique, then have I no *English* Politique — Hang the Money! I would not for twice a thousand Pound forbear abusing this virtuous Woman to her Husband.

Enter Parley.

Par. 'Tis Sir *Harry*, Madam.

Lure. As I could wish. Chairs!

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Here, Mrs. *Parley*, in the first place I sacrifice a *Louis d'Or* to thee for good-luck.

Par. A Guinea, Sir, will do as well.

Wild. No, no, Child, *French* Money is always most successful in Bribes, and very much in fashion, Child.

Enter Dicky, *and runs to Sir* Harry.

Dick. Sir, will you please to have your own Night-Caps?

Wild. Sirrah!

Dick.

Dick. Sir, Sir! ſhall I order your Chair to the back Door by five a-Clock in the Morning?

Wild. The Devil's in the Fellow. Get you gone. —[Dicky *runs out.*] Now, dear Madam, I have ſecur'd my Brother, you have diſpos'd of the Collonel, and we'll rail at Love till we han't a Word more to ſay.

Lure. Ay, Sir *Harry* — Pleaſe to ſit a little, Sir — You muſt know I'm in a ſtrange Humour of asking you ſome Queſtions. — How did you like your Lady, pray Sir?

Wild. Like her! Ha, ha, ha —— So very well, faith, that for her very ſake I'm in love with every Woman I meet.

Lure. And did Matrimony pleaſe you extremely?

Wild. So very much, that if Polygamy were allow'd, I wou'd have a new Wife every Day.

Lure. Oh, Sir *Harry!* This is Raillery. But your ſerious Thoughts upon the Matter, pray.

Wild. Why then, Madam, to give you my true Sentiments of Wedlock: I had a Lady that I marry'd by chance, ſhe was virtuous by chance, and I lov'd her by great chance. Nature gave her Beauty, Education and Air, and Fortune threw a young Fellow of five and twenty in her Lap. — I courted her all Day, lov'd her all Night, ſhe was my Miſtreſs one Day, and my Wife another: I found in one the variety of a Thouſand, and the very Confinement of Marriage gave me the Pleaſure of Change.

Lure. And ſhe was very virtuous.

Wild. Look ye, Madam, you know ſhe was beautiful. She had good Nature about her Mouth, the Smile of Beauty in her Cheeks, ſparkling Wit in her Forehead, and ſprightly Love in her Eyes.

Lure. 'Pſhaw! I knew her very well; the Woman was well enough. But you don't anſwer my Queſtion, Sir.

Wild.

Wild. So, Madam, as I told you before, ſhe was young and beautiful, I was rich and vigorous; my Eſtate gave me a Luſtre to my Love, and a Swing to our Enjoyment; round, like the Ring that made us one, our golden Pleaſures circled without end.

Lure. Golden Pleaſures! Golden Fiddleſticks. ——— What d'ye tell me of your canting Stuff? Was ſhe virtuous, I ſay?

Wild. Ready to burſt with Envy; but I will torment thee a little. [*Aſide.*] So, Madam, I powder'd to pleaſe her, ſhe dreſs'd to engage me! we toy'd away the Morning in amorous Nonſenſe, loll'd away the Evening in the Park, or the Playhouſe, and all the Night. — Hem.

Lure. Look ye, Sir, anſwer my Queſtion, or I ſhall take it ill.

Wild. Then, Madam, there was never ſuch a Pattern of Unity. — Her Wants were ſtill prevented by my Supplies; my own Heart whiſper'd me her Deſires, 'cauſe ſhe her ſelf was there; no Contention ever roſe, but the dear Strife of who ſhou'd moſt oblige; no Noiſe about Authority: for neither would ſtoop to command, 'cauſe both thought it Glory to obey.

Lure. Stuff! ſtuff! ſtuff! ——— I won't believe a Word on't.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha. Then, Madam, we never felt the Yoke of Matrimony, becauſe our Inclinations made us one; a Power ſuperior to the Forms of Wedlock. The Marriage Torch had loſt its weaker Light in the bright Flame of mutual Love that join'd our Hearts before; Then ———

Lure. Hold, hold, Sir; I cannot bear it; Sir *Harry*, I'm affronted.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha. Affronted!

Lure. Yes, Sir; 'tis an Affront to any Woman to hear another commended, and I will reſent it. ——— In ſhort, Sir *Harry*, your Wife was a ———

Wild.

Wild. Buz, Madam. — No Detraction. — I'll tell you what ſhe was. — So much an Angel in her Conduct, that tho' I ſaw another in her Arms, I ſhou'd have thought the Devil had rais'd the Phantom, and my more conſcious Reaſon had given my Eyes the Lie.

Lure. Very well! Then I an't to be believ'd, it ſeems. — But d'ye hear, Sir?

Wild. Nay, Madam, do you hear? I tell you, 'tis not in the power of Malice to caſt a Blot upon her Fame; and tho' the Vanity of our Sex, and the Envy of yours, conſpir'd both againſt her Honour, I wou'd not hear a Syllable. [*Stopping his Ears.*

Lure. Why then, as I hope to breathe, you ſhall hear it. — The Picture, the Picture, the Picture!

[*Bawling aloud.*

Wild. Ran, tan, tan. A Piſtol-bullet from Ear to Ear.

Lure. That Picture which you had juſt now from the *French* Marquis for a thouſand Pound; that very Picture did your very virtuous Wife ſend to the Marquis as a Pledge of her very virtuous and dying Affection. So that you are both robbed of your Honour, and cheated of your Money. [*Aloud.*

Wild. Louder, louder, Madam.

Lure. I tell you, Sir, your Wife was a Jilt; I know it, I'll ſwear it. — She Virtuous! She was a Devil.

Wild. [*Sings*] Tal, lal, deral.

Lure. Was ever the like ſeen! He won't hear me — I burſt with Malice, and now he won't mind me! — Won't you hear me yet?

Wild. No, no, Madam.

Lure. Nay, then I can't bear it. [*Burſts out a crying.* — Sir, I muſt ſay that you're an unworthy Perſon, to uſe a Woman of Quality at this rate, when ſhe has her Heart full of Malice; I don't know but it may make me miſcarry. Sir, I ſay again and again, that ſhe was no

better

better than one of us, and I know it; I have ſeen it with my Eyes, ſo I have.

Wild. Good Heav'ns deliver me, I beſeech thee. How ſhall I 'ſcape?

Lure. Will you hear me yet? Dear, Sir *Harry*, do but hear me; I'm longing to ſpeak.

Wild. Oh! I have it.——Huſh, huſh, huſh.

Lure. Eh! What's the matter?

Wild. A Mouſe, a Mouſe, a Mouſe!

Lure. Where? where? where?

Wild. Your Petticoats, your Petticoats, Madam.

[Lure. *ſhrieks and runs.*

Wild. O my Head! I was never worſted by a Woman before.—But I have heard ſo much as to know the *Marquis* to be a Villain. [*Knocking.*] Nay then, I muſt run for't. [*Runs out, and returns.*]—The Entry is ſtopt by a Chair coming in; and ſomething there is in that Chair that I will diſcover, if I can find a place to hide my ſelf. [*Goes to the Cloſet-door.*] Faſt! I have Keys about me for moſt Locks about St. *James*'s—Let me ſee.—[*Tries one Key.*] No, no; this opens my Lady *Planthorn*'s Back-door. [*Tries another*]—Nor this; this is the Key to my Lady *Stakeall*'s Garden. [*Tries a third*] Ay, ay, this does it, Faith. [*Goes into the Cloſet, and peeps out.*

Enter Shark *and another, with* Clincher *in a Chair*; Parley.

Par. Hold, hold, Friend; who gave you Order to lug in your dirty Chair into the Houſe?

Sha. My Maſter, Sweet-heart.

Par. Who is your Maſter, Impudence?

Sha. Every body, Sauce-box.—And for the preſent, here's my Maſter, and if you have any thing to ſay to him, there he is for ye. [*Lugs* Clincher *out of the Chair, and throws him upon the Floor.*] Steer away, *Tom.*

Wild. What the Devil, Mr. *Jubilee*, is it you?

Par.

Par. Bless me! the Gentleman's dead! Murder! Murder!

Enter Lurewell.

Lure. Protect me! What's the matter, *Clincher?*

Par. Mr. *Clincher*, are you dead, Sir?

Clin. Yes.

Lure. Oh! then 'tis well enough.—— Are you drunk, Sir?

Clin. No.

Lure. Well! certainly I'm the most unfortunate Woman living: All my Affairs, all my Designs, all my Intrigues miscarry.—Faugh! the Beast? But, Sir, what's the matter with you?

Clin. Politicks.

Par. Where have you been, Sir?

Clin. *Shark!*

Lure. What shall we do with him, *Parley?* If the Collonel shou'd come home now, we were ruin'd.

Enter Standard.

Oh, inevitable Destruction!

Wild. Ay, ay; unless I relieve her now, all the World can't save her.

Stand. Bless me! What's here? Who are you, Sir?

Clin. Brandy.

Stand. See there, Madam!—Behold the Man that you prefer to me! And such as he are all those Fop-Gallants that daily haunt my House, ruin your Honour, and disturb my Quiet.—I urge not the sacred Bond of Marriage; I'll wave your earnest Vows of Truth to me, and only lay the Case in equal Balance, and see whose Merit bears the greater weight, his, or mine.

Wild. Well argu'd, Collonel.

Stand. Suppose your self freely disengag'd, unmarry'd, and to make a choice of him you thought most worthy of your Love; wou'd you prefer a Bate? a Monkey? one destin'd only for the Sport of Man—Yes; take him

to your Bed; there let the Beaſt diſgorge his fulſom Load in your fair, lovely Boſom, ſnore out his Paſſion in your ſoft Embrace, and with the Vapours of his ſick Debauch, perfume your ſweet Apartment.

Lure. Ah nauſeous! nauſeous! Poiſon!

Stand. I ne'er was taught to ſet a value on my ſelf: But when compar'd to him, there Modeſty muſt ſtoop, and Indignation give my Words a looſe, to tell you, Madam, that I am a Man unblemiſh'd in my Honour, have nobly ſerv'd my King and Country; and for a Lady's Service, I think that Nature has not been defective.

Wild. Egad I ſhould think ſo too; the Fellow's well made.

Stand. I'm young as he, my Perſon too as fair to outward view; and for my Mind, I thought it cou'd diſtinguiſh right, and therefore made a choice of you.—— Your Sex have bleſs'd our Iſle with Beauty, by diſtant Nations priz'd; and could they place their Loves aright, their Lovers might acquire the Envy of Mankind, as well as they the Wonder of the World.

Wild. Ah, now he coaxes ——— He will conquer, unleſs I relieve her in time; ſhe begins to melt already.

Stand. Add to all this, I love you next to Heav'n; and by that Heav'n I ſwear, the conſtant ſtudy of my Days and Nights have been to pleaſe my deareſt Wife. Your Pleaſure never met controul from me, nor your Deſires a Frown.—I never mention'd my diſtruſt before, nor will I now wrong your diſcretion, ſo as e'er to think you made him an Appointment.

Lure. Generous, generous Man! [*Weeps.*

Wild. Nay, then 'tis time for me; I will relieve her.—[*He ſteals out of the Cloſet, and coming behind* Standard *claps him on the Shoulder.*] Collonel your humble Servant.———

Stand. Sir *Harry*, how came you hither?

Wild.

Wild. Ah, poor Fellow! Thou haſt got thy Load with a witneſs; but the Wine was humming ſtrong; I have got a touch on't my ſelf. [*Reels a little.*

Stand. Wine, Sir *Harry!* What Wine!

Wild. Why, 'twas new *Burgundy*, heady Stuff. But the Dog was ſoon gone, knock'd under preſently.

Stand. What, then Mr. *Clincher* was with you, it ſeems? Eh!

Wild. Yes, faith, we have been together all this Afternoon; 'tis a pleaſant fooliſh Fellow. He would needs give me a Welcome to Town, on pretence of hearing all the News from the Jubilee. The Humour was new to me; ſo to't we went. — But 'tis a weak-headed Coxcomb, two or three Bumpers did his Buſineſs. — Ah, Madam! What do I deſerve for this? [*Aſide to* Lurewell.

Lure. Look ye there, Sir; you ſee how Sir *Harry* has clear'd my Innocence. —— I'm oblig'd t'ye, Sir; but I muſt leave you to make it out, [*To* Wild. *and* Ex.

Stand. Yes, yes; ye has clear'd you wonderfully. —— But pray, Sir. —— I ſuppoſe you can inform me how Mr. *Clincher* came into my Houſe? Eh!

Wild. Ay: Why, you muſt know that the Fool got preſently as drunk as a Drum; ſo I had him tumbl'd into a Chair, and order'd the Fellows to carry him home. Now you muſt know, he lodges but three Doors off; but the Boobies, it ſeems, miſtook the Door, and brought him in here, like a Brace of Loggerheads.

Stand. O, yes; ſad Loggerheads, to miſtake a Door in *James*-Street for a Houſe in *Covent-Garden.* — Here

Enter Servants.

Take away that Brute. [*Servants carry off* Clincher. And you ſay 'twas new *Burgundy*, Sir *Harry*, very ſtrong.

Wild. 'Egad, there is ſome Trick in this Matter, and I ſhall be diſcover'd, [*Aſide.*] Ay, Collonel; but I muſt be gone: I'm engag'd to meet —— Collonel, I'm your humble Servant. [*Going.*

Stand. But, Sir *Harry*, where's your Hat, Sir?

Wild. Oh Morbleu! These Hats, Gloves, Canes, and Swords, are the ruin of all our Designs. [*Aside.*

Stand. But where's your Hat, Sir *Harry?*

Wild. I'll never intrigue again with any thing about me but what is just bound to my Body. How shall I come off? —— Hark ye, Collonel, in your Ear; I would not have your Lady hear it. ——— You must know, just as I came into the Room here, what shou'd I spy but a great Mouse running across that Closet door, I took no notice, for fear your Lady should be frighted, but with all my force (d'ye see) I flung my Hat at it, and so threw it into the Closet, and there it lies.

Stand. And so, thinking to kill the Mouse, you flung your Hat into that Closet.

Wild. Ay, ay, that was all. I'll go fetch it.

Stand. No, Sir *Harry*, I'll bring it out.

[*Goes into the Closet.*

Wild. Now have I told a matter of twenty Lies in a Breath,

Stand. Sir *Harry!* Is this the Mouse that you threw your Hat at?

[Standard *comes in with the Hat in one Hand, and hawling in the* Marquis *with the other.*

Wild. I'm amaz'd!

Mar. Pardie, I'm amaze too.

Stand. Look'e, Monsieur *Marquis*, as for your part, I shall cut your Throat, Sir.

Wild. Give me leave, I must cut his Throat first.

Mar. Vat! Bote cut my Troat! Begar, Messieurs, I ave but one Troat,

Enter Pa ley, *and runs to* Standard.

Par. Sir, the Monsieur is innocent; he came upon another Design. My Lady begins to be penitent, and, if you make any Noise, 'twill spoil all.

Stand.

Stand. Look'e, Gentlemen, I have too great a Confidence in the Virtue of my Wife, to think it in the Power of you, or you, Sir, to wrong my Honour: But I am bound to guard her Reputation, ſo that no Attempts be made that may provoke a Scandal: Therefore, Gentlemen, let me tell you, 'tis time to deſiſt. [*Exit.*

Wild. Ay, ay; ſo 'tis faith. Come, Monſieur, I muſt talk with you, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, Standard' *Houſe.*

Enter Standard *and* Fireball.

STANDARD.

IN ſhort, Brother, a Man may talk till Doomſday of Sin, Hell, and Damnation; But your Rhetorick will ne'er convince a Lady that there's any thing of a Devil in a handſome Fellow with a fine Coat. You muſt ſhew the Cloven-foot, expoſe the Brute, as I have done; and tho' her Virtue ſleeps, her Pride will ſurely take th'Alarm.

Fire. Ay, but if you had let me cut off one of the Rogue's Ears before you ſent him away.——

Stand. No, no; the Fool has ſerved my turn, without the Scandal of a publick Reſentment; and the Effects has ſhewn that my Deſign was right; I've touch'd her very Heart, and ſhe relents apace.

Enter Lurewell *running.*

Lure. Oh! My Dear, ſave me! I'm frighted out of my Life.

Fire. Blood and Fire! Madam, who dare touch you? [*Draws his Sword, and ſtands before her.*

Lure. Oh! Sir, A Ghoſt! A Ghoſt! I have ſeen it twice.

Fire. Nay then, we ~~Soldiers~~ have nothing to do with Ghoſts; ſend for the Parſon. [*Sheaths his Sword.*

Stand. 'Tis Fancy, my Dear, nothing but Fancy.

Lure. Oh dear Collonel! I'll never lie alone again: I'm frighted to Death; I ſaw it twice: twice it ſtalked by my Chamber-door, and with a hollow Voice uttered a piteous Groan.

Stand. This is ſtrange! Ghoſts by Day-light! —— Come, my Dear, along with me; don't ſhrink, we'll ſee to find this Ghoſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Wildair, Marquis, *and* Dicky.

Wild. DIcky?

Dick. Sir.

Wild. Do you remember any thing of a thouſand Pounds lent to my Wife in *Montpelier* by a *French* Gentleman?

Mar. Ouy, Monſieur *Dicky*, you remembre de Gentleman, he was one Marquis.

Dick. Marqui, Sir! I think, for my part, that all the Men in *France* are Marqui's. We met above a thouſand Marqui's, but the Devil of one of 'em cou'd lend a thouſand Pence, much leſs a thouſand Pound.

Mar. Morbleu, qui dit vous, Bougre le Chien?

Wild.

Wild. Hold, Sir, pray anſwer me one Queſtion? What made you fly your Countrey?

Mar. My Religion, Monſieur.

Wild. So you fled for your Religion out of *France*; and are a downright Atheiſt in *England?* A very tender Conſcience truly!

Mar. Begar, Monſieur, my Conſcience be de ver' tendre; he no ſuffre his Maſtre to ſtarve, pardie.

Wild. Come, Sir, no Ceremony; refund.

Mar. Refunde! Vat is dat refunde? Parlez *Franſois*, Monſieur.

Wild. No, Sir; I tell you in plain *Engliſh*, return my Money, or I'll lay you by the Heels.

Mar. Oh! Begar dere is de Anglis-man now. Dere is de Law for me: De Law! Ecoute, Monſieur Sir *Arry* —Voyez ſa—De *France* Marquis ſcorn de Law. My Broder lend your Vife de Money, and here is my witneſs. [*Draws.*

Wild. Your Evidence, Sir, is very poſitive, and ſhall be examin'd: But this is no place to try the Cauſe; we'll croſs the Park into the Fields; you ſhall throw down the Money between us, and the beſt Title, upon a fair Hearing, ſhall take it up.——Allons!.

Mar. Oh! De tout mon cœur.———Allons! Fient à la tate, begar. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Lurewell's *Apartment.*

Enter Lurewell *and* Parley.

Lure. 'PShaw! I'm ſuch a frighted Fool! 'Twas nothing but a Fancy.—— Come, *Parley*, get me Pen and Ink, I'll divert it Sir *Harry* ſhall know what

what a Wife he had, I'm resolv'd. Though he wou'd not hear me speak, he'll read my Leter sure.

[*Sits down to write.*

Ghost. [*From within.* —— Hold.

Lure. Protect me! —— *Parley*, don't leave me. —— But I won't mind it.

Ghost. Hold.

Lure. Defend me! Don't you hear a Voice?

Par. I thought so, Madam.

Lure. It call'd, Hold. I'll venture once more.

[*Sits down to write.*

Ghost. Disturb no more the Quiet of the Dead.

Lure. Now 'tis plain. I heard the Words.

Par. Deliver us, Madam, and forgive us our Sins! What is it?

Ghost enters, Lurewell *and* Parley *shriek, and run to a Corner of the Stage.*

Ghost. Behold the airy Form of wrong'd *Angelica*,
Forc'd from the Shades below to vindicate her Fame.
Forbear, malicious Woman, thus to load
With scandalous Reproach the Grave of Innocence.
Repent, vain Woman!
Thy Matrimonial Vow is register'd above,
And all the Breaches of that solemn Faith
Are register'd below. I'm sent to warn thee to repent.
Forbear to wrong thy injur'd Husband's Bed,
Disturb no more the Quiet of the Dead.

[*Stalks off.*

[Lurewell *swoons, and* Parley *supports her.*

Par. Help! help! help!

Enter Standard *and* Fireball.

Stand. Bless us! What, fainting! What's the matter?

Fire. Breeding, breeding, Sir.

Par.

Par. Oh, Sir! We're frighted to Death; here has been the Ghost again.

Stand. Ghost! Why you're mad, sure! What Ghost?

Par. The Ghost of *Angelica*, Sir *Harry Wildair*'s Wife.

Stand. *Angelica!*

Par. Yes, Sir; and here it preach'd to us the Lord knows what, and murder'd my Mistress with mere Morals.

Fire. A good hearing, Sir; 'twill do her good.

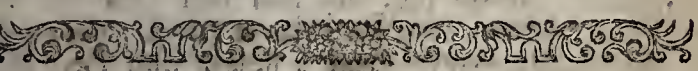
Stand. Take her in, *Parley.*

[Parley *leads out* Lurewell.

What can this mean, Brother?

Fire. The meaning's plain. There's a design of Communication between your Wife and Sir *Harry*; so his Wife is come to forbid the Bans, that's all.

Stand. No, no, Brother. If I may be induc'd to believe the walking of Ghosts, I rather fancy that the rattle-headed Fellow her Husband has broke the poor Lady's Heart; which, together with the Indignity of her Burial, has made her uneasy in her Grave.——But whatever be the Cause, it's fit we immediately find out Sir *Harry*, and inform him. [*Exeunt.*



SCENE, *the Park.*

Company walking; Wildair *and* Marquis *passing hastily over the Stage, one calls.*

Lord. SIR *Harry.*

Wild. My Lord?——Monsieur, I'll follow you, Sir. [*Exit* Marquis.

Lo. I must talk with you, Sir,

Wild. Pray, my Lord, let it be very short, for I was never in more haste in my Life.

Lo.

Lo. May I presume, Sir, to enquire the Cause that detain'd you so late last Night at my House?

Wild. More Mischief again!——Perhaps, my Lord, I may not presume to inform you.

Lo. Then perhaps, Sir, I may presume to extort it from you.

Wild. Look ye, my Lord, don't frown; it spoils your Face,——But if you must know, your Lady owes me, two hundred Guineas, and that Sum I will presume to extort from your Lordship.

Lo. Two hundred Guineas! Have you any thing to shew for it?

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! Shew for it, my Lord, I shew'd Quint and Quatorz for it; and to a Man of Honour that's as firm as a Bond and Judgment.

Lo. Come, Sir, this won't pass upon me; I'm a Man of Honour.

Wild. Honour! Ha, ha, ha!——'Tis very strange! That some Men, tho' their Education be never so Gallant, will ne'er learn Breeding! Look ye, my Lord, when you and I were under the Tuition of our Governours, and convers'd only with old *Cicero*, *Livy*, *Virgil*, *Plutarch*, and the like; why then such a Man was a Villain, and such a one was a Man of Honour: But now that I have known the Court, a little of what they call the *Beaumonde*, and the *Bellesprit*, I find that Honour looks as ridiculous as *Roman* Buskins upon your Lordship, or my full Peruke upon *Scipio Africanus*.

Lo. Why shou'd you think so, Sir?

Wild. Because the World's improv'd, my Lord, and we find that this Honour is a very troublesome and impertinent thing.——Can't we live together like good Neighbours and Christians, as they do in *France?* I lend you my Coach, I borrow yours; you dine with me, I sup with you; I lie with your Wife, and you lie with mine.——Honour, That's such an Impertinence!

—Pray,

—Pray, my Lord, hear me. What does your Honour think of murdering your Friend's Reputation? Making a Jest of his Misfortunes? Cheating him at Cards, debauching his Bed, or the like.

Lo. Why rank Villainy.

Wild. Pish! Pish! Nothing but good Manners, Excess of good Manners. Why, you han't been at Court lately. There 'tis the only Practice to shew our Wit and Breeding, —As for instance. Your Friend reflects upon you when absent, because 'tis good Manners; rallies you when present, because 'tis witty; cheats you at Piquet to shew he has been in *France*; and lies with your Wife, to shew he's a Man of Quality.

Lo. Very well, Sir.

Wild. In short, my Lord, you have a wrong Notion of things. Shou'd a Man with a handsome Wife revenge all Affronts done to his Honour, poor *White*, *Chaves*, *Morris*, *Locket*, *Pawlet*, and *Pontack*, were utterly ruin'd,

Lo. How so, Sir?

Wild. Because, my Lord, you must run all their Customers quite through the Body. Were it not for abusing your Men of Honour, Taverns and Chocolate-Houses cou'd not subsist; and were there but a round Tax laid upon Scandal, and false Politicks, we Men of Figure wou'd find it much heavier than four Shillings in the Pound. —Come, come, my Lord, no more on't, for shame; your Honour is safe enough, for I have the Key of its Back-door in my Pocket. [*Runs off.*

Lo. Sir, I shall meet you another time. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE, *the Fields.*

Enter Marquis *with his Servant carrying his fighting Equipage, Pumps, Cap, &c. He dresses himself accordingly, and flourishes about the Stage.*

Mar. SA, sa, sa, fient a la Tate. Sa, Embaracade; Quart sur redouble. Hey!

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha; the Devil! Must I fight with a Tumbler? These *French* are as great Fops in their Quarrels, as in their Amours.

Mar. Allons! Allons! Stripe, stripe.

Wild. No, no, Sir, I never strip to engage a Man; I fight as I dance.——Come, Sir, down with the Money.

Mar. Dere it is, pardie.

[*Lays down the Bag between 'em.*

Allons!

Enter Dicky, *and gives* Wildair *a Gun.*

Morbleu! que sa?

Wild. Now, Monsieur, if you offer to stir, I'll shoot you through the Head.——*Dicky*, take up the Money and carry it home.

Dick. Here it is, faith: And if my Master be kill'd the Money's my own.

Mar. Oh Morbleu! de Anglis-man be one Coward.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! Where is your *French* Politique, now? Come, Monsieur, you must know I scorn to fight any Man for my own: but now, we're upon the level; and since you have been at the trouble of putting on your Habiliments, I must requite your pains. So come on, Sir. [*Lays down the Gun, and uses his Sword.*

Mar.

Mar. Come on! For wat? Wen de Money is gone! De *France-man* fight were dere is no Profit! Pardonnez moy, pardie. [*Sits down to pull off his Pumps.*

Wild. Hold, hold, Sir; you muſt fight. Tell me how you came by this Picture?

Mar. [*Starting up.*] Wy den, begar, Monſieur Chevalier, ſince de Money be gone, me vill ſpeak the veritie; —— Pardie, Mouſieur, me did make the Cuckle of you, and your Vife ſend me de Picture for my Pain.

Wild. Look ye, Sir, if I thought you had Merit enough to gain a Lady's Heart from me, I wou'd ſhake Hands immediately, and be Friends: But as I believe you to be a vain ſcandalous Lyar, I'll cut your Throat. [*They fight.*

Enter Standard *and* Fireball, *who part 'em.*

Stand. Hold, hold, Gentlemen. —— Brother, ſecure the Marquis. —— Come, Sir *Harry*, put up; I have ſomething to ſay to you very ſerious.

Wild. Say it quickly then; for I am a little out of Humour, and want ſomething to make me laugh.

[*As they talk,* Marquis *dreſſes, and* Fireball *helps him.*

Stand. Will what's very ſerious make you laugh?

Wild. Moſt of all.

Stand. 'Pſhaw! Pray, Sir *Harry*, tell me what made you leave your Wife?

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! I knew it. —— Pray, Collonel, what makes you ſtay with your Wife?

Stand. Nay, but pray anſwer me directly; I beg it as a Favour.

Wild. Why then, Collonel, you muſt know we were a pair of the moſt happy, toying, fooliſh People in the World, till ſhe got, I don't know how, a Crotchet of Jealouſy in her Head. This made her frumpiſh; but we had ne'er an angry word: She only fell a crying over Night, and I went for *Italy* next Morning. —— But pray no more on't. —— Are you hurt Monſieur?

Stand. But, Sir *Harry*, you'll be ſerious when I tell you that her Ghoſt appears.

Wild. Her Ghoſt! Ha, ha, ha. That's pleaſant faith.

Stand. As ſure as Fate, it walks in my Houſe.

Wild. In your Houſe! come along, Collonel. By the Lard I'll kiſs it. [*Exeunt* Wild. *and* Stand.

Mar. Monſieur le Captain, Adieu.

Fire. Adieu! No, Sir, you ſhall follow Sir *Harry*.

Mar. For wat.

Fire. For what! Why, d'ye think I'm ſuch a Rogue as to part a couple of Gentlemen when they're fighting, and not ſee 'em make an end on't; I think it a leſs Sin to part Man and Wife. —— Come along, Sir.

[Exit *pulling* Monſieur.

SCENE, Standard's *Houſe*.

Enter Wildair *and* Standard.

Wild. WELL then; this, it ſeems, is the inchanted Chamber. The Ghoſt has pitch'd upon a handſome Apartment however. —— Well, Collonel, when do you intend to begin?

Stand. What, Sir?

Wild. To laugh at me; I know you deſign it.

Stand. Ha! By all that's powerful there it is.

Ghoſt walks croſs the Stage.

Wild. The Devil it is —— Emh! Blood, I'll ſpeak to't. —— Vous, Madamoiſelle Ghoſt, parlez vous *Francois?* —— No! Hark ye, Mrs. Ghoſt, will your Ladyſhip be pleas'd to inform us who you are, that we may pay you the Reſpect due to your Quality.

[*Ghoſt returns,*

Ghoſt.

Ghost. I am the Spirit of thy departed Wife.

Wild. Are you, faith! Why then here's the Body of thy living Husband, and stand me if you dare. [*Runs to her and embraces her.*] ——— Ha! 'tis Substance, I'm sure. ——— But hold, Lady Ghost; stand off a little, and tell me in good earnest now, whether you are alive or dead?

Ang. [*Throwing off her Shrowd.*] —— Alive! alive! [*Runs and throws her Arms about his Neck,*] and never liv'd so much as in this Moment.

Wild. What d'ye think of the Ghost now, Collonel? [*She hangs upon him.*] Is it not a very loving Ghost?

Stand. Amazement!

Wild. Ay, 'tis Amazement truly. ——— Look ye, Madam, I hate to converse so familiarly with Spirits: Pray keep your distance.

Ang. I am alive, indeed I am.

Wild. I don't believe a Word on't. [*Moving away.*

Stand. Sir *Harry*, you're more afraid now than before.

Wild. Ay, most Men are more afraid of a living Wife than a dead one.

Stand. 'Tis good Manners to leave you together however. [*Exit.*

Ang. 'Tis unkind, my Dear, after so long and tedious an Absence, to act the Stranger so. I now shall die in earnest, and must for ever vanish from your Sight. [*Weeping and going.*

Wild. Hold, hold, Madam. Don't be angry, my Dear; you took me unprovided: Had you but sent me Word of your coming, I had got three or four Speeches out of *Oroonoko* and the *Mourning-Bride* upon this occasion, that wou'd have charm'd your very Heart. But we'll do as well as we can; I'll have the Musick from both Houses; *Pawlet* and *Locket* shall contrive for our Taste; we'll charm our Ears with *Abel*'s Voice; feast our Eyes with one another; and thus with all our Senses

tun'd to Love, we'll hurl off our Cloaths, leap into Bed, and there, ——— Look ye, Madam, if I don't welcome you home with Raptures more natural, and more moving than all the Plays in *Chriſtendom*. —— I'll ſay no more.

Ang. As mad as ever.

Wild. But eaſe my Wonder firſt, and let me know the Riddle of your Death.

Ang. Your unkind Departure hence, and your avoiding me abroad, made me reſolve, ſince I cou'd not live with you, to die to all the World beſides: I fancy'd, that tho' it exceeded the force of Love, yet the Power of Grief perhaps might change your Humour, and therefore I had it given out that I dy'd in *France*; my Sickneſs at *Montpelier*, which indeed was next to Death, and the Affront offer'd to the Body of our Ambaſſador's Chaplain at *Paris*, conduc'd to have my Burial private. This deceiv'd my Retinue; and by the Aſſiſtance of my Woman, and your faithful Servant, I got into Man's Cloaths, came home into *England*, and ſent him to obſerve your Motions abroad, with Orders not to undeceive you till your Return ——— Here I met you in the Quality of Beau *Banter*, your buſie Brother, under which Diſguiſe I have diſappointed your Deſign upon my Lady *Lurewell*; and in the Form of a Ghoſt, have reveng'd the Scandal ſhe this Day threw upon me, and have frighted her ſufficiently from lying alone. I did reſolve to have frighted you likewiſe, but you were too hard for me.

Wild. How weak, how ſqueamiſh, and how fearful are Women when they want to be humour'd! and how extravagant, how daring, and how provoking, when they get the impertinent Maggot in their Head! ——— But by what means, my Dear, could you purchaſe this double Diſguiſe? How came you by my Letter to my Brother.

Ang.

Ang. By intercepting all your Letters ſince I came home. But for my Ghoſtly Contrivance, good Mrs. *Parley* (mov'd by the Juſtneſs of my Cauſe, and a Bribe) was my chief Engineer.

Enter Fireball *and* Marquis.

Fire. Sir *Harry*, if you have a mind to fight it out, there's your Man; if not, I have diſcharg'd my Truſt.

Wild. Oh, Monſieur! Won't you ſalute your Miſtreſs, Sir?

Mar. Oh, Morbleu! Begar me muſt run to ſome oder Countrey now for my Religion.

Ang. Oh! what the *French* Marquis! I know him.

Wild. Ay, ay, my Dear you do know him, and I can't be angry, becauſe 'tis the Faſhion for Ladies to know every body: But methinks, Madam, that Picture now! Hang it, conſidering 'twas my Gift, you might have kept it——But no matter, my Neighbour's ſhall pay for't.

Ang. Picture, my Dear! Cou'd you think I e'er wou'd part with that? No; of all my Jewels, this alone I kept, 'cauſe it was given by you. [*Shows the Picture.*

Wild. Eh! Wonderful!——And what's this?

[*Pulling out t'other Picture.*

Ang. They're very much alike.

Wild. So alike, that one might fairly paſs for t'other.——Monſieur Marquis, *ecoute.*——You did lie vid my Wife, and ſhe did give you de Picture for your Pain. Eh! Come, Sir, add to your *France* Politique a little of your native Impudence, and tell us plainly how you came by't.

Mar. Begar, Monſieur Chevalier, wen de *France-man* can tell no more Lie, den vill he tell Trute——I was acquaint wid the Paintre dat draw your Lady's Picture, an I give him ten Piſtole for de Copy.——An ſo me ave de Picture of all de Beauty in *London*; and by dis Politique, me ave de Reputation to lie wid dem all.——

Wild.

Wild. When perhaps your Pleasure never reached above a Pit-Masque in your Life.

Mar. An begar, for dat mattre, de natre of Women, a Pit-Masque is as good as de best. De Pleasure is noting, de Glory is all, Alamode de France. [*Struts out.*

Wild. Go thy ways for a true Pattern of the Vanity, Impertinence, Subtlety, and the Ostentation of thy Country——Look ye, Captain give me thy Hand; once I was a Friend to *France*; but henceforth I promise to sacrifice my Fashions, Coaches, Wigs, and Vanity, to Horses, Arms, and Equipage, and serve my King in *propria persona,* to promote a vigorous War, if there be occasion.

Fire. Bravely said Sir *Harry:* And if all the Beaux in the Side boxes were of your mind; we would send 'em back their *L'Abbe,* and *Balon,* and shew 'em a new Dance to the Tune of *Harry* the Fifth.

Enter Standard, Lurewell, Dicky, *and* Parley.

Wild. Oh Collonel! such Discoveries!

Stand. Sir, I have heard all from your Servant; honest *Dicky* has told me the whole Story.

Wild. Why then let *Dicky* run for the Fiddles immediately.

Dick. Oh, Sir, I knew what it would come to; they're here already, Sir.

Wild. Then, Collonel, we'll have a new Wedding, and begin it with a Dance——Strike up. [*A Dance here.*

Stand. Now, Sir *Harry,* we have retriev'd our Wives; yours from Death, and mine from the Devil; and they are at present very honest. But how shall we keep 'em so?

Ang. By being good Husbands, Sir; and the great Secret for keeping Matters right in Wedlock, is never to quarrel with your Wives for Trifles: For we are but Babies at best, and must have our Play-things, our Longings, our Vapours, our Frights, our Monkeys, our China, our Fashions, our Washes, our Patches, our Waters, our Tattle and Impertinence; therefore, I say, 'tis better

er to let a Woman play the Fool, than provoke her o play the Devil.

Lure. And another Rule, Gentlemen, let me advise ou to obſerve, never to be jealous; or if you ſhould, e ſure never to let your Wife think you ſuſpect her; for ve are more reſtrain'd by the Scandal of the Lewdneſs, han by the Wickedneſs of the Fact; when once a Wonan has bore the Shame of a Whore, ſhe'll diſpatch you he Sin in a moment.

Wild. We're obliged to you, Ladies, for your Advice; nd in return, give me leave to give you the Definition of a good Wife, in the character of my own,

The Wit of her Converſation never out-ſtrips the Conduct of her Behaviour: She's affable to all Men, free with no Man, and only kind to me: Often chearful, ſometimes gay, and always pleaſed, but when I am angry; then ſorry, not ſullen: The Park, Play-houſe, and Cards, ſhe frequents in compliance with Cuſtom; but her Diverſions of Inclination are at home: She's more cautious of a remarkable Woman, than of a noted Wit, well knowing that the infection of her own Sex is more catching than the temptation of ours: To all this ſhe is beautiful to a wonder, ſcorns all Devices that engage a Gallant, and uſes all Arts to pleaſe her Huſband.

So ſpite of Satyr 'gainſt a marry'd Life,
A Man is truly bleſt with ſuch a wife.

F I N I S.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

VEntre bleu! vere is dis dam Poet? vere
Garzoon! me vil cut off all his two Ear:
Je suis Enrage ——— now he is not here.
He has affront the French! Le Villaine bête.
De French! your best Friend! —— you suffre dat?
Parbleu! Messieurs a serait fort Ingrate!
Vat have you English, dat you can call your own!
Vat have you of grand Pleasure in dis Town,
Vidout it come from France, *dat vil go down?*
Picquet, Basset; your Vin, your Dress, your Dance;
'Tis all you see, tout Alamode de France.
De Beau dere buy a hondre knick knack;
He carry out Wit, but seldom bring it back:
But den he bring a Snuff-box Hinge, so small
De Joynt, you can no see de Vark at all,
Cost him five Pistoles, dat is sheap enough,
In tre year it sal save half an Ounce of Snoffe.
De Coquet she ave her Ratifia dere,
Her Gown, her Complexion, Deux yeux, her Lovere;
As for de Cuckold — dat indeed you can make here;
De French it is dat teach de Lady wear
De short Muff, wit her vite Elbow bare;
*De Beaux de large Muff; wit his Sleeve down dere.**
We teach your Vife, to ope dere Husband's Purses
To put de Furbelo round dere Coach and dere Horses.
Garzoon! ve teach you every ting de Varle:
For vy den your damn Poet dare to snarle?
Begar, me vil be revenge upon his Play,
Tre tousan Refugee (Parbleu c'est vray)
Sall all come here, and damn him upon his tird Day.

* Pointing to his Fingers.

I. Basire sculp

THE INCONSTANT; OR, The Way to win him.

A

COMEDY.

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE:

By Her MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by Mr. GEORGE FARQUHAR.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora——— Ovid. Met.

LONDON:
Printed for J. KNAPTON, G. STRAHAN, and B. LINTOT; and sold by W. FEALES, at *Rowe's-Head*, the Corner of *Essex-Street* in the *Strand*.

MDCCXXXVI.

TO

Richard Tighe, *Esq*;

SIR,

DEdications are the only Fashions in the World that are more dislik'd for being Universal; and the Reason is, that they very seldom fit the Persons they were made for: but I hope to avoid the common Obloquy in this Address, by laying aside the Poet in every thing but the Dramatick Decorum *of suiting my Character to the Person.*

From the Part of Mirabel *in this Play, and another Character in one of my former, People are willing to compliment my Performance in drawing a gay, splendid, generous, easy, fine young Gentleman. My Genius, I must confess, has a bent to that kind of Description, and my Veneration for you, Sir, may pass for unquestionable, since in all these happy Accomplishments, you come so near to my Darling Character, abating his Inconstancy.*

What an unspeakable Blessing is Youth and Fortune, when a happy Understanding comes in, to moderate the Desires of the first, and to refine upon the Advantages of the latter; when a Gentleman is Master of all Pleasures, but a Slave to none; who has travell'd, not for the Curiosity of the Sight, but for the Improvement of the Mind's Eye; and who returns full of every thing but himself——An Author might say a great deal more, but a Friend, Sir, nay, an Enemy must allow you this.

I shall here, Sir, meet with two Obstacles, your Modesty and your Sense: the first as a Censor upon the Subject, the second as a Critick upon the Style: But I

am obstinate in my Purpose, and will maintain what I say to the last drop of my Pen; which I may the more boldly undertake, having all the World on my side; nay, I have your very self against you: for by declining to hear your own Merit, your Friends are authoriz'd the more to proclaim it.

Your Generosity and Easiness of Temper is not only obvious in your common Affairs and Conversation, but more plainly evident in your darling Amusement, that Opener and Dilater of the Mind, Musick;——from your Affection for this delightful Study, we may deduce the pleasing Harmony that is apparent in all your Actions; and be assured, Sir, that a Person must be possess'd of a very divine Soul, who is so much in love with the Entertainment of Angels.

From your Encouragement of Musick, if there be any Poetry here, it has a Claim, by the Right of Kindred, to your Favour and Affection. You were pleas'd to honour the Representation of this Play with your Appearance at several times, which flatter'd my hopes that there might be something in it which your Good-Nature might excuse. With the Honour I here intend for myself, I likewise consult the Interest of my Nation, by shewing a Person that is so much a Reputation and Credit to my Country. Besides all this, I was willing to make a handsome Compliment to the Place of my Pupilage; by informing the World that so fine a Gentleman had the Seeds of his Education in the same University, and at the same time with,

SIR,

Your most faithful, and

most humble Servant,

G. FARQUHAR.

PRE-

PREFACE.

TO give you the Hiſtory of this Play, wou'd but cauſe the Reader and the Writer a Trouble to no purpoſe; I ſhall only ſay, that I took the hint from *Fletcher*'s *Wild-Gooſe Chaſe*; and to thoſe who ſay, that I have ſpoil'd the Original, I wiſh no other Injury, but that they would ſay it again.

As to the Succeſs of it, I think 'tis but a kind of *Cremona* buſineſs, I have neither loſt nor won. I puſhed fairly, but the *French* were prepoſſeſs'd, and the Charms of *Gallick* Heels were too hard for an *Engliſh* Brain; but I am proud to own, that I have laid my Head at the Ladies Feet. The Favour was unavoidable; for we are a Nation ſo very fond of improving our Underſtanding, that the Inſtruction of a Play does no good, when it comes in competition with the Moral of a *Minuet*. *Pliny* tells us in his *Natural Hiſtory*, of *Elephants* that were taught to dance on the Ropes; if this could be made practicable now, what a number of *Subſcriptions* might be had to bring the *Great Mogul* out of *Fleetſtreet*, and make him dance between the Acts?

I remember, that about two Years ago, I had a Gentleman from *France* that brought the Play-houſe ſome fifty Audiences in five Months; then why ſhould I be ſurpriz'd to find a *French* Lady do as much? 'Tis the prettieſt way in the World, of deſpiſing the *French* King, to let him ſee that we can afford Money to bribe away his Dancers, when he, poor Man, has exhauſted all his Stock, in buying of ſome pitiful

Towns and Principalities: *Cum multis aliis.* What can be a greater Compliment to our generous Nation, than to have the Lady upon her *retour* to *Paris*, boaſt of their ſplendid Entertainment in *England*, of the Complaiſance, Liberality, and Good-nature of a People, that thronged her Houſe ſo full, that ſhe had not room to ſtick a Pin; and left a poor Fellow, that had the Misfortune of being one of themſelves, without one Farthing for half a Year's Pains that he had taken for their Entertainment?

There were ſome Gentlemen in the Pit the firſt Night, that took the hint from the Prologue to damn the Play; but they made ſuch a noiſe in the Execution, that the People took the Out-cry for a Reprieve; ſo that the darling Miſchief was over-laid by their over-fondneſs of the Changeling: 'Tis ſomewhat hard, that Gentlemen ſhou'd debaſe themſelves into a Faction of a dozen, to ſtab a ſingle Perſon, who never had the Reſolution to face two Men at a time; if he has had the misfortune of any Miſunderſtanding with a particular Perſon, he has had a particular Perſon to anſwer it: But theſe Sparks wou'd be remarkable in their Reſentment; and if any body falls under their Diſpleaſure, they ſcorn to call him to a particular Account, but will very honourably burn his Houſe, or pick his Pocket.

The *New-Houſe* has perfectly made me a Convert by their Civility on my ſixth Night: For to be Friends, and reveng'd at the ſame time, I muſt give them a Play, that is, ——when I write another. For Faction runs ſo high, that I could wiſh the Senate would ſuppreſs the Houſes, or put in force the Act againſt bribing Elections; that Houſe which has the moſt Favours to beſtow, will certainly carry it, ſpight of all Poetical Juſtice that wou'd ſupport t'other.

I have heard ſome People ſo extravagantly angry at this Play, that one wou'd think they had no reaſon to be diſpleaſed at all; whilſt ſome (otherwiſe Men of good Senſe) have commended it ſo much, that I was afraid they ridicul'd me; ſo that between both,

both, I am abſolutely at a loſs what to think on't; for tho' the Cauſe has come on ſix Days ſucceſſively, yet the Tryal, I fancy, is not determin'd. When our Devotion to *Lent*, and our *Lady*, is over, the Buſineſs will be brought on again, and then ſhall we have fair Play for our Money.

There is a Gentleman of the firſt Underſtanding, and a very good Critick, who ſaid of Mr. *Wilks*, that in this Part he out-acted himſelf and all Men that he ever ſaw. I wou'd not rob Mr. *Wilks*, by a worſe Expreſſion of mine, of a Compliment that he ſo much deſerves.

I had almoſt forgot to tell you, that the Turn of Plot in the laſt Act, is an Adventure of *Chevalier de Chaſtillon* in *Paris*, and Matter of Fact; but the thing is ſo univerſally known, that I think this Advice might have been ſpar'd, as well as all the reſt of the Preface, for any good it will do either to me or the Play.

THE

PROLOGUE

That was ſpoken the firſt Night, receiv'd ſuch Additions from Mr. ——— who ſpoke it, that they are beſt if bury'd and forgot. But the following PROLOGUE is literally the ſame that was intended for the Play, and written by Mr. MOTTEUX.

LIKE hungry Gueſts, a ſitting Audience looks:
Plays are like Suppers: Poets are the Cooks.
The Founders You: The Table is this Place:
The Carvers We: The Prologue is the Grace.
Each Act, a Courſe; each Scene, a different Diſh.
Tho' we're in Lent, *I doubt you're ſtill for Fleſh.*
Satyr's the Sauce, high-ſeaſon'd, ſharp and rough;
Kind Maſques and Beaux, I hope you're Pepper-proof.
Wit is the Wine; but 'tis ſo ſcarce, the true,
Poets, like Vintners, balderdaſh and brew.
Your ſurly Scenes, where Rant and Bloodſhed join,
Are Butchers Meat, a Pattle's a Sirloin:
Your Scenes of Love, ſo flowing, ſoft and chaſte,
Are Water-gruel, without Salt or Taſte.
Baudy's fat Ven'ſon, which tho' ſtale, can pleaſe:
Your Rakes love Hogoes, like your damn'd French *Cheeſe.*
Your Rarity for the fair Gueſt to gape on,
Is your nice Squeaker, *or* Italian *Capon;*
Or your French *Virgin-Pullet, garniſh'd round,*
And dreſs'd with Sauce of ſome——Four hundred Pound.
An Op'ra, *like an* Oglio, *nicks the Age;*
Farce *is the Haſty-Pudding of the Stage.*
For when you're treated with indifferent Cheer,
Ye can diſpenſe with ſlender Stage-Coach Fare.
A Paſtoral's whipt Cream; Stage-Whims, mere Traſh;
And Tragi-comedy, half Fiſh and Fleſh.
But Comedy, That, that's the darling Cheer.
This Night we hope you'll an Inconſtant bear;
Wild Fowl is lik'd in Play-houſe all the Year.
Yet ſince each Mind betrays a diff'rent Taſte,
And ev'ry Diſh ſcarce pleaſes ev'ry Gueſt,
If aught you reliſh, do not damn the reſt.
This Favour crav'd, up let the Muſick ſtrike:
You're welcome all——Now fall to, where you like.

EPILOGUE.

Written by *Nathaniel Rowe*, Esq;

And spoken by Mr. *Wilks*.

FROM Fletcher's *great Original, to-day*
We took the Hint of this our Modern Play:
Our Author, from his Lines, has strove to paint
A witty, wild, inconstant, free Gallant;
With a gay Soul, with Sense, and Will to rove,
With Language, and with Softness fram'd to move,
With little Truth, but with a World of Love.
Such Forms on Maids in Morning-Slumbers wait,
When Fancy first instructs their Hearts to heat,
When first they wish, and sigh for what they know not yet.
Frown not, ye Fair, to think your Lovers may
Reach your cold Hearts by some unguarded way;
Let Villeroy's *Misfortune make you wise,*
There's Danger still in Darkness and Surprize;
Tho' from his Rampart he defy'd the Foe,
Prince Eugene *found an Aqueduct below.*
With easy Freedom, and a gay Address,
A pressing Lover seldom wants Success:
Whilst the Respectful, like the Greek, *sits down,*
And wasts a ten Year's Siege before one Town.
For her own sake, let no forsaken Maid,
Our Wanderer, for want of Love, upbraid.
Since 'tis a Secret, none shou'd e'er confess,
That they have lost the happy Pow'r to please.
If you suspect the Rogue inclin'd to break,
Break first, and swear you've turn'd him off a Week;
As Princes, when they resty States-men doubt,
Before they can surrender, turn 'em out.
Whate'er you think, grave Uses may be made,
And much, even for Inconstancy be said.
Let the good Man for Marriage-Rites design'd,
With studious Care, and Diligence of Mind,
Turn over every Page of Woman-kind;
Mark every Sense, and how the Readings vary,
And, when he knows the worst on't,——let him marry.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Old *Mirabel*, an aged Gent. of an odd Compound, between the Peeviſhneſs incident to his Years, and his Fatherly Fondneſs towards his Son.	Mr. *Pinkethman.*
Young *Mirabel*, his Son.	Mr. *Wilks.*
Captain *Duretete*, an honeſt good-natur'd Fellow, that thinks himſelf a greater Fool than he is.	Mr. *Bullock.*
Dugard, Brother to *Oriana.*	Mr. *Mills.*
Petit, Servant to *Dugard*, afterwards to his Siſter.	Mr. *Norris.*

WOMEN.

Oriana, a Lady contracted to *Mirabel*, who wou'd bring him to Reaſon.	Mrs. *Rogers.*
Biſarre, a whimſical Lady, Friend to *Oriana*, admir'd by *Duretete.*	Mrs. *Verbruggen.*
Lamorce, a Woman of Contrivance.	Mrs. *Kent.*

Four Bravo's, two Gentlemen, and two Ladies.

Soldiers, Servants, and Attendants.

THE INCONSTANT: OR, The Way to win him.

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Dugard, *and his Man* Petit *in Riding Habits.*

SIrrah, what's o' clock?

Pet. Turn'd of Eleven, Sir.

Dug. No more! We have rid a ſwinge-ing Pace from *Nemours* ſince two this Morning! *Petit*, run to *Rouſſeau*'s, and beſpeak a Dinner at a Lewis-d'Or a Head, to be ready by one.

Pet. How many will there be of you, Sir?

Dug. Let me ſee; *Mirabel* one, *Duretete* two, my ſelf three———

Pet. And I four.

Dug.

Dug. How now, Sir, at your old travelling Familiarity! When abroad, you had ſome Freedom for want of better Company; but among my Friends at *Paris*, pray remember your Diſtance: ——Be gone, Sir.—— [*Exit* Petit.] This Fellow's Wit was neceſſary abroad, but he's too cunning for a Domeſtick; I muſt diſpoſe of him ſome way elſe.——Who's here? Old *Mirabel*, and my Siſter! My deareſt Siſter!

Enter Old Mirabel *and* Oriana.

Ori. My Brother! Welcome.

Dug. Monſieur *Mirabel!* I'm heartily glad to ſee you.

Old M. Honeſt Mr. *Dugard*, by the Blood of the *Mirabels* I'm your moſt humble Servant.

Dug. Why, Sir, you've caſt your Skin ſure, you're briſk and gay, luſty Health about you, no ſign of Age but your Silver Hairs.

Old M. Silver Hairs! Then they are Quick-ſilver Hairs, Sir. Whilſt I have Golden Pockets, let my Hairs be Silver an they will. Adsbud, Sir, I can dance, and ſing, and drink, and—no, I can't wench. But Mr. *Dugard*, no News of my Son *Bob* in all your Travels?

Dug. Your Son's come home, Sir.

Old M. Come home! *Bob* come home! By the Blood of the *Mirabels*, Mr. *Dugard*, what ſay ye?

Ori. Mr. *Mirabel* return'd, Sir?

Dug. He's certainly come, and you may ſee him within this Hour or two.

Old M. Swear it, Mr. *Dugard*, preſently ſwear it.

Dug. Sir, he came to Town with me this Morning, I left him at the *Bagnieurs*, being a little diſorder'd after riding, and I ſhall ſee him again preſently.

Old M. What! And he was aſham'd to aſk Bleſſing with his Boots on. A nice Dog! Well, and how fares the young Rogue, ha?

Dug. A fine Gentleman, Sir. He'll be his own Meſſenger.

Old

Old M. A fine Gentleman! But is the Rogue like me ſtill?

Dug. Why, yes, Sir; he's very like his Mother, and as like you as moſt modern Sons are to their Fathers.

Old M. Why, Sir, don't you think that I begat him?

Dug. Why, yes, Sir; you marry'd his Mother, and he inherits your Eſtate. He's very like you, upon my Word.

Ori. And pray, Brother, what's become of his honeſt Companion, *Duretete?*

Dug. Who, the Captain? The very ſame he went abroad; he's the only *French-man* I ever knew that cou'd not change. Your Son, Mr. *Mirabel*, is more oblig'd to Nature for that Fellow's Compoſition than for his own: for he's more happy in *Duretete*'s Folly than his own Wit. In ſhort, they are as inſeparable as Finger and Thumb, but the firſt Inſtance in the World, I believe, of Oppoſition in Friendſhip.

Old M. Very well; will he be home to Dinner, think ye?

Dug. Sir, he has order'd me to beſpeak a Dinner for us at *Rouſſeau*'s at a Lewidore a Head.

Old M. A Lewidore a Head! Well ſaid, *Bob*; by the Blood of the *Mirabels*, *Bob*'s improved. But Mr. *Dugard*, was it ſo civil of *Bob* to viſit Monſieur *Rouſſeau* before his own Natural Father? Eh! Heark'e, *Oriana*, what think you, now, of a Fellow that can eat and drink ye a whole Lewidore at a ſitting? He muſt be as ſtrong as *Hercules*; Life and Spirit in abundance. Before Gad I don't wonder at theſe Men of Quality, that their own Wives can't ſerve 'em. A Lewidore a head! 'tis enough to ſtock the whole Nation with Baſtards, 'tis Faith. Mr. *Dugard*, I leave you with your Siſter. [*Exit.*

Dug. Well, Siſter, I need not aſk you how you do, your Looks reſolve me; fair, tall, well ſhape'd; you're almoſt grown out of my Remembrance.

Ori.

Ori. Why, truly Brother, I look pretty well, thank Nature and my Toylet; I have 'ſcap'd the Jaundice, Green-ſickneſs, and the Small-pox; I eat three Meals a Day, am very merry when up, and ſleep ſoundly when I'm down.

Dug. But, Siſter, you remember that upon my going abroad you wou'd chuſe this old Gentleman for your Guardian; he's no more related to our Family than *Preſter John*, and I have no reaſon to think you miſtruſted my Management of your Fortune; therefore, pray be ſo kind as to tell me without Reſervation the true Cauſe of making ſuch a Choice.

Ori. Look'e, Brother, you were going a rambling, and 'twas proper, leſt I ſhou'd go a rambling too, that ſome-body ſhou'd take care of me. O'd Monſieur *Mirabel* is an honeſt Gentleman, was our Father's Friend, and has a young Lady in his Houſe, whoſe Company I like, and who has choſen him for her Guardian as well as I.

Dug. Who, Madamoiſelle *Biſarre?*

Ori. The ſame; we live merrily together, without Scandal or Reproach; we make much of the old Gentleman between us, and he takes care of us; we eat what we like, go to Bed when we pleaſe; riſe when we will, all the Week we dance and ſing, and upon *Sundays*, go firſt to Church, and then to the Play. ——— Now, Brother, beſides theſe Motives for chuſing this Gentleman for my Guardian, perhaps I had ſome private Reaſons.

Dug. Not ſo private as you imagine, Siſter; your Love to young *Mirabel*; no Secret, I can aſſure you, but ſo publick, that all your Friends are aſham'd on't.

Ori. O' my Word then, my Friends are very baſhful; tho' I'm afraid, Sir, that thoſe People are not aſham'd enough at their own Crimes, who have ſo many Bluſhes to ſpare for the Faults of their Neighbours.

Dug. Ay, but Siſter, the People ſay———.

Ori. Pſhaw, hang the People, they'll talk Treaſon, and profane their Maker; muſt we therefore infer, that

that our King is a Tyrant, and Religion a Cheat? Look'e, Brother, their Court of Enquiry is a Tavern; and their Informer, Claret: They think as they drink, and ſwallow Reputations like Leches; a Lady's Health goes briſkly round with the Glaſs, but her Honour is loſt in the Toaſt.

Dug. Ay, but Siſter, there is ſtill ſomething——

Ori. If there be ſomething, Brother, 'tis none of the People's ſomething; Marriage is my thing, and I'll ſtick to't.

Dug. Marriage! Young *Mirabel* marry! He'll build Churches ſooner; take heed, Siſter, tho' your Honour ſtood proof to his home-bred Aſſaults, you muſt keep a ſtricter Guard for the future; he has now got the foreign Air, and the *Italian* Softneſs; his Wit's improv'd by Converſe, his Behaviour finiſh'd by Obſervation, and his Aſſurance confirm'd by *Succeſs*. Siſter, I can aſſure you he has made his Conqueſts; and 'tis a Plague upon your Sex, to be the ſooneſt deceived by thoſe very Men that you know have been falſe to others.

Ori. Then why will you tell me of his Conqueſts? For I muſt confeſs there is no Title to a Woman's Favour ſo engaging, as the repute of a handſome Diſſimulation; there is ſomething of a Pride to ſee a Fellow lie at our Feet, that has triumph'd over ſo many; and then, I don't know, we fancy he muſt have ſomething extraordinary about him to pleaſe us, and that we have ſomething engaging about us to ſecure him; ſo we can't be quiet, 'till we put our ſelves upon the lay of being both diſappointed.

Dug. But then, Siſter, he's as fickle——

Ori. For God's ſake, Brother, tell me no more of his Faults, for if you do I ſhall run mad for him: Say no more, Sir, let me but get him into the Bands of Matrimony, I'll ſpoil his wandring, I warrant him. I'll do his Buſineſs that way, never fear.

Dug. Well, Siſter! I won't pretend to underſtand the Engagements between you and your Lover; I expect, when you have need of my Counſel or Aſ-

ſiſtance,

ſiſtance, you will let me know more of your Affairs. *Mirabel* is a Gentleman, and as far as my Honour and Intereſt can reach, you may command me to the furtherance of your Happineſs: In the mean time, Siſter, I have a great mind to make you a Preſent of another humble Servant; a Fellow that I took up at *Lyons*, who has ſerv'd me honeſtly ever ſince.

Ori. Then why will you part with him?

Dug. He has gain'd ſo inſufferably on my good Humour, that he's grown too familiar; but the Fellow's cunning, and may be ſerviceable to you in your Affair with *Mirabel*. Here he comes.

Enter Petit.

Well, Sir, have you been at *Rouſſeau*'s?

Pet. Yes, Sir, and who ſhould I find there, but Mr. *Mirabel* and the Captain, hatching as warmly over a Tub of Ice, as two Hen-Pheaſants over a Brood.——— They would let me beſpeak nothing, for they had din'd before I came.

Dug. Come, Sir, you ſhall ſerve my Siſter, I ſhall ſtill continue kind to you; and if your Lady recommends your Diligence upon Tryal, I'll uſe my Intereſt to advance you; you have Senſe enough to expect Preferment.———Here, Sirrah, here's ten Guineas for thee, get thy ſelf a Drugget Suit and a Puff-Wig, and ſo——I dub thee Gentleman Uſher.——— Siſter, I muſt put my ſelf in Repair, you may expect me in the Evening.———Wait on your Lady home, *Petit*. [*Exit* Dug.

Pet. A Chair, a Chair, a Chair.

Ori. No, no, I'll walk home; 'tis but next door.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *a Tavern, diſcovering young* Mirabel *and* Duretete *riſing from Table.*

Mir. Welcome to *Paris* once more, my dear Captain; we have eat heartily, drank roundly, paid plentifully, and let it go for once. I lik'd every thing but our Women, they look'd ſo lean and tawdry, poor

poor Creatures! 'Tis a ſure ſign the Army is not paid·——Give me the plump *Venetian*, briſk and ſanguine, that ſmiles upon me like the glowing Sun, and meets my Lips like ſparkling Wine, her Perſon ſhining as the Glaſs, and Spirit like the ſoaming Liquor.

Dur. Ah, *Mirabel*, *Italy* I grant you; but for our Women here in *France*, they are ſuch thin Brawn-fall'n Jades, a Man may as well make a Bed-fellow of a Cane-Chair.

Mir. France! A light unſeaſon'd Country, nothing but Feathers, Foppery, and Faſhions; we're fine indeed, ſo are our Coach-Horſes; Men ſay we're Courtiers, Men abuſe us; that we are wiſe and politick, *non credo Seigneur!* That our Women have Wit; Parrots, mere Parrots; Aſſurance and a good Memory, ſets them up.———There's nothing on this ſide the *Alps* worth my humble Service t'ye——Ha *Roma la Santa*, *Italy* for my Money; their Cuſtoms, Gardens, Buildings, Paintings, Muſick, Policies, Wine and Women! the Paradiſe of the World;————not peſter'd with a parcel of preciſe old gouty Fellows, that would debar their Children every Pleaſure that they themſelves are paſt the ſenſe of: commend me to the *Italian* Familiarity. Here, Son, there's Fifty Crowns, go pay your Whore her Week's Allowance.

Dur. Ay, theſe are your Fathers for you, that underſtand the Neceſſities of young Men; not like our muſty Dads, who becauſe they cannot fiſh themſelves, would muddy the Water, and ſpoil the Sport of them that can. But now you talk of the plump, what d'ye think of a *Dutch* Woman?

Mir. A *Dutch* Woman, too compact, nay, every thing among 'em is ſo; a *Dutch* Man is thick, a *Dutch* Woman is ſquab, a *Dutch* Horſe is round, a *Dutch* Dog is ſhort, a *Dutch* Ship is broad-bottom'd; and, in ſhort, one wou'd ſwear the whole Products of the Country were caſt in the ſame Mold with their Cheeſes.

Dur. Ay, but *Mirabel*, you have forgot the *Engliſh* Ladies.

Mir.

Mir. The Women of *England* were excellent, did they not take ſuch unſufferable pains to ruine what Nature has made ſo incomparably well; they wou'd be delicate Creatures indeed, cou'd they but thoroughly arrive at the *French* Mien, or entirely let it alone; for they only ſpoil a very good Air of their own, by an aukward Imitation of ours; their Parliaments and our Taylors give Laws to their three Kingdoms. But come, *Duretete*, let us mind the buſineſs in hand; Miſtreſſes, we muſt have, and muſt take up with the Manufacture of the Place, and upon a competent diligence we ſhall find thoſe in *Paris* ſhall match the *Italians* from top to toe.

Dur. Ay, *Mirabel*, you will do well enough, but what will become of your Friend? you know I am ſo plaguy baſhful, ſo naturally an Aſs upon theſe occaſions, that———

Mir. Pſhaw, you muſt be bolder, Man: Travel three Years, and bring home ſuch a Baby as Baſhfulneſs! A great luſty Fellow! and a Soldier! fye upon it.

Dur. Look'e, Sir, I can viſit, and I can ogle a little,———as thus, or thus now. Then I can kiſs abundantly, and make a ſhift to——but if they chance to give me a forbidding Look, as ſome Women, you know, have a deviliſh Caſt with their Eyes,———or if they cry,——what d'ye mean? what d'ye take me for? Fye, Sir, remember who I am, Sir———A Perſon of Quality to be us'd at this rate! Igad I'm ſtruck as flat as a Frying-pan.

Mir. Words o' courſe! never mind 'em, turn you about upon your heel with a janté Air; hum out the end of an old Song; cut a croſs caper, and at her again.

Dur. [*Imitates him.*] No hang it, 'twill never do, ——Oons, what did my Father mean by ſticking me up in an Univerſity, or to think that I ſhou'd gain any thing by my Head, in a Nation whoſe Genius lies all in their Heels.———Well, if ever I come to have Children of my own, they ſhall have the Education of

of the Country, they ſhall learn to dance before they can walk, and be taught to ſing before they can ſpeak.

Mir. Come, come, throw off that childiſh Humour, put on Aſſurance, there's no avoiding it; ſtand all Hazards, thou'rt a ſtout luſty Fellow, and haſt a good Eſtate; look bluff, hector, you have a good Side-box Face, a pretty impudent Face; ſo, that's pretty well.—This Fellow went abroad like an Ox, and is return'd like an Aſs. [*Aſide.*

Dur. Let me ſee now, how I look. [*Pulls out a Pocket-Glaſs, and looks on't.*] A Side-box Face, ſay you!———'Egad I don't like it, *Mirabel.*——Fye, Sir, don't abuſe your Friends, I cou'd not wear ſuch a Face for the beſt Counteſs in Chriſtendom.

Mir. Why can't you, Blockhead, as well as I?

Dur. Why, thou haſt Impudence to ſet a good Face upon any thing; I wou'd change half my Gold for half thy Braſs, with all my heart. Who comes here? Odſo, *Mirabel*, your Father!

Enter Old Mirabel.

Old Mir. Where's *Bob*, dear *Bob?*

Mir. Your Bleſſing, Sir.

Old M. My Bleſſing! Dam ye, you young Rogue; why did not you come to ſee your Father firſt, Sirrah? My dear Boy, I am heartily glad to ſee thee, my dear Child, faith——— Captain *Duretete*, by the Blood of the *Mirabels*, I'm yours: Well, my Lads, ye look bravely 'faith.———*Bob*, haſt got any Money left?

Mir. Not a Farthing, Sir.

Old Mir. Why, then I won't gi'thee a Souſe.

Mir. Sir, I did but jeſt, here's ten Piſtoles.

Old Mir. Why, then here's ten more: I love to be charitable to thoſe that don't want it:———Well, and how d'ye like *Italy*, my Boys?

Mir. O the Garden of the World, Sir; *Rome*, *Naples*, *Venice*, *Milan*, and a thouſand others——all fine.

Old M. Ay, ſay you ſo! And they ſay, that *Chiari* is very fine too.

Dur.

Dur. Indifferent, Sir, very indifferent; a very ſcurvy Air, the moſt unwholeſome to a *French* Conſtitution in the World.

Mir. Pſhaw, nothing on't; theſe raſcally *Gazetteers* have miſinform'd you.

Old M. Miſinform'd me! Oons, Sir, were not we beaten there?

Mir. Beaten, Sir! the *French* beaten!

Old M. Why, how was it, pray, ſweet Sir?

Mir. Sir, the Captain will tell you.

Dur. No, Sir, your Son will tell you.

Mir. The Captain was in the Action, Sir.

Dur. Your Son ſaw more than I, Sir, for he was a Looker on.

Old M. Confound you both for a brace of Cowards: here are no *Germans* to overhear you; why don't ye tell me how it was?

Mir. Why, then you muſt know, that we march'd up a Body of the fineſt, braveſt, well-dreſs'd Fellow in the Univerſe; our Commanders at the head of us, all Lace and Feather, and like ſo many Beaux at a Ball.——I don't believe there was a Man of 'em but cou'd dance a *Charmer*, Morbleu.

Old M. Dance! very well, pretty Fellows, Faith!

Mir. We caper'd up to their very Trenches, and there ſaw peeping over a parcel of Scare-crow, Olive-colour'd, Gunpowder Fellows, as ugly as the Devil.

Dur. Igad, I ſhall never forget the Looks of 'em, while I have Breath to fetch.

Mir. They were ſo civil indeed as to welcome us with their Cannon; but for the reſt, we found 'em ſuch unmannerly, rude, unſociable Dogs, that we grew tir'd of their Company, and ſo we e'en danc'd back again.

Old M. And did ye all come back?

Mir. No, two or three thouſand of us ſtay'd behind.

Old M. Why, *Bob*, why?

Mir. Pſhaw——because they cou'd not come that Night.——But come, Sir, we were talking of ſomething

thing elſe; pray how does your lovely Charge, the fair *Oriana?*

Old M. Ripe, Sir, juſt ripe; you'll find it better engaging with her than with the *Germans*, let me tell you.——And what wou'd you ſay, my young *Mars*, if I had a *Venus* for thee too? Come, *Bob*, your Apartment is ready, and pray let your Friend be my Gueſt too; you ſhall command the Houſe between ye, and I'll be as merry as the beſt of you.

Mir. Bravely ſaid, Father.

Let Miſers bend their Age with niggard Cares,
And ſtarve themſelves to pamper hungry Heirs;
Who, living, ſtint their Sons what Youth may crave
And make 'em revel o'er a Father's Grave.
The Stock on which I grew, does ſtill diſpenſe
Its Genial Sap into the blooming Branch;
The Fruit, he knows, from his own Root is grown,
And therefore ſooths thoſe Paſſions once his own.

The End of the firſt ACT.

ACT. II.

SCENE, *Old* Mirabel's *Houſe.*

Oriana *and* Biſarre.

Biſ. AND you love this young Rake, do ye?

Ori. Yes.

Biſ. In ſpight of all his ill Uſage.

Ori. I can't help it.

Biſ. What's the matter wi' ye?

Ori. Pſhaw!

Biſ. Um!——before that any young, lying, ſwearing, flattering, rakehelly Fellow, ſhould play ſuch

Tricks

Tricks with me, I wou'd wear my Teeth to the ſtumps with Lime and Chalk.———O the Devil take all your *Caſſandra's* and *Cleopatra's* for me.———Prithee mind your Ayres, Modes and Faſhions; your Stays, Gowns, and Furbelows. Heark'e, my Dear, have you got home your Furbelow'd Smocks yet?

Ori. Prithee be quiet, *Biſarre*; you know, I can be as mad as you, when this *Mirabel* is out of my head.

Biſ. Pſhaw! wou'd he were out, or in, or ſome way to make you eaſy.———I warrant now, you'll play the fool when he comes, and ſay you love him; eh!

Ori. Moſt certainly;——I can't diſſemble, *Biſarre:* ——beſides, 'tis paſt that, we're contracted.

Biſ. Contracted! alack-a-day, poor thing. What, you have chang'd Rings, or broken an old *Broad-piece* between you! Heark'e, Child, han't you broke ſomething elſe between ye?

Ori. No, no, I can aſſure you.

Biſ. Then, what d'ye whine for? Whilſt I kept that in my power, I wou'd make a fool of any Fellow in *France*. Well, I muſt confeſs, I do love a little Coquetting with all my heart! my Buſineſs ſhou'd be to break Gold with my Lover one hour, and crack my Promiſe the next; he ſhou'd find me one day with a Prayer-book in my Hand, and with a Play-book another. He ſhou'd have my Conſent to buy the Wedding-Ring, and the next moment wou'd I laugh in his Face.

Ori. O my Dear, were there no greater Tye upon my Heart, than there is upon my Conſcience, I wou'd ſoon throw the Contract out o' Doors; but the miſchief on't is, I am ſo fond of being ty'd, that I'm forc'd to be juſt, and the ſtrength of my Paſſion keeps down the Inclination of my Sex. But here's the old Gentleman.

Old M. Where's my Wenches? where's my two little Girls? eh! Have a care, look to your ſelves, faith,

faith, they're a coming, the Travellers are a coming. Well! which of you two will be my Daughter in-Law now? *Bisarre*, *Bisarre*, what say you, Mad-cap? *Mirabel* is a pure wild Fellow.

Bis. I like him the worse.

Old M. You lye, Honey, you like him the better, indeed you do: What say you, my t'other little Filbert? eh!

Ori. I suppose the Gentleman will chuse for himself, Sir.

Old M. Why, that's discreetly said; and so he shall.

Enter Mirabel *and* Duretete, *they salute the Ladies.*

Bob, hearke, you shall marry one of these Girls, Sirrah,

Mir. Sir, I'll marry 'em both, if you please.

Bis. [*Aside.*] He'll find that one may serve his turn.

Old M. Both! Why, you young Dog, d'ye banter me?——Come, Sir, take your Choice.——*Duretete*, you shall have your Choice too; but *Robin* shall chuse first. Come, Sir, begin.

Mir. Well, I a'n't the first Son that has made his Father's Dwelling a Baudy-house——let me see.

Old M. Well! which d'ye like?

Mir. Both.

Old M. But which will you marry?

Mir. Neither.

Old M. Neither!——Don't make me angry now, *Bob*; pray don't make me angry.——Look'e, Sirrah, if I don't dance at your Wedding to-morrow, I shall be very glad to cry at your Grave.

Mir. That's a Bull, Father.

Old M. A Bull! Why, how now, ungrateful Sir, did I make thee a Man, that thou shouldst make me Beast?

Mir. Your Pardon, Sir, I only meant your Expression.

Old M. Hearkʼe, *Bob*, learn better Manners to your Father before Strangers: I wonʼt be angry this time.— But oons, if ever you doʼt again, you Rascal; remember what I say. [*Exit.*

Mir. Pshaw, what does the old Fellow mean by mewing me up here with a couple of green Girls? Come, *Duretete*, will you go?

Ori. I hope, Mr. *Mirabel*, you haʼnʼt forgot——

Mir. No, no, Madam, I haʼnʼt forgot, I have brought you a thousand little *Italian* Curiosities; Iʼll assure you, Madam, as far as a hundred Pistoles wouʼd reach, I haʼnʼt forgot the least Circumstance.

Ori. Sir, you misunderstand me.

Mir. Odso, the Relicks, Madam, from *Rome*. I do remember now you made a Vow of Chastity before my departure; a Vow of Chastity, or something like it; was it not, Madam?

Ori. O Sir, Iʼm answerʼd at present. [*Exit.*

Mir. She was coming full mouth upon me with her Contract—— Wouʼd I might dispatch tʼother.

Dur. Mirabel,——— that Lady there, observe her, she's wondrous pretty, faith, and seems to have but few Words; I like her mainly: speak to her, Man, prithee speak to her.

Mir. Madam, here's a Gentleman, who declares—

Dur. Madam, don't believe him, I declare nothing ———What the Devil do you mean, Man?

Mir. He says, Madam, that you are as beautiful as an Angel.

Dur. He tells a damnʼd Lye, Madam; I say no such thing: Are you mad, *Mirabel?* Why, I shall drop down with shame.

Mir. And so, Madam, not doubting but your Ladyship may like him as well as he does you, I think it proper to leave you together.

[*Going*, Duretete *holds him*

Dur. Hold, hold,——why *Mirabel*, Friend, sure you wonʼt be so barbarous as to leave me alone. Prithee speak to her for your self, as it were. Lord Lord, that a *French-man* should want Impudence?

Mir

Mir. You look mighty demure, Madam. —— She's deaf, Captain.

Dur. I had much rather have her dumb.

Mir. The Gravity of your Air, Madam, promiſes ſome extraordinary Fruits from your Study, which moves us with a Curioſity to enquire the Subject of your Ladyſhip's Contemplation. Not a Word!

Dur. I hope in the Lord ſhe's ſpeechleſs; if ſhe be, ſhe's mine this moment. ——— *Mirabel*, d'ye think a Woman's Silence can be natural? ———

Biſ. But the Forms that Logicians introduce, and which proceed from ſimple Enumeration, are dubitable, and proceed only upon admittance ———

Mir. Hoyty toyty! what a plague have we here? *Plato* in Petticoats!

Dur. Ay, ay, let her go on, Man; ſhe talks in my own Mother-Tongue.

Biſ. 'Tis expos'd to invalidity from a contradictory inſtance, looks only upon common Operations, and is infinite in its Termination.

Mir. Rare Pedantry.

Dur. Axioms! Axioms! Self-evident Principles.

Biſ. Then the Ideas wherewith the Mind is preoccupate. ——— O Gentlemen, I hope you'll pardon my Cogitation; I was involv'd in a profound Point of Philoſophy; but I ſhall diſcuſs it ſomewhere elſe, being ſatisfy'd that the Subject is not agreeable to you Sparks, that profeſs the Vanity of the Times. [*Exit.*

Mir. Go thy way, good Wife *Bias:* Do you hear, *Duretete?* Doſt hear this ſtarch'd piece of Auſterity?

Dur. She's mine, Man; ſhe's mine: my own Talent to a T. I'll match her in Dialects, faith. I was ſeven Years at the Univerſity, Man, nurs'd up with *Barbara, Celarunt, Darii, Ferio, Baralipton.* Did you never know, Man, that 'twas Metaphyſicks made me an Aſs? It was, faith. Had ſhe talk'd a word of Singing, Dancing, Plays, Faſhions, or the like, I had founder'd at the firſt Step; but as ſhe is ——— *Mirabel*, wiſh me Joy.

Mir. You don't mean Marriage, I hope.

Dur. No, no, I am a Man of more Honour.

Mir. Bravely resolv'd, Captain; now for thy Credit, warm me this frozen Snow-ball, 'twill be a Conquest above the *Alps.*

Dur. But will you promise to be always near me?

Mir. Upon all Occasions, never fear.

Dur. Why then, you shall see me in two Moments make an Induction from my Love to her Hand, from her Hand to her Mouth, from her Mouth to her Heart, and so conclude in her Bed, *Categorimatice.*

Mir. Now the Game begins, and my Fool is enter'd.——But here comes one to spoil my Sport; now shall I be teiz'd to death with this old-fashion'd Contract. I shou'd love her too, if I might do it my own way, but she'll do nothing without Witnesses forsooth: I wonder Women can be so immodest.

Enter Oriana.

Well, Madam, why d'ye follow me?

Ori. Well, Sir, why do you shun me?

Mir. 'Tis my Humour, Madam, and I'm naturally sway'd by Inclination.

Ori. Have you forgot our Contract, Sir?

Mir. All I remember of that Contract is, that it was made some three Years ago, and that's enough in Conscience to forget the rest on't.

Ori. 'Tis sufficient, Sir, to recollect the passing of it; for in that Circumstance, I presume, lies the force of the Obligation.

Mir. Obligations, Madam, that are forc'd upon the Will, are no tye upon the Conscience; I was a Slave to my Passion when I pass'd the Instrument, but the Recovery of my Freedom makes the Contract void.

Ori. Sir, you can't make that a Compulsion which was your own Choice; besides, Sir, a Subjection to your own Desires has not the Virtue of a forcible Constraint: And you will find, Sir, that to plead

your

your Paſſion for the killing of a Man, will hardly exempt you from the Juſtice of the Puniſhment.

Mir. And ſo, Madam, you make the Sin of Murder and the Crime of a Contract the very ſame, becauſe that Hanging and Matrimony are ſo much alike.

Ori. Come, Mr. *Mirabel*, theſe Expreſſions I expected from the Raillery of your Humour, but I hope for very different Sentiments from your Honour and Generoſity.

Mir. Look'e, Madam, as for my Generoſity, 'tis at your Service, with all my heart: I'll keep you a Coach and ſix Horſes, if you pleaſe, only permit me to keep my Honour to my ſelf; for I can aſſure you, Madam, that the thing call'd Honour is a Circumſtance abſolutely unneceſſary in a natural Correſpondence between Male and Female, and he's a Mad-man that lays it out, conſidering its Scarcity, upon any ſuch trivial Occaſions. There's Honour requir'd of us by our Friends, and Honour due to our Enemies, and they return it to us again; but I never heard of a Man that left but an Inch of his Honour in a Woman's keeping, that cou'd ever get the leaſt account on't.——Conſider, Madam, you have no ſuch thing among ye, and 'tis a main Point of Policy to keep no Faith with Reprobates——thou art a pretty little Reprobate, and ſo get thee about thy Buſineſs.

Ori. Well, Sir, even all this I will allow to the gayety of your Temper; your Travels have improv'd your Talent of Talking, but they are not of force, I hope, to impair your Morals.

Mir. Morals! Why there 'tis again now——I tell thee, Child, there is not the leaſt occaſion for Morals in any Buſineſs between you and I——Don't you know that of all Commerce in the World there is no ſuch Cozenage and Deceit as in the Traffick between Man and Woman; we ſtudy all our Lives long how to put Tricks upon one another——What is your Buſineſs now, from the time you throw away your Ar-

tificial Babies, but how to get Natural Ones with the moſt Advantage? ——— No Fowler lays abroad more Nets for his Game, nor a Hunter for his Prey, than you do to catch poor innocent Men ——— Why do you ſit three or four Hours at your Toylet in a Morning, only with a villanous Deſign to make ſome poor Fellow a Fool before Night? What are your languiſhing Looks, your ſtudy'd Airs and Affectations, but ſo many Baits and Devices to delude Men out of their dear Liberty and Freedom? ——— What d'ye ſigh for? What d'ye weep for? What d'ye pray for? Why, for a Huſband: that is, you implore Providence to aſſiſt you in the juſt and pious Deſign of making the wiſeſt of his Creatures a Fool, and the Head of the Creation a Slave.

Ori. Sir, I am proud of my Power, and am reſolv'd to uſe it.

Mir. Hold, hold, Madam, not ſo faſt ——— As you have Variety of Vanities to make Coxcombs of us; ſo we have Vows, Oaths, and Proteſtations, of all ſorts and ſizes, to make Fools of you. As you are very ſtrange and whimſical Creatures, ſo we are allow'd as unaccountable ways of managing you. And this, in ſhort, my dear Creature, is our preſent Condition, I have ſworn and ly'd briſkly to gain my Ends of you; your Ladyſhip has patch'd and painted violently, to gain your Ends of me ——— But, ſince we are both diſappointed, let us make a drawn Battel, and part clear on both ſides.

Ori. With all my heart, Sir; give me up my Contract, and I'll never ſee your Face again.

Mir. Indeed I won't, Child.

Ori. What, Sir, neither do one nor t'other?

Mir. No, you ſhall die a Maid, unleſs you pleaſe to be otherwiſe upon my Terms.

Ori. What do you intend by this, Sir?

Mir. Why, to ſtarve you into Compliance; look'e, you ſhall never marry any Man; and you had as good let me do you a Kindneſs as a Stranger.

Ori. Sir, you're a ———

Mir.

Mir. What am I, Miſtreſs?

Ori. A Villain, Sir.

Mir. I'm glad on't.——I never knew an honeſt Fellow in my Life, but was a Villain upon theſe Occaſions.——Ha'n't you drawn your-ſelf now into a very pretty Dilemma? Ha, ha, ha! the poor Lady has made a Vow of Virginity, when ſhe thought of making a Vow for the contrary. Was ever poor Woman ſo cheated into Chaſtity?

Ori. Sir, my Fortune is equal to yours, my Friends as powerful, and both ſhall be put to the Teſt, to do me Juſtice.

Mir. What! you'll force me to marry you, will ye?

Ori. Sir, the Law ſhall.

Mir. But the Law can't force me to do any thing elſe, can it?

Ori. Pſhaw, I deſpiſe thee,——Monſter.

Mir. Kiſs and be Friends then——Don't cry, Child, and you ſhall have your Sugar-plumb——Come, Madam, d'ye think I could be ſo unreaſonable as to make you faſt all your Life long? No, I did but jeſt; you ſhall have your Liberty; here, take your Contract, and give me mine.

Ori. No, I won't.

Mir. Eh! What is the Girl a Fool?

Ori. No, Sir, you ſhall find me cunning enough to do my ſelf Juſtice; and ſince I muſt not depend upon your Love, I'll be reveng'd, and force you to marry me out of ſpight.

Mir. Then I'll beat thee out of ſpight; make a moſt confounded Huſband.

Ori. O Sir, I ſhall match ye: A good Huſband makes a good Wife at any time.

Mir. I'll rattle down your China about your Ears.

Ori. And I'll rattle about the City to run you in debt for more.

Mir. Your Face-mending Toylet ſhall fly out of the Window.

Ori. And your Face-mending Perriwig ſhall fly after it.

Mir. I'll tear the Furbelow off your Clothes, and when you ſwoon for Vexation, you ſha'n't have a Penny to buy a Bottle of Harts-horn.

Ori. And you, Sir, ſhall have Hart's-horn in abundance.

Mir. I'll keep as many Miſtreſſes as I have Coach-Horſes.

Ori. And I'll keep as many Gallants as you have Grooms.

Mir. I'll lie with your Woman before your Face.

Ori. Have a care of your Valet behind your back.

Mir. But, ſweet Madam, there is ſuch a thing as a Divorce.

Ori. But, ſweet Sir, there is ſuch a thing as Alimony; ſo divorce on, and ſpare not. [*Exit.*

Mir. Ay, that ſeparate Maintenance is the Devil—— there's their Refuge————o' my Conſcience, one wou'd take Cuckoldom for a meritorious Action, becauſe the Women are ſo handſomely rewarded for't. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a large Parlour in the ſame Houſe.*

Enter Duretete *and* Petit.

Dur. And ſhe's mighty peeviſh, you ſay?

Pet. O Sir, ſhe has a Tongue as long as my Leg; and talks ſo crabbedly, you wou'd think ſhe always ſpoke *Welſh.*

Dur. That's an odd Language, methinks, for her Philoſophy.

Pet. But ſometimes ſhe will ſit you half a Day without ſpeaking a Word, and talks Oracles all the while by the Wrinkles of her Forehead, and the Motions of her Eye-brows.

Dur. Nay, I ſhall match her in philoſophical Ogles, faith; that's my Talent: I can talk beſt, you muſt know, when I ſay nothing.

Pet. But d'ye ever laugh, Sir?

Dur. Laugh! Won't ſhe endure laughing?

Pet.

Pet. Why ſhe's a Critick, Sir, ſhe hates a Jeſt, for fear it ſhould pleaſe her; and nothing keeps her in Humour but what gives her the Spleen. And then for Logick, and all that, you know———

Dur. Ay, ay, I'm prepar'd, I have been practiſing hard Words, and no Senſe, this Hour, to entertain her.

Pet. Then place your ſelf behind this Skreen, that you may have a view of her Behaviour before you begin.

Dur. I long to engage her, leſt I ſhou'd forget my Leſſon.

Pet. Here ſhe comes, Sir, I muſt fly.

[*Exit* Pet. *and* Dur. *ſtands peeping behind the Curtain.*

Enter Biſarre *and Maid.*

Biſ. [*With a Book.*] Pſhaw, hang Books, they ſour our Temper, ſpoil our Eyes, and ruin our Complexions. [*Throws away the Book.*

Dur. Eh! the Devil ſuch a Word there is in all *Ariſtotle.*

Biſ. Come, Wench, let's be free, call in the Fiddle, there's no body near us.

Enter Fiddler.

Dur. Wou'd to the Lord there was not.

Biſ. Here, Friend, a Minuet!—quicker Time; ha —wou'd we had a Man or two.

Dur. [*ſtealing away.*] You ſhall have the Devil ſooner, my dear dancing Philoſopher.

Biſ. Uds my Life!—Here's one.

[*Runs to* Dur. *and hales him back.*

Dur. Is all my learned Preparation come to this?

Biſ. Come, Sir, don't be aſham'd, that's my good Boy———you're very welcome, we wanted ſuch a one —Come, ſtrike up—I know you dance well, Sir, you're finely ſhape'd for't—Come, come, Sir; quick, quick, you miſs the Time elſe.

Dur. But, Madam, I come to talk with you.

Bif. Ay, ay, talk as you dance, talk as you dance, come.

Dur. But we were talking of Dialecticks.

Bif. Hang Dialecticks——Mind the time——quicker, Sirrah, [*To the Fidler.*] Come,———and how d'ye find your ſelf now, Sir?

Dur. In a fine breathing Sweat, Doctor.

Bif. All the better, Patient, all the better;——— Come, Sir, ſing now, ſing, I know you ſing well; I ſee you have a ſinging Face; a heavy dull Sonato Face.

Dur. Who, I ſing?

Bif. O you're modeſt, Sir———but come, ſit down, cloſer, cloſer. Here, a Bottle of Wine———Come, Sir, fa, la, la; ſing, Sir.

Dur. But, Madam, I came to talk with you.

Bif. O Sir, you ſhall drink firſt. Come, fill me a Bumper——here, Sir, bleſs the King.

Dur. Wou'd I were out of his Dominions.——— By this Light, ſhe'll make me drunk too.

Bif. O pardon me, Sir, you ſhall do me right, fill it higher.——Now, Sir, can you drink a Health under your Leg?

Dur. Rare Philoſophy that, Faith.

Bif. Come, off with it, to the bottom.——— Now how d'ye like me, Sir?

Dur. O, mighty well, Madam.

Bif. You ſee how a Woman's Fancy varies, ſometimes ſplenetick and heavy, then gay and frolickſome. ——And how d'ye like the Humour?

Dur. Good Madam, let me ſit down to anſwer you, for I am heartily tir'd.

Bif. Fye upon't; a young Man, and tir'd! up for ſhame, and walk about, Action becomes us——a little faſter, Sir.—What d'ye think now of my Lady *La Pale*, and Lady *Coquet*, the Duke's fair Daughter? Ha! Are they not briſk Laſſes? Then there is black Mrs. *Bellair*, and brown Mrs. *Bellface*.

Dur. They are all Strangers to me, Madam.

Bif.

Bif. But let me tell you, Sir, that brown is not always despicable ——— O Laird, Sir, if young Mrs. *Bagatell* had kept her self single 'till this time o' day, what a Beauty there had been! And then, you know, the charming Mrs. *Monkeylove*, the fair Gem of *St. Germains*.

Dur. Upon my Soul, I don't.

Bif. And then you must have heard of the *English* Beau, *Spleenamore*, how unlike a Gentleman ——

Dur. Hey —— not a Syllable on't, as I hope to be sav'd, Madam.

Bif. No! Why then play me a Jig; come, Sir.

Dur. By this Light I cannot; faith, Madam, I have sprain'd my Leg.

Bif. Then sit you down, Sir; and now tell me what's your Business with me? What's your Errand? Quick, quick, dispatch —— Odso, may be you are some Gentleman's Servant, that have brought me a Letter, or a Haunch of Venison.

Dur. 'Sdeath, Madam, do I look like a Carrier?

Bif. O; cry you mercy, I saw you just now, I mistook you, upon my Word: you are one of the travelling Gentlemen —— and pray, Sir, how do all our impudent Friends in *Italy?*

Dur. Madam, I came to wait on you with a more serious Intention than your Entertainment has answer'd.

Bif. Sir, your Intention of waiting on me was the greatest Affront imaginable, howe'er your Expressions may turn it to a Complement: Your Visit, Sir, was intended as a Prologue to a very scurvy Play, of which Mr. *Mirabel* and you so handsomely laid the Plot —— *Marry! No, no, I'm a Man of more Honour.* Where's your Honour? Where's your Courage now? Ads my Life, Sir, I have a great mind to kick you ——— Go, go to your Fellow-Rake now, rail at my Sex, and get drunk for Vexation, and write a Lampoon —— But I must have you to know, Sir, that my Reputation is above the Scandal of a Libel, my Virtue is sufficiently approv'd to those whose Opinion is my

my Intereſt: And for the reſt, let them talk what they will; for when I pleaſe I'll be what I pleaſe, in ſpight of you and all Mankind: and ſo, my dear *Man of Honour*, if you be tir'd, con over this Leſſon, and ſit there till I come to you. [*Runs off.*

Dur. Tum ti dum. [*Sings.*] Ha, ha, ha, *Ads my Life! I have a great mind to kick you!*——Oons and Confuſion! [*Starts up.*] Was ever Man ſo abus'd——Ay, *Mirabel* ſet me on.

Enter Petit.

Pet. Well, Sir, how d'ye find your ſelf?

Dur. You Son of a nine-ey'd Whore, d'ye come to abuſe me? I'll kick you with a vengeance, you Dog. [Petit *runs off, and* Dur. *after him.*

ACT III.

SCENE *continues.*

Old Mirabel *and the Young.*

Old M. BOB, come hither, *Bob.*

Mir. Your Pleaſure, Sir?

Old M. Are not you a great Rogue, Sirrah?

Mir. That's a little out of my Comprehenſion, Sir; for I've heard ſay, that I reſemble my Father.

Old M. Your Father is your very humble Slave——I tell thee what, Child, thou art a very pretty Fellow, and I love thee heartily; and a very great Villain, and I hate thee mortally.

Mir. Villain, Sir! Then I muſt be a very impudent one, for I can't recollect any Paſſage of my Life that I'm aſham'd of.

Old M. Come hither, my dear Friend; doſt ſee this Picture? [*Shews him a little Picture.*

Mir.

Mir. Oriana's? Pſhaw!

Old M. What, Sir, won't you look upon't?——— *Bob*, dear *Bob*, prithee come hither now——— Doſt want any Money, Child?

Mir. No, Sir.

Old M. Why then here's ſome for thee; come here now———How canſt thou be ſo hard-hearted, an unnatural, unmannerly Raſcal (don't miſtake me, Child, I a'n't angry) as to abuſe this tender, lovely, good-natur'd dear Rogue?———Why, ſhe ſighs for thee, and cries for thee, pouts for thee, and ſnubs for thee, the poor little Heart of it is like to burſt———Come, my dear Boy, be good-natur'd like your nown Father, be now———and then ſee here, read this———the Effigies of the lovely *Oriana*, with ten thouſand Pound to her Portion——ten thouſand Pound, you Dog; ten thouſand Pound, you Rogue; how dare you refuſe a Lady with ten thouſand Pound, you impudent Raſcal?

Mir. Will you hear me ſpeak, Sir?

Old M. Hear you ſpeak, Sir! If you had ten thouſand Tongues, you cou'd not out-talk ten thouſand Pound, Sir.

Mir. Nay, Sir, if you won't hear me I'll be gone, Sir! I'll take Poſt for *Italy* this Moment.

Old M. Ah! the Fellow knows I won't part with him. Well, Sir, what have you to ſay?

Mir. The univerſal Reception, Sir, that Marriage has had in the World, is enough to fix it for a publick Good, and to draw every body into the Common Cauſe; but there are ſome Conſtitutions, like ſome Inſtruments, ſo peculiarly ſingular, that they make tolerable Muſick by themſelves, but never do well in Conſort.

Old M. Why this is Reaſon, I muſt confeſs, but yet 'tis Nonſenſe too; for tho' you ſhould reaſon like an Angel, if you argue your ſelf out of a good Eſtate you talk like a Fool.

Mir.

Mir. But, Sir, if you bribe me into Bondage with the Riches of *Crœsus*, you leave me but a Beggar for want of my Liberty.

Old M. Was ever ſuch a perverſe Fool heard? 'Sdeath, Sir, why did I give you Education? Was it to diſpute me out of my Senſes? Of what Colour now is the Head of this Cane? You'll ſay 'tis white, and, ten to one, make me believe it too——I thought that young Fellows ſtudy'd to get Money.

Mir. No, Sir, I have ſtudy'd to deſpiſe it; my Reading was not to make me rich, but happy, Sir.

Old M. There he has me agen now. But, Sir, did not I marry to oblige you?

Mir. To oblige me, Sir, in what reſpect pray?

Old M. Why, to bring you into the World, Sir; wa'n't that an Obligation?

Mir. And becauſe I wou'd have it ſtill an Obligation, I avoid Marriage.

Old M. How is that, Sir?

Mir. Becauſe I wou'd not curſe the hour I was born.

Old M. Look'e, Friend, you may perſuade me out of my Deſigns, but I'll command you out of yours; and tho' you may convince my Reaſon that you are in the right, yet there is an old Attendant of Sixty-three, call'd Poſitiveneſs, which you, nor all the Wits in *Italy*, ſhall ever be able to ſhake; ſo Sir, you're a Wit, and I'm a Father; you may talk, but I'll be obey'd.

Mir. This it is to have the Son a finer Gentleman than the Father; they firſt give us Breeding that they don't underſtand, then they turn us out of doors 'cauſe we are wiſer than themſelves. But I'm a little aforehand with the old Gentleman. [*Aſide.*] Sir, you have been pleas'd to ſettle a thouſand Pound Sterling a Year upon me; in return of which, I have a very great Honour for you and your Family, and ſhall take care that your only and beloved Son ſhall do nothing to make him hate his Father, or to hang himſelf. So, dear Sir, I'm your very humble Servant. [*Runs off.*

Old

Old M. Here, Sirrah, Rogue, *Bob*, Villain!

Enter Dugard.

Dug. Ah, Sir, 'tis but what he deſerves.

Old M. 'Tis falſe, Sir, he don't deſerve it: what have you to ſay againſt my Boy, Sir?

Dug. I ſhall only repeat your own Words.

Old M. What have you to do with my Words? I have ſwallow'd my Words already; I have eaten them up, and how can you come at 'em, Sir?

Dug. Very eaſily, Sir: 'Tis but mentioning your injur'd Ward, and you will throw them up again immediately.

Old M. Sir, your Siſter was a fooliſh young Flirt to truſt any ſuch young, deceitful, rake-helly Rogue, like him.

Dug. Cry you mercy, old Gentleman, I thought we ſhou'd have the Words again.

Old M. And what then? 'Tis the way with young Fellows to ſlight old Gentlemen's Words, you never mind 'em when you ought.——— I ſay, that *Bob*'s an honeſt Fellow, and who dares deny it?

Enter Biſarre.

Biſ. That dare I, Sir:——— I ſay, that your Son is a wild, foppiſh, whimſical, impertinent Coxcomb; and were I abus'd as this Gentleman's Siſter, I wou'd make it an *Italian* Quarrel, and poiſon the whole Family.

Dug. Come, Sir, 'tis no time for trifling, my Siſter is abus'd; you are made ſenſible of the Affront, and your Honour is concern'd to ſee her redreſs'd.

Old M. Look'e, Mr. *Dugard*, good Words go fartheſt. I will do your Siſter juſtice, but it muſt be after my own rate, no body muſt abuſe my Son but my ſelf. For altho' *Robin* be a ſad Dog, yet he's no body's Puppy but my own.

Biſ. Ay, that's my ſweet-natur'd, kind old Gentleman —— [*Wheedling him.*] We will be good then, if you'll join with us in the Plot.

Old

Old M. Ah, you coaxing young Baggage, what Plot can you have to wheedle a Fellow of Sixty-three?

Bis. A Plot that Sixty-three is only good for, to bring other People together, Sir, and you must act the *Spaniard*, 'cause your Son will least suspect you; and if he shou'd, your Authority protects you from a Quarrel, to which *Oriana* is unwilling to expose her Brother.

Old M. And what part will you act in the Business, Madam?

Bis. Myself, Sir; my Friend is grown a perfect Changeling: these foolish Hearts of ours spoil our Heads presently; the Fellows no sooner turn Knaves, but we turn Fools: But I am still myself, and he may expect the most severe Usage from me, 'cause I neither love him, nor hate him. [*Exit.*

Old M. Well said, Mrs. Paradox; but, Sir, who must open the matter to him?

Dug. Petit, Sir, who is our Engineer-General. And here he comes.

Enter Petit.

Pet. O Sir, more Discoveries; are all Friends about us?

Dug. Ay, ay, speak freely.

Pet. You must know, Sir————od's my Life, I'm out of breath; you must know, Sir,——you must know————

Old M. What the Devil must we know, Sir?

Pet. That I have [*Pants and blows*] brib'd, Sir, brib'd——your Son's Secretary of State.

Old M. Secretary of State!————who's that, for Heav'n's sake?

Pet. His Valet-de-Chambre, Sir: You must know, Sir, that the Intrigue lay folded up with his Master's Clothes, and when he went to dust the Embroider'd Suit, the Secret flew out of the right Pocket of his Coat, in a whole swarm of your Crambo-Songs, short-footed Odes, and long-legg'd Pindaricks.

Old M. Impossible!

Pet.

Pet. Ah, Sir, he has lov'd her all along; there was *Oriana* in every Line, but he hates Marriage: Now, Sir, this Plot will ſtir up his Jealouſy, and we ſhall know by the ſtrength of that how to proceed farther. Come, Sir, let's about it with ſpeed.

'Tis Expedition gives our King the ſway;
For Expedition too the *French* give way;
Swift to attack, or ſwift to run away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mirabel *and* Biſarre, *paſſing careleſsly by one another.*

Biſ. [*Aſide.*] I wonder what ſhe can ſee in this Fellow to like him.

Mir. [*Aſide.*] I wonder what my Friend can ſee in this Girl to admire her?

Biſ. [*Aſide.*] A wild, foppiſh, extravagant Rakehell.

Mir. [*Aſide.*] A light, whimſical, impertinent Mad-Cap.

Biſ. Whom do you mean, Sir?

Mir. Whom do you mean, Madam?

Biſ. A Fellow that has nothing left to re-eſtabliſh him for a human Creature, but a prudent Reſolution to hang himſelf.

Mir. There is a way, Madam, to force me to that Reſolution.

Biſ. I'll do't with all my heart.

Mir. Then you muſt marry me.

Biſ. Look'e, Sir, don't think your ill Manners to me ſhall excuſe your ill Uſage of my Friend; nor by fixing a Quarrel here, to divert my Zeal for the abſent: for I am reſolv'd, nay, I come prepar'd to make you a Panegyrick, that ſhall mortify your Pride like any modern Dedication.

Mir. And I, Madam, like a true modern Patron, ſhall hardly give you thanks for your trouble.

Biſ. Come, Sir, to let you ſee what little Foundation you have for your dear Sufficiency, I'll take you to pieces.

Mir.

Mir. And what piece will you chuſe?

Biſ. Your Heart, to be ſure; 'cauſe I ſhou'd get preſently rid on't; your Courage I wou'd give to a Hector, your Wit to a lewd Play-maker, your Honour to an Attorney, your Body to the Phyſicians, and your Soul to its Maſter.

Mir. I had the oddeſt Dream laſt Night of the Dutcheſs of *Burgundy*; methought the Furbelows of her Gown were pinn'd up ſo high behind, that I cou'd not ſee her Head for her Tail.

Biſ. The Creature don't mind me! Do you think, Sir, that your humorous Impertinence can divert me? No, Sir, I'm above any Pleaſure that you can give, but that of ſeeing you miſerable. And mark me, Sir, my Friend, my injur'd Friend ſhall yet be doubly happy, and you ſhall be a Huſband as much as the Rites of Marriage, and the Breach of 'em can make you. [*Here* Mir. *pulls out a* Virgil, *and reads to himſelf while ſhe ſpeaks.*

Mir. [Reading] *At Regina dolos, (quis fallere poſſit amantem?)*
Diſſimulare etiam ſperâſti, perfide, tantum [Very true.
Poſſe nefas.

By your Favour, Friend *Virgil*, 'twas but a raſcally trick of your Hero to forſake poor Pug ſo inhumanly.

Biſ. I don't know what to ſay to him. The Devil ——— what's *Virgil* to us, Sir?

Mir. Very much, Madam, the moſt à-propo in the World ——— for, what ſhou'd I chop upon, but the very Place where the perjur'd Rogue of a Lover and the forſaken Lady are battelling it tooth and nail? Come, Madam, ſpend your Spirits no longer, we'll take an eaſier method: I'll be *Æneas* now, and you ſhall be *Dido*, and we'll rail by Book. Now for you, Madam *Dido*.

Nec

Nec te noſter amor, nec te data dextera quondam,
Nec Moritura tenet crudeli funere Dido——
Ah poor *Dido!* [*Looking at her.*

Biſ. Rudeneſs, Affronts, Impatience! I cou'd almoſt ſtart out even to Manhood, and want but a Weapon as long as his to fight him upon the ſpot. What ſhall I ſay?

Mir. Now ſhe rants.

Quæ quibus anteferam? jam jam nec Maxima Juno.

Biſ. A Man! No, the Woman's Birth was ſpirited away.

Mir. Right, right, Madam, the very Words.

Biſ. And ſome pernicious Elf left in the Cradle with human Shape to palliate growing Miſchief.

[*Both ſpeak together, and raiſe their Voices by degrees*

Mir. Perfide, ſed duris genuit te Cautibus horrens
Caucaſus, Hyrcanæque admorunt Ubera Tigres.

Biſ. Go, Sir, fly to your Midnight Revels.——

Mir. [Excellent] *I ſequere Italiam ventis, pete regna per undas,*
Spero equidem mediis, ſi quid pia Numina poſſunt.
[*Together again.*

Biſ. Converſe with Imps of Darkneſs of your make, your Nature ſtarts at Juſtice, and ſhivers at the touch of Virtue. Now the Devil take his Impudence, he vexes me ſo, I don't know whether to cry or laugh at him.

Mir. Bravely perform'd, my dear *Lybian*; I'll write the Tragedy of *Dido*, and you ſhall act the Part: But you do nothing at all, unleſs you fret your ſelf into a Fit; for here the poor Lady is ſtifled with Vapours, drops into the Arms of her Maids; and the cruel

cruel, barbarous, deceitful Wanderer, is in the very next Line call'd *Pious Æneas.*——There's Authority for ye.

Sorry indeed *Æneas* ſtood
  To ſee her in a Pout;
But *Jove* himſelf, who ne'er thought good
  To ſtay a ſecond Bout,
Commands him off with all his Crew,
And leaves poor *Dy*, as I leave you. [*Runs off.*

Biſ. Go thy ways, for a dear, mad, deceitful, agreeable Fellow. O' my Conſcience I muſt excuſe *Oriana:*

  That Lover ſoon his angry Fair diſarms,
  Whoſe Slighting pleaſes, and whoſe Faults are Charms.

Enter Petit, *runs about to every Door, and knocks.*

Pet. Mr. *Mirabel!* Sir, where are you? no where to be found?

Enter Mirabel.

Mir. What's the matter, *Petit?*

Pet. Moſt critically met.——Ah, Sir, that one who has follow'd the Game ſo long, and brought the poor Hare juſt under his Paws, ſhould let a Mungrel Cur chop in, and run away with the Puſs.

Mir. If your Worſhip can get out of your Allegories, be pleas'd to tell me in three Words what you mean.

Pet. Plain, plain, Sir. Your Miſtreſs and mine is going to be marry'd.

Mir. I believe you lye, Sir.

Pet. Your humble Servant, Sir. [*Going.*

Mir. Come hither, *Petit.* Marry'd, ſay you?

Pet. No, Sir, 'tis no matter; I only thought to do you a Service, but I ſhall take care how I confer my Favours for the future.

Mir. Sir, I beg you ten thouſand Pardons.

[*Bowing low.*

Pet.

Pet. 'Tis enough, Sir.——I come to tell you, Sir, that *Oriana* is this Moment to be ſacrific'd; marry'd paſt Redemption.

Mir. I underſtand her, ſhe'll take a Huſband out of ſpight to me, and then out of love to me ſhe will make him a Cuckold; 'tis ordinary with Women to marry one Perſon for the ſake of another, and to throw themſelves into the Arms of one they hate, to ſecure their Pleaſure with the Man they love. But who is the happy Man?

Petit. A Lord, Sir.

Mir. I'm her Ladyſhip's moſt humble Servant; a Train and a Title, hey! room for my Lady's Coach, a front Row in the Box for her Ladyſhip; Lights, Lights for her Honour.——Now muſt I be a conſtant Attender at my Lord's Levee, to work my way to my Lady's Couchee——a Counteſs, I preſume, Sir.——

Pet. A *Spaniſh* Count, Sir, that Mr. *Dugard* knew abroad, is come to *Paris*, ſaw your Miſtreſs yeſterday, marries her to-day, and whips her into *Spain* tomorrow.

Mir. Ay, is it ſo? and muſt I follow my Cuckold over the *Pyrenees?* Had ſhe marry'd within the Precincts of a Billet-doux, I wou'd be the Man to lead her to Church; but as it happens, I'll forbid the Banes. Where is this mighty Don?

Pet. Have a care, Sir, he's a rough croſs-grain'd Piece, and there's no tampering with him; wou'd you apply to Mr. *Dugard*, or the Lady herſelf, ſomething might be done, for it is in deſpight to you, that the Buſineſs is carry'd ſo haſtily. Odſo, Sir, here he comes! I muſt be gone. [*Exit.*

Enter Old Mir. *dreſs'd in a* Spaniſh *Habit, leading* Oriana.

Ori. Good my Lord, a nobler Choice had better ſuited your Lordſhip's Merit. My Perſon, Rank, and Circumſtance, expoſe me as the publick Theme of Raillery, and ſubject me to ſo injurious Uſage, my

my Lord, that I can lay no claim to any part of your Regard, except your Pity.

Old M. Breathes he vital Air, that dares presume
With rude Behaviour to profane such Excellence!
Shew me the Man ——
And you shall see how my sudden Revenge
Shall fall upon the Head of such Presumption.
Is this thing one? [*Strutting up to* Mirabel.

Mir. Sir!

Ori. Good my Lord.

Old M. If he, or any he!

Ori. Pray, my Lord, the Gentleman's a Stranger.

Old M. O your Pardon, Sir ——but if you had—— remember, Sir ——the Lady now is mine, her Injuries are mine; therefore, Sir, you understand me —— Come, Madam. [*Leads* Oriana *to the Door, she goes off,* Mir. *runs to his Father, and pulls him by the Sleeve.*

Mir. E coute, Monsieur Le Count.

Old M. Your Business, Sir?

Mir. Boh!

Old M. What Language is that, Sir?

Mir. Spanish, my Lord.

Old M. What d'ye mean?

Mir. This, Sir. [*Trips up his Heels.*

Old M. A very concise Quarrel, truly ——I'll bully him.——*Trinidado Seignieur,* give me fair play. [*Offering to rise.*

Mir. By all means, Sir, [*Takes away his Sword.* Now *Seignieur,* where's that bombast Look, and fustian Face your Countship wore just now? [*Strikes him.*

Old M. The Rogue quarrels well, very well, my own Son right! —— But hold, Sirrah, no more Jesting; I'm your Father, Sir, your Father.

Mir. My Father! Then by this Light I cou'd find in my heart to pay thee. [*Aside.*] Is the Fellow mad? Why sure, Sir, I ha'n't frighted you out of your Senses!

Old M. But you have, Sir.

Mir.

Mir. Then I'll beat them into you again.

[*Offers to ſtrike him.*

Old M. Why Rogue——*Bob*, dear *Bob*, don't you know me, Child?

Mir. Ha, ha, ha, the Fellow's downright diſtracted: Thou Miracle of Impudence, wou'dſt thou make me believe that ſuch a grave Gentleman as my Father wou'd go a Maſquerading thus? That a Perſon of threeſcore and three wou'd run about in a Fool's Coat to diſgrace himſelf and Family? Why, you impudent Villain, do you think I will ſuffer ſuch an Affront to paſs upon my honour'd Father, my worthy Father, my dear Father? 'Sdeath, Sir, mention my Father but once again, and I'll ſend your Soul to my Grandfather this Minute.

[*Offering to ſtab him.*

Old M. Well, well, I am not your Father.

Mir. Why then, Sir, you are the ſaucy, hectoring *Spaniard*, and I'll uſe you accordingly.

Old M. The Devil take the *Spaniards*, Sir; we have all got nothing but Blows ſince we began to take their part.

Enter Dugard, Oriana, Maid, Petit. Dugard *runs to* Mirabel, *the reſt to the old Gentleman.*

Dug. Fye, fye, *Mirabel*, murder your Father!

Mir. My Father! What is the whole Family mad? Give me way, Sir, I won't be held.

Old M. No! nor I neither; let me be gone, pray.

[*Offering to go.*

Mir. My Father!

Old M. Ay, you Dog's-Face, I am your Father, for I have bore as much for thee, as your Mother ever did.

Mir. O ho! then this was a Trick, it ſeems, a Deſign, a Contrivance, a Stratagem ——Oh! how my Bones ake!

Old M. Your Bones, Sirrah! why yours?

Mir. Why, Sir, ha'n't I been beating my own Fleſh and Blood all this while? O Madam, [*To* Oriana,]

ana.] I wiſh your Ladyſhip joy of your new Dignity. Here was a Contrivance indeed!

Pet. The Contrivance was well enough, Sir, for they impos'd upon us all.

Mir. Well, my dear *Dulcinea*, did your *Don Quixot* battel for you bravely? My Father will anſwer for the Force of my Love.

Ori. Pray, Sir, don't inſult the Misfortunes of your own creating.

Dug. My Prudence will be counted Cowardice, if I ſtand tamely now.——[*Comes up between* Mirabel *and his Siſter.*] Well, Sir!

Mir. Well, Sir! Do you take me for one of your Tenants, Sir, that you put on your Landlord-face at me?

Dug. On what Preſumption, Sir, dare you aſſume thus? [*Draws.*

Old M. What's that to you, Sir? [*Draws.*

Pet. Help, help, the Lady faints.

[Oriana *falls into her Maid's Arms.*

Mir. Vapours! Vapours! ſhe'll come to herſelf: If it be an angry Fit, a Dram of *Aſſa Fœtida*——If Jealouſy, Harts-horn in Water——If the Mother, burnt Feathers——If Grief, *Ratifia*——If it be ſtrait Stays, or Corns, there's nothing like a Dram of plain Brandy. [*Exit.*

Ori. Hold off, give me Air——O my Brother, wou'd you preſerve my Life, endanger not your own; wou'd you defend my Reputation, leave it to it ſelf; 'tis a dear Vindication that's purchas'd by the Sword; for tho' our Champion prove victorious, yet our Honour is wounded.

Old M. Ay, and your Lover may be wounded, that's another thing. But I think you're pretty briſk again, my Child.

Ori. Ay, Sir, my Indiſpoſition was only a Pretence to divert the Quarrel; the capricious Taſte of your Sex excuſes this Artifice in ours.

For

For often, when our chief Perfections fail,
Our chief Defects with foolish Men prevail. [*Exit.*

Pet. Come, Mr. *Dugard*, take Courage, there is a way still left to fetch him again.

Old M. Sir, I'll have no Plot that has any relation to *Spain*.

Dug. I scorn all Artifice whatsoever; my Sword shall do her Justice.

Pet. Pretty Justice, truly! Suppose you run him thro' the Body; you run her thro' the Heart at the same time.

Old M. And me thro' the Head——rot your Sword, Sir, we'll have Plots; come, *Petit*, let's hear.

Pet. What if she pretended to go into a Nunnery, and so bring him about to declare himself.

Dug. That, I must confess, has a Face.

Old M. Face! A Face like an Angel, Sir. Ad's my Life, Sir, 'tis the most beautiful Plot in *Christendom*. We'll about it immediately. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Street.*

Duretete *and* Mirabel.

Dur. [*In a Passion.*] And tho' I ca'n't dance, nor sing, nor talk like you, yet I can fight, you know, Sir.

Mir. I know thou canst, Man.

Dur. 'Sdeath, Sir, and I will: Let me see the proudest Man alive make a jest of me!

Mir. But I'll engage to make you amends.

Dur. Danc'd to Death! Baited like a Bear! Ridicul'd! threaten'd to be kick'd! Confusion! Sir, you set me on, and I will have Satisfaction, all Mankind will point at me.

Mir. [*Aside.*] I must give this Thunderbolt some Passage, or 'twill break upon my own Head——— Look'e, *Duretete*, what do these Gentlemen laugh at?

Enter two Gentlemen.

Dur. At me, to be ſure——Sir, what made you laugh at me?

1 *Gen.* You're miſtaken, Sir, if we were merry, we had a private Reaſon.

2 *Gen.* Sir, we don't know you.

Dur. Sir, I'll make you know me; mark and obſerve me, I won't be nam'd; it ſha'n't be mention'd, not even whiſper'd in your Prayers at Church. 'Sdeath, Sir, d'ye ſmile?

1 *Gen.* Not I, upon my Word.

Dur. Why then, look grave as an Owl in a Barn, or a Fryer with his Crown a ſhaving.

Mir. [*Aſide to the Gent.*] Don't be bully'd out of your Humour, Gentlemen; the Fellow's mad, laugh at him, and I'll ſtand by you.

1 *Gen.* Igad and ſo we will.

Both. Ha, ha, ha! very pretty. [*Draws.*] She threaten'd to kick me. Ay, then, you Dogs, I'll murder ye. [*Fights, and beats them off,* Mir. *runs over to his Side.*

Mir. Ha, ha, ha! bravely done, *Duretete*, there you had him, noble Captain, they run, they run, *Victoria*, *Victoria*——Ha, ha, ha!——how happy am I in an excellent Friend! Tell me of your Virtuoſo's and Men of Senſe, a parcel of ſourfac'd ſplenetick Rogues——a Man of my thin Conſtitution ſhou'd never want a Fool in his Company: I don't affect your fine things that improve the Underſtanding, but hearty laughing to fatten my Carcaſe: And o' my Conſcience a Man of Senſe is as melancholy without a Coxcomb, as a Lyon without his Jackall; he hunts for our Diverſion, ſtarts Game for our Spleen, and perfectly feeds us with Pleaſure.

I hate the Man who makes Acquaintance nice,
And ſtill diſcreetly plagues me with Advice;
Who moves by Caution, and mature Delays,
And muſt give Reaſons for whate'er he ſays.

Th

The Man, indeed, whoſe Converſe is ſo full,
Makes me attentive, but it makes me dull:
Give me the careleſs Rogue, who never thinks,
That plays the Fool as freely as he drinks.
Not a Buffoon, who is Buffoon by Trade,
But one that Nature, not his Wants have made.
Who ſtill is merry, but does ne'er deſign it:
And ſtill is ridicul'd, but ne'er can find it.
Who when he's moſt in earneſt, is the beſt;
And his moſt grave Expreſſion is the Jeſt. [*Exit.*

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Old* Mirabel's *Houſe.*

Enter Old Mirabel *and* Dugard.

Dug. THE Lady Abbeſs is my Relation, and privy to the Plot: your Son has been there, but had no Admittance beyond the Privilege of the Grate, and there my Siſter refus'd to ſee him. He went off more nettled at his Repulſe, than I thought his Gayety cou'd admit.

Old M. Ay, ay, this Nunnery will bring him about, I warrant ye.

Enter Duretete.

Dur. Here, where are ye all?——O! Mr. *Mirabel*, you have done fine things for your Poſterity——And you, Mr. *Dugard*, may come to anſwer this——I come to demand my Friend at your hands; reſtore him, Sir, or—— [*To Old* Mir.

Old M. Reſtore him! What d'ye think I have got him in my Trunk, or my Pocket!

Dur. Sir, he's mad, and you're the Cause on't.

Old M. That may be; for I was as mad as he when I begat him.

Dug. Mad, Sir! What d'ye mean?

Dur. What do you mean, Sir, by shutting up your Sister yonder, to talk like a Parrot thro' a Cage?——Or a Decoy-Duck, to draw others into the Snare? Your Son, Sir, because she has deserted him, he has forsaken the World: and in three Words, has——

Old M. Hang'd himself!

Dur. The very same, turn'd Fryer.

Old M. You lye, Sir, 'tis ten times worse. *Bob* turn'd Fryer!——Why shou'd the Fellow shave his foolish Crown, when the same Razor may cut his Throat?

Dur. If you have any Command, or you any Interest over him, lose not a Minute! He has thrown himself into the next Monastery, and has order'd me to pay off his Servants, and discharge his Equipage.

Old M. Let me alone to ferret him out; I'll sacrifice the Abbot, if he receives him; I'll try whether the Spiritual or the Natural Father has the most Right to the Child.——But, dear Captain, what has he done with his Estate?

Dur. Settled it upon the Church, Sir.

Old M. The Church! Nay, then the Devil won't get him out of their Clutches.——Ten thousand Livres a Year upon the Church! 'Tis downright Sacrilege.——Come, Gentlemen, all hands to work; for half that Sum, one of these Monasteries shall protect you a Traytor from the Law, a Rebellious Wife from her Husband, and a Disobedient Son from his own Father.

Dug. But will ye persuade me that he's gone to a Monastery!

Dur. Is your Sister gone to the *Filles Repenties?* I tell you, Sir, she's not fit for the Society of repenting Maids.

Dug. Why so, Sir?

Dur. Becauſe ſhe's neither one nor t'other; ſhe's too old to be a Maid, and too young to repent.

[Exit; Dug. *after him.*

SCENE, *the inſide of a Monaſtery*; Oriana *in a Nun's Habit*; Biſarre.

Ori. I hope, *Biſarre*, there is no harm in jeſting with this religious Habit.

Biſ. To me, the greateſt Jeſt in the Habit, is taking it in earneſt: I don't underſtand this impriſoning People with the Keys of *Paradiſe*, nor the Merit of that Virtue which comes by Conſtraint.——Beſides, we may own to one another, that we are in the worſt Company when among our ſelves? for our private Thoughts run us into thoſe Deſires, which our Pride reſiſts from the Attacks of the World; and, you may remember, the firſt Woman then met the Devil, when ſhe retir'd from her Man.

Ori. But I'm reconcil'd, methinks, to the Mortification of a Nunnery; becauſe I fancy the Habit becomes me.

Biſ. A well-contriv'd Mortification, truly, that makes a Woman look ten times handſomer than ſhe did before!——Ay, my Dear, were there any Religion in becoming Dreſs, our Sex's Devotion were rightly plac'd; for our Toylets wou'd do the Work of the Altar; we ſhou'd all be canoniz'd.

Ori. But don't you think there is a great deal of Merit, in dedicating a beautiful Face and Perſon to the Service of Religion?

Biſ. Not half ſo much as devoting 'em to a pretty Fellow: If our Feminality had no buſineſs in this World, why was it ſent hither? Let us dedicate our beautiful Minds to the Service of Heaven. And for our handſome Perſons; they become a Box at the Play, as well as a Pew in the Church.

Ori. But the Viciſſitudes of Fortune, the Inconſtancy of Man, with other Diſappointments of Life,

require ſome place of Religion, for a Refuge from their Perſecution.

Biſ. Ha, ha, ha! And do you think there is any Devotion in a Fellow's going to Church, when he takes it only for a Sanctuary? Don't you know that Religion conſiſts in a Charity with all Mankind; and that you ſhould never think of being Friends with Heaven, till you have quarrell'd with all the World. Come, come, mind your Buſineſs, *Mirabel* loves you, 'tis now plain, and hold him to't; give freſh Orders that he ſha'n't ſee you: We get more by hiding our Faces ſometimes, than by expoſing them: a very Maſk, you ſee, whets Deſire; but a pair of keen Eyes thro' an Iron Grate, fire double upon 'em, with View and Diſguiſe. But I muſt be gone upon my Affairs, I have brought my Captain about again.

Ori. But why will you trouble your ſelf with that Coxcomb?

Biſ. Becauſe he is a Coxcomb; had I not better have a Lover like him, that I can make an Aſs of, than a Lover like yours, to make a Fool of me. [*Knocking below.*] A Meſſage from *Mirabel*, I'll lay my Life. [*She runs to the Door.*] Come hither, Run, thou charming Nun, come hither.

Ori. What's the News? [*Runs to her.*

Biſ. Don't you ſee who's below?

Ori. I ſee no body but a Fryer.

Biſ. Ah! thou poor blind *Cupid!* O' my Conſcience, theſe Hearts of ours ſpoil our Heads inſtantly; the Fellows no ſooner turn Knaves, than we turn Fools. A Fryer! Don't you ſee a villanous genteel Mien under that Cloak of Hypocriſy, the looſe careleſs Air of a tall Rakehelly Fellow?

Ori. As I live, *Mirabel* turn'd Fryer! I hope, in Heav'n, he's not in earneſt.

Biſ. In earneſt: Ha, ha, ha! are you in earneſt? Now's your time; this Diſguiſe has he certainly taken for a Paſſport, to get in and try your Reſolutions; ſtick to your Habit to be ſure; treat him with Diſdain, rather than Anger; for Pride becomes us more

more than Paſſion: Remember what I ſay, if you wou'd yield to advantage, and hold out the Attack; to draw him on, keep him off to be ſure.

The cunning Gameſters never gain too faſt,
But loſe at firſt, to win the more at laſt. [*Exit.*

Ori. His coming puts me into ſome Ambiguity, I don't know how; I don't fear him, but I miſtruſt my ſelf; wou'd he were not come, yet I wou'd not have him gone neither; I'm afraid to talk with him, but I love to ſee him tho'.

What a ſtrange Power has this fantaſtick Fire,
That makes us dread even what we moſt deſire!

Enter Mirabel *in a Fryer's Habit.*

Mir. Save you, Siſter——Your Brother, young Lady, having a regard to your Soul's Health, has ſent me to prepare you for that ſacred Habit by Confeſſion.

Ori. That's falſe, the cloven Foot already. [*Aſide.*] My Brother's Care I own; and to you, ſacred Sir, I confeſs that the great crying Sin which I have long indulg'd, and now prepare to expiate, was Love. My Morning Thoughts, my Evening Prayers, my Daily Muſings, Nightly Cares, was Love! My preſent Peace, my future Bliſs, the Joy of Earth, and Hopes of Heaven, I all contemn'd for Love!

Mir. She's downright ſtark mad in earneſt; Death and Confuſion, I have loſt her! [*Aſide.*] You confeſs your fault, Madam, in ſuch moving Terms, that I could almoſt be in love with the Sin.

Ori. Take care, Sir; Crimes, like Virtues, are their own Rewards; my chief Delight became my only Grief; he in whoſe Breaſt I thought my Heart ſecure, turn'd Robber, and deſpoil'd the Treaſure that he kept.

Mir. Perhaps that Treasure he esteems so much, that like a Miser, tho' afraid to use it, he reserves it safe.

Ori. No, holy Father; who can be Miser in another's Wealth that's Prodigal of his own? His Heart was open, shar'd to all he knew, and what, alas! must then become of mine? But the same Eyes that drew the Passion in, shall send it out in Tears, to which now hear my Vow——

Mir. [*Discovering himself*] No, my fair Angel, but let me repent; here on his Knees behold the Criminal, that vows Repentance his. Ha! No concern upon her!

Ori. This Turn is odd, and the time has been, that such a sudden Change wou'd have surpriz'd me into some Confusion.

Mir. Restore that happy time, for I am now return'd to myself, for I want but pardon to deserve your Favour, and here I'll fix till you relent and give it.

Ori. Groveling, sordid Man; why wou'd you act a thing to make you kneel, Monarch in Pleasure to be Slave to your Faults? Are all the Conquests of your wand'ring Sway, your Wit, your Humour, Fortune, all reduc'd to the base cringing of a bended Knee? Servile and Poor! I——*Love it.* [*Aside.*

Mir. I come not here to justify my Fault, but my Submission, for tho' there be a meanness in this humble Posture, 'tis nobler still to bend when Justice calls, than to resist Conviction.

Ori. No more——thy oft' repeated violated Words reproach my weak Belief, 'tis the severest Calumny to hear thee speak; that humble Posture which once cou'd raise, now mortifies my Pride; how can'st thou hope for Pardon from one that you affront by asking it?

Mir. [*Rises*] In my own Cause no more, but give me leave to intercede for you against the hard Injunctions of that Habit, which for my fault you wear.

Ori. Surprizing Insolence! My greatest Foe pretends to give me Counsel; but I am too warm upon

so

ſo cool a Subject. My Reſolutions, Sir, are fix'd! but as our Hearts were united with the Ceremony of our Eyes, ſo I ſhall ſpare ſome Tears to the Separation. [*Weeps.*] That's all; farewell.

Mir. And muſt I loſe her? No. [*Runs and catches her.*] Since all my Prayers are vain, I'll uſe the nobler Argument of Man, and force you to the Juſtice you refuſe; you're mine by Pre-contract: And where's the Vow ſo ſacred to diſannul another? I'll urge my Love, your Oath, and plead my Cauſe 'gainſt all Monaſtick Shifts upon the Earth.

Ori. Unhand me, Raviſher! Wou'd you prophane theſe holy Walls with Violence? Revenge for all my paſt Diſgrace now offers, thy Life ſhou'd anſwer this, wou'd I provoke the Law: Urge me no farther, but be gone.

Mir. Inexorable Woman, let me kneel again.

[*Kneels.*

Enter Old Mirabel.

Old M. Where, where's this counterfeit Nun?

Ori. Madneſs! Confuſion! I'm ruin'd!

Mir. What do I hear? [*Puts on his Hood.*] What did you ſay, Sir?

Old M. I ſay ſhe's a Counterfeit, and you may be another for ought I know, Sir; I have loſt my Child by theſe Tricks, Sir.

Mir. What Tricks, Sir?

Old M. By a pretended Trick, Sir. A Contrivance to bring my Son to reaſon, and it has made him ſtark mad; I have loſt him and a thouſand Pound a Year.

Mir. [*Diſcovering himſelf.*] My dear Father, I'm your moſt humble Servant.

Old M. My dear Boy, [*Runs and kiſſes him.*] Welcome, *ex Inferis*, my dear Boy; 'tis all a Trick, ſhe's no more a Nun than I am.

Mir. No?

Old M. The Devil a bit.

Mir. Then kiſs me again, my dear Dad, for the moſt happy News.——And now moſt venerable holy Siſter,

[*Kneels.*

Your Mercy and your Pardon I implore,
For the Offence of asking it before.

Look'e, my dear counterfeiting Nun, take my Advice, be a Nun in good earneſt; Women make the beſt Nuns always when they can't do otherwiſe. Ay, my dear Father, there is a Merit in your Son's Behaviour that you little think; the free Deportment of ſuch Fellows as I, makes more Ladies Religious, than all the Pulpits in *France*.

Ori. O! Sir, how unhappily have you deſtroy'd what was ſo near Perfection! He is the Counterfeit that has deceiv'd you,

Old M. Ha! Look'e, Sir, I recant, ſhe is a Nun.

Mir. Sir, your humble Servant, then I'm a Fryer this Moment.

Old M. Was ever an old Fool ſo banter'd by a Brace o' young ones; hang you both, you're both Counterfeits, and my Plot's ſpoil'd, that's all.

Ori. Shame and Confuſion, Love, Anger, and Diſappointment, will work my Brain to Madneſs.

[*Throws off her Habit*. Exit.

Mir. Ay, ay, throw by the Rags, they have ſerv'd a turn for us both, and they ſhall e'en go off together.

[*Takes off his Habit*.

Thus the ſick Wretch, when tortur'd by his Pain,
And finding all Eſſays for Life are vain;
When the Phyſician can no more deſign,
Then call the other Doctor, the Divine.
What Vows to Heaven, wou'd Heaven reſtore his Health;
Vows all to Heaven, his Thoughts, his Actions, Wealth.
But if reſtor'd to Vigour as before,
His Health refuſes what his Sickneſs ſwore.
The Body is no ſooner Rais'd and Well,
But the weak Soul relapſes into Ill;
To all its former Swing of Life is led,
And leaves its Vows and Promiſes in Bed.

[Exit, *throwing away the Habit*.

SCEN.

SCENE *changes to* Old Mirabel's *House:* Duretete *with a Letter.*

Dur. [*Reads,*]

MY *Rudeness was only a Proof of your Humour, which I have found so agreeable, that I own my self penitent, and willing to make any Reparation upon your first Appearance to*

BISARRE.

Mirabel swears she loves me, and this confirms it; then farewel Gallantry, and welcome Revenge; 'tis my turn now to be upon the Sublime, I'll take her off, I warrant her.

Enter Bisarre.

Well, Mistress, do you love me?

Bis. I hope, Sir, you will pardon the Modesty of——

Dur. Of what? of a Dacning Devil!——Do you love me, I say?

Bis. Perhaps I——

Dur. What?

Bis. Perhaps I do not.

Dur. Ha! abus'd again! Death, Woman, I'll——

Bis. Hold, hold, Sir, I do, I do!

Dur. Confirm it then by your Obedience, stand there; and Ogle me now, as if your Heart, Blood, and Soul were like to fly out at your Eyes.——First, the direct Surprise. [*She looks full upon him.*] Right; next the *Deux yeux par oblique.* [*She gives him the side Glance.*] Right; now depart, and languish. [*She turns from him, and looks over her shoulder.*] Very well; now sigh. [*She sighs.*] Now drop your Fan o' purpose. [*She drops her Fan.*] Now take it up again: Come now, confess your Faults: Are not you a proud ——say after me.

Bis. Proud.

Dur. Impertinent.

Bis.

Bif. Impertinent.

Dur. Ridiculous.

Bif. Ridiculous.

Dur. Flirt.

Bif. Puppy.

Dur. Soons, Woman, don't provoke me, we are alone, and you don't know but the Devil may tempt me to do you a Mischief; ask my Pardon immediately.

Bif. I do, Sir, I only mistook the Word.

Dur. Cry then, ha' you got e'er a Handkerchief?

Bif. Yes, Sir.

Dur. Cry then, handsomly; cry like a Queen in a Tragedy. [*She, pretending to cry, bursts out a laughing, and enter two Ladies laughing.*

Bif. Ha, ha, ha!

Ladies both.] Ha, ha, ha!

Dur. Hell broke loose upon me, and all the Furies flutter'd about my Ears! Betray'd again!

Bif. That you are, upon my Word, my dear Captain; ha, ha, ha!

Dur. The Lord deliver me.

1 *Lady.* What! is this the mighty Man with the Bull-face that comes to frighten Ladies? I long to see him angry; come, begin.

Dur. Ah, Madam, I'm the best-natur'd Fellow in the World.

2 *Lady.* A Man! We're mistaken, a Man has Manners; the aukard Creature is some Tinker's Trull in a Perriwig.

Bif. Come, Ladies, let's examine him.

[*They lay hold on him.*

Dur. Examine! The Devil you will!

Bif. I'll lay my Life, some great Dairy-Maid in Man's Clothes.

Dur. They will do't;——look'e, dear Christian Women, pray hear me.

Bif. Will you ever attempt a Lady's Honour again?

Dur.

Dur. If you pleaſe to let me get away with my Honour, I'd do any thing in the World.

Biſ. Will you perſuade your Friend to marry mine?

Dur. O, yes, to be ſure.

Biſ. And will you do the ſame by me?

Dur. Burn me if I do, if the Coaſt be clear.

[*Runs out.*

Biſ. Ha, ha, ha! the Viſit, Ladies, was critical for our Diverſion; we'll go make an end of our Tea. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mirabel *and* Old Mirabel.

Mir. Your Patience, Sir. I tell you I won't marry; and tho' you ſend all the Biſhops in *France* to perſuade me, I ſhall never believe their Doctrine againſt their Practice.

Old M. But will you diſobey your Father, Sir?

Mir. Wou'd my Father have his youthful Son lie lazing here, bound to a Wife, chain'd like a Monkey to make ſport to a Woman, ſubject to her Whims, Humours, Longings, Vapours and Caprices, to have her one Day pleas'd, to-morrow peeviſh, the next Day mad, the fourth rebellious; and nothing but this Succeſſion of Impertinence for Ages together. Be merciful, Sir, to your own Fleſh and Blood.

Old M. But, Sir, did not I bear all this, why ſhould not you?

Mir. Then you think, that Marriage, like Treaſon, ſhould attaint the whole Blood; pray conſider, Sir, is it reaſonable becauſe you throw your ſelf down from one Story, that I muſt caſt my ſelf headlong from the Garret Window? You wou'd compel me to that State, which I have heard you curſe your ſelf, when my Mother and you have battel'd it for a whole Week together.

Old M. Never but once, you Rogue, and that was when ſhe long'd for ſix *Flanders* Mares: Ay, Sir, then

then ſhe was breeding of you, which ſhew'd what an expenſive Dog I ſhou'd have of you.

Enter Petit.

Well, *Petit*, how does ſhe now?

Pet. Mad, Sir, *con Pompos*——Ay, Mr. *Mirabel*, you'll believe that I ſpeak truth now, when I confeſs that I have told you hitherto nothing but Lyes; our Jeſting is come to a ſad Earneſt, ſhe's downright diſtracted.

Enter Biſarre.

Biſ. Where is this mighty Victor?——The great Exploit is done: go triumph in the glory of your Conqueſt, inhuman, barbarous Man! O, Sir, [*to the Old Gentleman*] your wretched Ward has found a tender Guardian of you; where her young Innocence expected Protection, here has ſhe found her Ruin.

Old M. Ay, the fault is mine, for I believe that Rogue won't marry, for fear of begetting ſuch a diſobedient Son as his Father did. I have done all I can, Madam, and now can do no more than run mad for Company. [*Cries.*

Enter Dugard, *with his Sword drawn.*

Dug. Away! Revenge, Revenge.

Old M. Patience, Patience, Sir.

[*Old* Mirabel *holds him.*

Bob draw. [*Aſide.*

Dug. Patience! The Coward's Virtue, and the brave Man's failing, when thus provok'd——Villain!

Mir. Your Siſter's Frenzy ſhall excuſe your Madneſs; and to ſhew my Concern for what ſhe ſuffers, I'll bear the Villain from her Brother.—Put up your Anger with your Sword; I have a Heart like yours, that ſwells at an Affront receiv'd, but melts at an Injury given: and if the lovely *Oriana*'s Grief be ſuch a moving Scene, 'twill find a part within this Breaſt, perhaps as tender as a Brother's.

Dug. To prove that ſoft Compaſſion for her Grief, endeavour to remove it.——There, there, behold an

Object

Object that's infective; I cannot view her, but I am as mad as ſhe: [*Enter* Oriana *mad, held by two Maids, who put her in a Chair.*] A Siſter that my dying Parents left, with their laſt Words and Bleſſing, to my Care. Siſter, dereſt Siſter, [*Goes to her.*

Old M. Ay, poor Child, poor Child, d'ye know me?

Ori. You! you are *Amadis de Gaul*, Sir;——Oh! oh my Heart! Were you never in love, fair Lady? And do you never dream of Flowers and Gardens? ——I dream of walking Fires, and tall Gigantic Sights. Take heed, it comes now——What's that? Pray ſtand away: I have ſeen that Face ſure.——How light my Head is!

Mir. What piercing Charms has Beauty, ev'n in Madneſs! theſe ſudden Starts of undigeſted Words ſhoot thro' my Soul, with more perſuaſive Force than all the ſtudy'd Art of labour'd Eloquence.——Come, Madam, try to repoſe a little.

Ori. I cannot; for I muſt be up to go to Church, and I muſt dreſs me, put on my new Gown, and be ſo fine, to meet my Love. Hey, ho!——Will not you tell me where my Heart lies bury'd?

Mir. My very Soul is touch'd——Your Hand, my Fair.

Ori. How ſoft and gentle you feel: I'll tell you your Fortune, Friend.

Mir. How ſhe ſtares upon me!

Ori. You have a flatt'ring Face; but 'tis a fine one ——I warrant you have five hundred Miſtreſſes—— Ay, to be ſure, a Miſtreſs for every Guinea in his Pocket——Will you pray for me? I ſhall die to-morrow——And will you ring my Paſſing-Bell?

Mir. O Woman, Woman, of Artifice created! whoſe Nature, even diſtracted, has a Cunning: In vain let Man his Senſe, his Learning boaſt, when Woman's Madneſs over-rules his Reaſon. Do you know me, injur'd Creature?

Ori. No,——but you ſhall be my intimate Acquaintance in the Grave. [*Weeps.*

Mir.

Mir. Oh Tears, I muſt believe you; ſure there's a kind of Sympathy in Madneſs; for even I, obdurate as I am, do feel my Soul ſo toſs'd with Storms of Paſſion, that I could cry for help as well as ſhe.——

[*Wipes his Eyes.*

Ori. What have you loſt your Lover? No, you mock me; I'll go home and pray.

Mir. Stay, my fair Innocence, and hear me own my Love ſo loud, that I may call your Senſes to their Place, reſtore 'em to their charming happy Functions, and re-inſtate my ſelf into your Favour.

Biſ. Let her alone, Sir, 'tis all too late; ſhe trembles, hold her, her Fits grow ſtronger by her talking; don't trouble her, ſhe don't know you, Sir.

Old M. Not know him! what then? ſhe loves to ſee him for all that.

Enter Duretete.

Dur. Where are you all? What the Devil! melancholy, and I here! Are ye ſad, and ſuch a ridiculous Subject, ſuch a very good Jeſt among you as I am?

Mir. Away with this Impertinence; this is no place for Bagatel: I have murder'd my Honour, deſtroy'd a Lady, and my deſire of Reparation is come at length too late: See there.

Dur. What ails her?

Mir. Alas, ſhe's mad.

Dur. Mad! doſt wonder at that? By this Light, they're all ſo; they're cozening mad, they're brawling mad, they're proud mad; I juſt now came from a whole World of mad Women, that had almoſt——— What, is ſhe dead?

Mir. Dead! Heav'ns forbid.

Dur. Heav'ns farther it; for 'till they be as cold as a Key, there's no truſting them; you're never ſure that a Woman's in earneſt, 'till ſhe be nail'd in her Coffin. Shall I talk to her? are you mad, Miſtreſs?

Biſ. What's that to you, Sir?

Dur. Oons, Madam, are you there? [*Runs off.*

Mir.

Mir. Away, thou wild Buffoon; how poor and mean this Humour now appears? His Follies and my own I here disclaim; this Lady's Frenzy has restor'd my Senses, and was she perfect now, as once she was, (before you all I speak it,) she shou'd be mine; and as she is, my Tears and Prayers shall wed her.

Dug. How happy had this Declaration been some hours ago?

Bis. Sir, she beckons to you, and waves us to go off; come, come, let's leave 'em.

[*Ex. omnes, but* Mir. *and* Ori.

Ori. Oh, Sir!

Mir. Speak, my charming Angel, if your dear Senses have regain'd their Order; speak, Fair, and bless me with the News.

Ori. First, let me bless the Cunning of my Sex, that happy counterfeited Frenzy that has restor'd to my poor labouring Breast, the dearest, best belov'd of Men.

Mir. Tune all, ye Spheres, your Instruments of Joy, and carry round your spacious Orbs, the happy Sound of *Oriana*'s Health; her Soul, whose Harmony was next to yours, is now in Tune again; the counterfeiting Fair has play'd the Fool.

She was so mad to counterfeit for me,
I was so mad to pawn my Liberty:
But now we both are well, and both are free.

Ori. How, Sir! Free?

Mir. As Air, my dear Bedlamite; what, marry a Lunatick! Look'e, my Dear, you have counterfeited Madness so very well this bout, that you'll be apt to play the Fool all your Life long. ——— Here, Gentlemen.

Ori. Monster! you won't disgrace me.

Mir. O' my Faith, but I will; here, come in Gentlemen. ——— A Miracle! a Miracle! the Woman's dispossess'd, the Devil's vanish'd.

En-

Enter Old Mirabel *and* Dugard.

Old M. Bless us, was she possess'd?

Mir. With the worst of Dæmons, Sir, a Marriage-Devil, a horrid Devil. Mr. *Dugard,* don't be surpriz'd, I promis'd my Endeavours to cure your Sister; no mad Doctor in *Christendom* could have done it more effectually. Take her into your Charge; and have a care she don't relapse: if she should, employ me again, for I am no more infallible than others of the Faculty; I do cure sometimes.

Ori. Your Remedy, most barbarous Man, will prove the greatest Poison to my Health; for tho' my former Frenzy was but counterfeit, I now shall run into a real Madness. [*Exit*; *Old* Mir. *after.*

Dug. This was a turn beyond my Knowledge; I'm so confus'd, I know not how to resent it. [*Exit.*

Mir. What a dangerous Precipice have I 'scap'd? Was not I just now upon the Brink of Destruction?

Enter Duretete.

O my Friend, let me run into **thy** Bosom; no Lark escap'd from the devouring Pounces of a Hawk, quakes with more dismal Apprehension.

Dur. The matter, Man!

Mir. Marriage, Hanging; I was just at the Gallows-foot, the running Noose about my Neck, and the Cart wheeling from me.——Oh——I shan't be myself this Month again.

Dur. Did not I tell you so? They are all alike Saints or Devils; their counterfeiting can't be reputed a Deceit; for 'tis the Nature of the Sex, not their Contrivance.

Mir. Ay, ay; there's no living here with Security; this House is is so full of Stratagem and Design, that I must abroad again.

Dur. With all my heart, I'll bear thee Company, my Lad; I'll meet you at the Play; and we'll set out for *Italy* to-morrow Morning.

Mir.

Mir. A Match: I'll go pay my Compliment of leave to my Father presently.

Dur. I'm afraid he'll stop you.

Mir. What pretend a Command over me after his Settlement of a thousand Pound a Year upon me? No, no, he has passed away his Authority with the Conveyance; the Will of a living Father is chiefly obeyed for the sake of the dying one.

What makes the World attend and croud the Great?
Hopes, Interest, and Dependance, make their State.
Behold the Ante-chamber fill'd with Beaus,
A Horse's Levee throng'd with Courtly Crows.
Tho' grumbling Subjects make the Crown their Sport,
Hopes of a Place will bring the Sparks to Court.
Dependance, even a Father's Sway secures,
For tho' the Son rebels, the Heir is yours.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, *the Street before the* Play-house; Mirabel *and* Duretete *as coming from the Play.*

Dur. HOW d'ye like this Play?

Mir. I lik'd the Company; the Lady, the rich Beauty in the Front-Box had my Attention: These impudent Poets bring the Ladies together to support them, and to kill every body else.

For Deaths upon the Stage the Ladies cry,
But ne'er mind us that in the Audience die:

The

The Poet's Hero ſhou'd not move their Pain,
But they ſhou'd weep for thoſe their Eyes have ſlain.

Dur. Hoity, toity; did *Phillis* inſpire you with all this?

Mir. Ten times more; the Play-houſe is the Element of Poetry, becauſe the Region of Beauty; the Ladies, methinks, have a more inſpiring triumphant Air in the Boxes than any where elſe, they ſit commanding on their Thrones with all their Subject-ſlaves about them: Their beſt Clothes, beſt Looks, ſhining Jewels, ſparkling Eyes, the Treaſure of the World in a Ring. Then there's ſuch a hurry of Pleaſure to tranſport us; the Buſtle, Noiſe, Gallantry, Equipage, Garters, Feathers, Wigs, Bows, Smiles, Ogles, Love, Muſick and Applauſe; I cou'd wiſh that my whole Life long were the firſt Night of a new Play.

Dur. The Fellow has quite forgot this Journey; have you beſpoke Poſt-Horſes?

Mir. Grant me but three Days, dear Captain, one to diſcover the Lady, one to unfold my ſelf, and one to make me happy; and then I'm yours to the World's end.

Dur. Haſt thou the Impudence to promiſe thy ſelf a Lady of her Figure and Quality in ſo ſhort a time?

Mir. Yes, Sir——I have a confident Addreſs, no diſagreeable Perſon, and five hundred *Lewidores* in my Pocket.

Dur. Five hundred *Lewidores!* You a'n't mad?

Mir. I tell you, ſhe's worth five thouſand; one of her black brilliant Eyes is worth a Diamond as big as her Head. I compar'd her Necklace with her Looks, and the living Jewels out-ſparkl'd the dead ones by a Million.

Dur. But you have own'd to me, that abating *Oriana*'s Pretenſions to Marriage, you lov'd her paſſionately, then how can you wander at this rate?

Mir.

Mir. I long'd for a Partridge t'other day off the King's Plate, but d'ye think, becauſe I cou'd not have it, I muſt eat nothing?

Dur. Prithee, *Mirabel*, be quiet; you may remember what narrow ſcapes you have had abroad by following Strangers; you forget your Leap out of the *Courtêſan*'s Window at *Bolognia* to ſave your fine Ring there.

Mir. My Ring's a Trifle, there's nothing we poſſeſs comparable to what we deſire——be ſhy of a Lady barefac'd in the Front-Box with a thouſand Pound in Jewels about her Neck! For ſhame, no more.

Enter Oriana *in Boy's Clothes with a Letter.*

Ori. Is your Name *Mirabel*, Sir?

Mir. Yes, Sir.

Ori. A Letter from your Uncle in *Picardy*.

[*Gives the Letter.*

Mir. [*Reads.*]

THE Bearer is the Son of a Proteſtant Gentleman, who flying for his Religion, left me the Charge of this Youth [a pretty Boy] *he's fond of ſome handſome Service that may afford him opportunity of Improvement, your Care of him will oblige*

Yours.

Haſt a mind to travel, Child?

Ori. 'Tis my Deſire, Sir; I ſhould be pleas'd to ſerve a Traveller in any Capacity.

Mir. A hopeful Inclination; you ſhall along with me into *Italy*, as my Page.

Dur. I don't think it ſafe; the Rogue's [*Noiſe without*] too handſome——The Play's done, and ſome of the Ladies come this way.

Enter Lamorce, *with her Train born up by a Page.*

Mir. Duretete, the very dear, identical She.

Dur. And what then?

Mir. Why 'tis ſhe.

Dur.

Dur. And what then, Sir?

Mir. Then! Why,——Look'e Sirrah, the firſt piece of Service I put you upon, is to follow that Lady's Coach, and bring me word where ſhe lives.

[*To* Oriana.

Ori. I don't know the Town, Sir, and am afraid of loſing myſelf.

Mir. Pſhaw!

Lam. Page, what's become of all my People?

Page. I can't tell, Madam, I can ſee no ſign of your Ladyſhip's Coach.

Lam. That Fellow is got into his old Pranks, and fall'n drunk ſomewhere; none of the Footmen there?

Page. Not one, Madam.

Lam. Theſe Servants are the plague of our Lives, what ſhall I do?

Mir. By all my Hopes Fortune pimps for me; now, *Duretete*, for a piece of Gallantry.

Dur. Why, you won't ſure?

Mir. Won't, Brute! Let not your Servants Neglect, Madam, put your Ladyſhip to any Inconvenience, for you can't be diſappointed of an Equipage whilſt mine waits below; and wou'd you honour the Maſter ſo far, he wou'd be proud to pay his Attendance.

Dur. Ay, to be ſure. [*Aſide.*

Lam. Sir, I won't preſume to be troubleſome, for my Habitation is a great way off.

Dur. Very true, Madam, and he's a little engag'd; beſides, Madam, a Hackney-Coach will do as well, Madam.

Mir. Rude Beaſt, be quiet! [*To* Duretete.] The farther from home, Madam, the more occaſion you have for Guard——pray, Madam.——

Lam. Lard, Sir.—— [*He ſeems to preſs, ſhe to decline it in dumb ſhew.*

Dur. Ah! The Devil's in his Impudence; now he wheedles, ſhe ſmiles; he flatters, ſhe ſimpers; he ſwears, ſhe believes; he's a Rogue, and ſhe's a W—— in a moment.

Mir.

Mir. Without there, my Coach; *Duretete,* wiſh me Joy. [*Hands the Lady out.*

Dur. Wiſh you a Surgeon! Here you little *Picard,* go follow your Maſter, and he'll lead you——

Ori. Whither, Sir?

Dur. To the Academy, Child: 'tis the Faſhion with Men of Quality to teach their Pages their Exerciſes ——go.

Ori. Won't you go with him too, Sir? that Woman may do him ſome harm, I don't like her.

Dur. Why, how now, *Tages,* do you ſtart up to give Laws of a ſudden; do you pretend to riſe at Court, and diſapprove the Pleaſures of your Betters? Look'e, Sirrah, if ever you wou'd riſe by a great Man, be ſure to be with him in his little Actions, and as a ſtep to your Advancement, follow your Maſter immediately, and make it your Hope that he go to a Bawdy-Houſe.

Ori. Heavens forbid. [*Exit.*

Dur. Now wou'd I ſooner take a Cart in Company of the Hangman, than a Coach with that Woman: What a ſtrange Antipathy have I taken againſt theſe Creatures; A Woman to me is Averſion upon Averſion, Cheeſe, a Cat, a Breaſt of Mutton, the Squeeling of Children, the Grinding of Knives, and the Snuff of a Candle.

SCENE, *a handſome Apartment.*

Enter Mirabel *and* Lamorce.

Lam. To convince me, Sir, that your Service was ſomething more than good Breeding, pleaſe to lay out an Hour of your Company upon my Deſire, as you have already upon my Neceſſity.

Mir. Your Deſire, Madam, has only prevented my Requeſt; my Hours! Make 'em yours, Madam, eleven, twelve, one, two, three, and all that belong to thoſe happy Minutes.

Lam. But I muſt trouble you, Sir, to diſmiſs your Retinue, becauſe an Equipage at my Door, at this time

time of Night will not be consistent with my Reputation.

Mir. By all means, Madam, all but one little Boy—— Here, Page, order my Coach and Servants home, and do you stay; 'tis a foolish Country Boy, that knows nothing but Innocence.

Lam. Innocence, Sir! I shou'd be sorry if you made any sinister Constructions of my Freedom.

Mir. O Madam, I must not pretend to remark upon any body's Freedom, having so entirely forfeited my own.

Lam. Well, Sir, 'twere convenient towards our easy Correspondence, that we enter'd into a free Confidence of each other, by a mutual Declaration of what we are, and what we think of one another.——Now, Sir, what are you?

Mir. In three Words, Madam,——I am a Gentleman, I have five hundred Pounds in my Pocket, and a clean Shirt on.

Lam. And your Name is——

Mir. Mustapha.—— Now, Madam the Inventory of your Fortunes.

Lam. My Name is *Lamorce*; my Birth noble; I was marry'd young, to a proud, rude, sullen, imperious Fellow; the Husband spoiled the Gentleman; Crying ruin'd my Face, 'till at last I took heart, leap'd out of a Window, got away to my Friends, su'd my Tyrant, and recover'd my Fortune——I lived from fifteen to twenty to please a Husband, from twenty to forty I'm resolv'd to please my self, and from thence upwards I'll humour the World.

Mir. The charming wild Notes of a Bird broke out of its Cage!

Lam. I mark'd you at the Play, and something I saw of a well-furnish'd, careless, agreeable Tour about you. Methought your Eyes made their mannerly Demands with such an arch Modesty, that I don't know how——but I'm elop'd. Ha, ha, ha! I'm elop'd.

Mir.

Mir. Ha, ha, ha! I rejoyce in your good Fortune with all my Heart.

Lam. O, now I think on't, Mr. *Muſtapha*, you have got the fineſt Ring there, I cou'd ſcarcely believe it right, pray let me ſee it.

Mir. Hum! Yes, Madam, 'tis, 'tis right——but, but, but, but, it was given me by my Mother, an old Family-Ring, Madam, an old-faſhion'd Family-Ring.

Lam. Ay, Sir——if you can entertain your ſelf with a Song for a moment, I'll wait on you; come in there.

Enter Singers.

Call what you pleaſe, Sir.

Mir. The new Song——*Prithee*, Phillis, *&c.*

SONG.

Certainly the Stars have been in a ſtrange intriguing Humour when I was born.——Ay, this Night ſhou'd I have had a Bride in my Arms, and that I ſhou'd like well enough; but what ſhou'd I have to-morrow Night? the ſame. And what next Night? the ſame; and what next Night? the very ſame: Soop for Breakfaſt, Soop for Dinner, Soop for Supper, and Soop for Breakfaſt again—— but here's variety.

I love the Fair who freely gives her Heart,
That's mine by Ties of Nature, not of Art;
Who boldly owns whate'er her Thoughts indite,
And is too modeſt for a Hypocrite.

[Lamorce *appears at the Door, as he runs towards her, four Bravoes ſtep in before her. He ſtarts back.*

She comes, ſhe comes——Hum, hum——Bitch——Murder'd, murder'd to be ſure! The curſed Strumpet! To make me ſend away my Servants——no body near me! Theſe Cut-throats always make ſure Work.

What ſhall I do? I have but one way. Are theſe Gentlemen, your Relations, Madam?

Lam. Yes, Sir.

Mir. Gentlemen, your moſt humble Servant; Sir, your moſt faithful, yours, Sir, with all my heart; your moſt obedient——come, Gentlemen, [*Salutes all round*] pleaſe to ſit.——no Ceremony, next the Lady, pray Sir.

Lam. Well, Sir, and how do you like my Friends? [*They all ſit.*

Mir. O, Madam, the moſt finiſh'd Gentlemen! I was never more happy in good Company in my Life; I ſuppoſe, Sir, you have traveli'd?

1 *Bra.* Yes, Sir.

Mir. Which way, may I preſume?

1 *Bra.* In a Weſtern Barge, Sir.

Mir. Ha, ha, ha! very pretty; facetious pretty Gentleman!

Lam. Ha, ha, ha! Sir, you have got the prettieſt Ring upon your Finger there——

Mir. Ah! Madam, 'tis at your Service with all my Heart. [*Offering the Ring.*

Lam. By no means, Sir, a Family-Ring! [*Takes it.*

Mir. No matter, Madam. Seven hundred Pound, by this Light. [*Aſide.*

2 *Bra.* Pray, Sir, what's o' clock?

Mir. Hum! Sir, I forgot my Watch at home.

2 *Bra.* I thought I ſaw the String of it juſt now.

Mir. Ods my Life, Sir, I beg your Pardon, here it is——but it don't go. [*Putting it up.*

Lam. O dear Sir, an *Engliſh* Watch! *Tompion*'s, I preſume.

Mir. D'ye like it, Madam——no Ceremony——'tis at your Service with all my Heart and Soul——*Tompion*'s! Hang ye. [*Aſide.*

1 *Bra.* But, Sir, above all things, I admire the Faſhion and Make of your Sword-hilt.

Mir. I'm mighty glad you like it, Sir.

1 *Bra.* Will you part with it, Sir?

Mir

Mir. Sir, I won't ſell it.

1 *Bra.* Not ſell it, Sir!

Mir. No, Gentlemen,——but I'll beſtow it with all my heart. [*Offering it.*

1 *Bra.* O Sir, we ſhall rob you.

Mir. That you do, I'll be ſworn. [*Aſide.*] I have another at home, pray, Sir,——Gentlemen, you're too modeſt: Have I any thing elſe that you fancy?——Sir, will you do me a Favour? [*To the* 1 *Bravo.*] I am extremely in love with that Wig which you wear, will you do me the favour to change with me?

1 *Bra.* Look'e, Sir, this is a Family-Wig, and I wou'd not part with it, but if you like it——

Mir. Sir, your moſt humble Servant.

[*They change Wigs.*

1 *Bra.* Madam, your moſt humble Slave.

[*Goes up foppiſhly to the Lady, ſalutes her.*

2 *Bra.* The Fellow's very liberal, ſhall we murder him?

1 *Bra.* What! Let him eſcape to hang us all! And I to loſe my Wig; no, no, I want but a handſome Pretence to quarrel with him, for you know we muſt act like Gentlemen. Here, ſome Wine——[*Wine here.*] Sir, your good Health.

[*Pulls* Mirabel *by the Noſe.*

Mir. Oh! Sir, your moſt humble Servant; a pleaſant Frolick enough, to drink a Man's Health, and pull him by the Noſe; ha, ha, ha! the pleaſanteſt pretty-humour'd Gentleman.

Lam. Help the Gentleman to a Glaſs. [Mir. *drinks.*

1 *Bra.* How d'ye like the Wine, Sir?

Mir. Very good o' the kind, Sir; but I tell ye what, I find we're all inclin'd to be frolickſome, and 'gad, for my own part, I was never more diſpoſed to be merry; let's make a Night on't, ha!——This Wine is pretty, but I have ſuch *Burgundy* at home.——Look'e, Gentlemen, let me ſend for a dozen Flaſks of my *Burgundy*, I defy *France* to match it——'Twill make us all Life, all Air, pray, Gentlemen.

2 *Bra.* Eh! Shall us have his *Burgundy?*

1 *Bra.* Yes, faith, we'll have all we can; here, call up the Gentleman's Servant.——What think you, *Lamorce?*

Lam. Yes, yes,——your Servant is a foolish Country Boy, Sir, he understands nothing but Innocence?

Mir. Ay, ay, Madam.——Here, Page, [*Enter* Oriana] take this Key, and go to my Butler, order him to send half a dozen Flasks of the red *Burgundy*, mark'd a thousand; and be sure you make haste, I long to entertain my Friends here, my very good Friends.

Omnes. Ah, dear Sir!

1 *Bra.* Here, Child, take a Glass of Wine——Your Master and I have chang'd Wigs, Honey, in a Frolick.——Where had you this pretty Boy, honest *Mustapha?*

Ori. Mustapha!

Mir. Out of *Picardy*——this is the first Errand he has made for me, and if he does it right, I'll encourage him.

Ori. The red *Burgundy*, Sir?

Mir. The red, mark'd a thousand, and be sure you make haste

Ori. I shall, Sir. [*Exit.*

1 *Bra.* Sir, you were pleas'd to like my Wig, have you any fancy for my Coat?——Look'e, Sir, it has serv'd a great many honest Gentlemen very faithfully.

Mir. Not so faithfully, for I'm afraid it has got a scurvy trick of leaving all its Masters in Necessity.——The Insolence of these Dogs is beyond their Cruelty. [*Aside.*

Lam. You're melancholy, Sir.

Mir. Only concern'd, Madam, that I shou'd have no Servant here but this little Boy——he'll make some confounded Blunder, I'll lay my Life on't; I wou'd not be disappointed of my Wine for the Universe.

Lam.

Lam. He'll do well enough, Sir: but Supper's ready, will you pleaſe to eat a Bit, Sir?

Mir. O Madam, I never had a better Stomach in my Life.

Lam. Come then,——we have nothing but a Plate of Soop.

Mir. Ah! The Marriage-Soop I cou'd diſpenſe with now. [*Aſide*] [Exit, *handing the Lady.*

2 *Bra.* That Wig won't fall to your Share.

1 *Bra.* No, no, we'll ſettle that after Supper, in the mean time the Gentleman ſhall wear it.

2 *Bra.* Shall we diſpatch him?

3 *Bra.* To be ſure, I think he knows me.

1 *Bra.* Ay, ay, dead Men tell no Tales; I wonder at the Impudence of the *Engliſh* Rogues, that will hazard the meeting a Man at the Bar that they have encounter'd upon the Road! I ha'n't the Confidence to look a Man in the Face after I have done him an Injury, therefore we'll murder him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to Old* Mirabel's *Houſe.*

Enter Duretete.

Dur. My Friend has forſaken me, I have abandon'd my Miſtreſs, my time lies heavy on my hands, and my Money burns in my Pocket.——But now I think on't, my Myrmidons are upon Duty to-night: I'll fairly ſtroll down to the Guard, and nod away the Night with my honeſt Lieutenant over a Flaſk of Wine, a Rakehelly Story, and a Pipe of Tobacco.

[*Going off,* Biſ. *meets him.*

Biſ. Who comes there? ſtand!

Dur. Hey-day, now ſhe's turn'd Dragoon.

Biſ. Look'e, Sir, I'm told you intend to travel again——I deſign to wait on you as far as *Italy.*

Dur. Then I'll travel into *Wales.*

Biſ. *Wales!* What Country's that?

Dur. The Land of Mountains, Child, where you're never out of the way, 'cauſe there's no ſuch thing as a High-Road.

Bif. Rather always in a High-road, 'cauſe you travel all upon Hills; ——— but be't as it will, I'll jog along with you.

Dur. But we intend to ſail to the *Eaſt-Indies.*

Bif. *Eaſt* or *Weſt*, 'tis all one to me; I'm tight and light, and the fitter for ſailing.

Dur. But ſuppoſe we take thro' *Germany*, and drink hard.

Bif. Suppoſe I take thro' *Germany*, and drink harder than you.

Dur. Suppoſe I go to a Baudy-houſe.

Bif. Suppoſe I ſhew you the way.

Dur. 'Sdeath, Woman, will you go to the Guard with me, and ſmoak a Pipe?

Bif. Allons, Done!

Dur. The Devil's in the Woman; ——— ſuppoſe I hang myſelf.

Bif. There I'll leave you.

Dur. And a happy riddance, the Gallows is welcome.

Bif. Hold, hold, Sir, [*Catches him by the Arm going*] one word before we part.

Dur. Let me go, Madam, ——— or I ſhall think that you're a Man, and perhaps may examine you.

Bif Stir if you dare; I have ſtill Spirits to attend me; and can raiſe ſuch a muſter of Fairies as ſhall puniſh you to death——Come, Sir, ſtand there now and ogle me; [*He frowns upon her.*] Now a languiſhing Sigh! [*He groans.*] Now run and take up my Fan,——faſter. [*He runs and takes it up.*] Now play with it handſomely.

Dur. Ay, ay. [*He tears it all in pieces.*

Bif. Hold, hold, dear humorous Coxcomb; Captain, ſpare my Fan, and I'll——Why, you rude, inhuman Monſter, don't you expect to pay for this?

Dur. Yes, Madam, there's Twelve-pence; for that is the price on't.

Bif. Sir, it coſt a Guinea.

Dur.

Dur. Well, Madam, you ſhall have the Sticks again. [*Throws them to her, and* Exit.

Biſ. Ha, ha, ha! ridiculous, below my Concern. I muſt follow him however, to know if he can give me any news of *Oriana.* [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Lamorce's *Lodgings.*

Enter Mirabel ſolus.

Mir. Bloody Hell-hounds, I over-heard you:——Was not I two Hours ago the happy, gay, rejoicing——*Mirabel?* How did I plume my Hopes in a fair coming proſpect of a long Scene of Years? Life courted me with all the Charms of Vigour, Youth, and Fortune; and to be torn away from all my promiſed Joys, is more than Death; the Manner too, by Villains.——O my *Oriana*, this very moment might have bleſs'd me in thy Arms!——and my poor Boy, the innocent Boy!——Confuſion!——But huſh, they come; I muſt diſſemble ſtill——No News of my Wine, Gentlemen?

Enter the four Bravoes.

1 *Bra.* No, Sir, I believe your Country Booby has loſt himſelf, and we can wait no longer for't:——true, Sir, you're a pleaſant Gentleman, but I ſuppoſe you underſtand our Buſineſs.

Mir. Sir, I may go near to gueſs at your Employments; you, Sir, are a Lawyer, I preſume, you a Phyſician, you a Scrivener, you a Stock-jobber.——All Cut-throats, I'gad. [*Aſide.*

4 *Bra* Sir, I am a Broken-Officer; I was caſhier'd at the Head of the Army for a Coward: So I took up the Trade of Murder to retrieve the Reputation of my Courage.

3 *Bra.* I am a Soldier too, and wou'd ſerve my King, but I don't like the Quarrel, and I have more Honour than to fight in a bad Cauſe.

2 *Bra.*

2 *Bra.* I was bred a Gentleman, and have no Estate, but I must have my Whore and my Bottle; thro' the Prejudice of Education.

1 *Bra.* I am a Ruffian too; by the Prejudice of Education, I was bred a Butcher. In short, Sir, if your Wine had come, we might have trifled a little longer.——Come, Sir, which Sword will you fall by? mine, Sir?

2 *Bra.* Or mine? [*draws.*

3 *Bra.* Or mine? [*draws.*

4 *Bra.* Or mine? [*draws.*

Mir. I scorn to beg my Life; but to be butcher'd thus! O, there's the Wine:————this moment for [*knocking*] my Life or Death.

Enter Oriana.

Lost, for ever lost!——Where's the Wine, Child? [*faintly.*

Ori. Coming up, Sir, [*Stamps.*]

Enter Duretete *with his Sword drawn, and six of the grand Musquetteers with their Pieces presented, the Ruffians drop their Swords.* Oriana *goes off.*

Mir. The Wine, the Wine, the Wine! Youth, Pleasure, Fortune, Days and Years, are now my own again.——Ah, my dear Friends, did not I tell you this Wine wou'd make me merry?————Dear Captain, these Gentlemen are the best-natur'd, facetious, witty Creatures, that ever you knew.

Enter Lamorce.

Lam. Is the Wine come, Sir?

Mir. O yes, Madam, the Wine is come————see there————Your Ladyship has got a very fine Ring [*Pointing to the Soldiers*] upon your Finger.

Lam. Sir, 'tis at your Service.

Mir. O ho! is it so? Thou dear Seven hundred Pound, thou'rt welcome home again, with all my Heart————Ad's my Life, Madam, you have got the finest-built Watch there! *Tompion*'s, I presume.

Lam.

Lam. Sir, you may wear it.

Mir. O, Madam, by no means, 'tis too much——Rob you of all!——[*Taking it from her*] Good dear Time, thou'rt a precious thing. I'm glad I have retriev'd thee. [*Putting it up.*] What, my Friends neglected all this while! Gentlemen, you'll pardon my Complaisance to the Lady.——How now——is it so civil to be out of humour at my Entertainment, and I so pleased with yours? Captain you're surpriz'd at all this! but we're in our Frolicks you must know——Some Wine here.

Enter Servant *with Wine.*

Come, Captain, this worthy Gentleman's Health,
[*Tweaks the first* Bravo *by the Nose, he roars.*
But now, where,——where's my dear Deliverer, my Boy, my charming Boy?

1 *Bra.* I hope some of our Crew below-stairs have dispatch'd him.

Mir. Villain, what say'st thou? dispatch'd! I'll have ye all tortur'd, rack'd, torn to pieces alive, if you have touch'd my Boy.——Here Page! Page! Page! [*Runs out.*

Dur. Here, Gentlemen, be sure you secure those Fellows.

1 *Bra.* Yes, Sir, we know you and your Guard will be very civil to us.

Dur. Now for you, Madam;——He, he, he!——I'm so pleas'd to think I shall be reveng'd of one Woman before I die——Well, Mistress *Snap-dragon,* which of these honourable Gentlemen is so happy to call you Wife.

1 *Bra.* Sir, she shou'd have been mine to-night, 'cause *Sampre* here had her last Night. Sir, she's very true to us all four.

Dur. Take 'em to Justice. [*The Guards carry off the* Bravoes.

Enter Old Mirabel, Dugard, Bisarre.

Old M. Robin, Robin, where's *Bob?* where's my Boy?——

What,

What is this Lady, a pretty Whore, faith! ——— Hearkʼe Child, becauſe my Son was ſo civil as to obblige you with a Coach, Iʼll treat you with a Cart, indeed I will.

Dur. Ay, Madam,——and you ſhall have a ſwinging Equipage, three or four thouſand Footmen at your Heels at leaſt.

Dur. No leſs becomes her Quality.

Biſ. Faugh the Monſter!

Dur. Monſter! ay, you're all a little monſtrous, let me tell you.

Enter Mirabel.

Old M. Ah, my dear *Bob*, art thou ſafe, Man?

Mir. No, no, Sir, I am ruin'd, the Saver of my Life is loſt.

Old M. No, no, he came and brought us the News.

Mir. But where is he?———[*Enter* Oriana.] Ha! [*Runs and embraces her.*] My dear Preſerver, what ſhall I do to recompence your truſt. ———Father, Friend, Gentlemen, behold the Youth that has reliev'd me from the moſt ignominious Death, from the ſcandalous Poniards of theſe bloody *Ruffians*, where to have fall'n, wou'd have defam'd my Memory with vile Reproach.———My Life, Eſtate, my All, is due to ſuch a Favour.—— Command me, Child, before you all, before my late, ſo kind indulgent Stars, I ſwear, to grant whate'er you aſk.

Ori. To the ſame Stars indulgent now to me, I will appeal as to the Juſtice of my Claim, I ſhall demand but what was mine before——the juſt Performance of your Contract to *Oriana*.

[*Diſcovering herſelf.*

Om. Oriana!

Ori. In this Di[illegible] reſolv'd to follow you abroad, counterfeited [illegible] Letter that got me into your Service; and ſo, by this ſtrange turn of Fate, I became the Inſtrument of your Preſervation; few common Servants wou'd have had ſuch cunning: My Love inſpir'd me with the meaning of your Meſ-

ſage,

ſage, 'cauſe my Concern for your Safety made me ſuſpect your Company.

Dur. Mirabel, you're caught.

Mir. Caught! I ſcorn the thought of Impoſition, the Tricks and artful Cunning of the Sex I have deſpis'd, and broke thro' all Contrivance. Caught! No, 'tis my voluntary Act; this was no human Stratagem, but by my providential Stars, deſign'd to ſhew the Dangers wandring Youth incurs by the purſuit of an unlawful Love, to plunge me headlong in the Snares of Vice, and then to free me by the Hands of Virtue; here, on my Knees, I humbly beg my fair Preſerver's pardon; my Thanks are needleſs, for myſelf I owe: And now for ever do proteſt me yours.

Old M. Tall, all di dall. [*Sings.*] Kiſs me Daughter——no, you ſhall kiſs me firſt, [*To* Lamorce,] For you're the cauſe on't. Well, *Biſarre*, what ſay you to the Captain?

Biſ. I like the Beaſt well enough, but I don't underſtand his Paces ſo well as to venture him in a ſtrange Road.

Old M. But Marriage is ſo beaten a Path, that you can't go wrong.

Biſ. Ay, 'tis ſo beaten that the Way is ſpoil'd.

Dur. There is but one thing ſhou'd make me thy Huſband.——I cou'd marry thee to-day for the Privilege of beating thee to-morrow.

Old M. Come, come, you may agree for all this: Mr. *Dugard*, are not you pleas'd with this?

Dug. So pleas'd, that if I thought it might ſecure your Son's Affection to my Siſter, I wou'd double her Fortune.

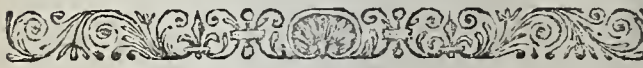
Mir. Fortune! has not ſhe given me mine? my Life, Eſtate, my All, and what is more, her virtuous ſelf.——Virtue, in this ſo advantageous Light, has her own ſparkling Charms, more tempting far than glittering Gold or Glory. Behold the Foil [*Pointing to* Lamorce] that ſets this Brightneſs off; [*To* Oriana] Here view the Pride [*To* Oriana] and

Scandal

Scandal of the Sex.. [*To* Lam.] There [*To* Lam.] the false Meteor, whose deluding Light leads Mankind to Destruction. Here [*To* Oriana] the bright shining Star that guides to a Security of Happiness, a Garden and a single She [*To* Oriana.] was our first Father's Bliss; the Tempter [*To* Lam.] and to wander was his Curse.

What Liberty can be so tempting there; [*To* Lam.
As a soft, virtuous, amorous Bondage here? [*To* Oriana

The End of the fifth ACT.



SONG: By Mr. *O----r.*

Set by Mr. *Daniel Purcell.*

I.

SInce, Celia, *'tis not in our power*
To tell how long our Lives may last,
Begin to love this very Hour,
You've lost too much in what is past.

II.

For since the Power we all obey,
Has in your Breast my Heart confin'd,
Let me my Body to it lay,
In vain you'd part what Nature join'd.

FINIS.

I. Basire sculp

THE TWIN-RIVALS.

A

COMEDY.

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE:

By Her MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by Mr. GEORGE FARQUHAR.

Sic vos non vobis.

LONDON:

Printed for BERNARD LINTOT; and sold by W. FEALES, at *Rowe's-Head*, the Corner of *Essex-Street* in the *Strand*.

M.DCC.XXXVI.

TO

HENRY BRETT Esq;

THE Commons of England *have a Right of Petitioning; and since by your Place in the Senate, you are oblig'd to hear and redress the Subject, I presume upon the Privilege of the People, to give you the following Trouble.*

As Prologues introduce Plays on the Stage, so Dedications usher them into the great Theatre of the World; and as we chuse some stanch Actor to address the Audience, *so we pitch upon some Gentleman of undisputed Ingenuity to recommend us to the* Reader. *Books, like Metals, require to be stampt with some valuable Effigies before they become popular and current.*

To escape the Criticks, I resolv'd to take Sanctuary with one of the best; one who differs from the Fraternity in this, That his Good-nature is ever predominant: can discover an Author's smallest Faults, and pardon the greatest.

Your generous Approbation, Sir, *has done this Play service, but has injur'd the Author; for it has made him insufferably vain, and he thinks himself authoriz'd to stand up for the Merit of his Performance, when so great a Master of Wit has declar'd in his Favour.*

The Muses are the most Coquetish of their Sex, fond of being admir'd, and always putting on their best Airs to the finest Gentleman: But alas, Sir! *Their Addresses are stale, and their fine things but Repetition; for there is nothing new in Wit, but what is found in your own Conversation.*

Cou'd I write by the help of Study, as you talk without it, I wou'd venture to say something in the usual Strain of Dedication; but as you have too much Wit to suffer it, and I too little to undertake it, I hope the World will excuse my Deficiency, and you will pardon the Presumption of,

SIR,

December 23, 1702.

Your most Oblig'd, and most Humble Servant,

G. FARQUHAR.

THE

PREFACE.

THE Succeſs and Countenance that Debauchery has met with in Plays, was the moſt ſevere and reaſonable Charge againſt their Authors in Mr. *Collier*'s *Short View*; and indeed this Gentleman had done the *Drama* conſiderable Service, had he arraign'd the Stage only to puniſh its Miſdemeanours, and not to take away its Life. But there is an Advantage to be made ſometimes of the Advice of an Enemy, and the only way to diſappoint his Deſigns, is to improve upon his Invectives, and to make the Stage flouriſh, by the Virtue of that Satyr by which he thought to ſuppreſs it.

I have therefore in this Piece endeavour'd to ſhew, that an *Engliſh* Comedy may anſwer the ſtrictneſs of Poetical Juſtice: but indeed the greater Share of the *Engliſh* Audience, (I mean that part which is no farther read than in Plays of their own Language) have imbib'd other Principles, and ſtand up as vigorouſly for the old Poetick Licence, as they do for the Liberty of the Subject. They take all Innovations, for Grievances; and let a Project be never ſo well laid for their Advantage, yet the Undertaker is very likely to ſuffer by't. A Play without a Beau, Cully, Cuckold, or Coquet, is as poor an Entertainment to ſome Palates, as their *Sunday*'s Dinner wou'd be without Beef and Pudding. And this I take to be one Reaſon that the Galleries were ſo thin during the Run of this Play. I thought indeed to have ſooth'd

the

the ſplenetick Zeal of the City, by making a Gentleman a Knave, and puniſhing their great Grievance——A *Whoremaſter*; but a certain Virtuoſo of that Fraternity has told me ſince, that the Citizens were never more diſappointed in any Entertainment, for *(ſaid he)* however pious we may appear to be at home, yet we never go to that end of the Town but with an Intention to be leud.

There was an *Odium* caſt upon this Play, before it appear'd, by ſome Perſons who thought it their Intereſt to have it ſuppreſs'd. The Ladies were frighted from ſeeing it, by formidable Stories of a Midwife, and were told, no doubt, that they muſt expect no leſs than a *Labour* upon the Stage; but I hope the examining into that Aſperſion will be enough to wipe it off, ſince the Character of the Midwife is only ſo far touch'd as is neceſſary for carrying on the Plot, ſhe being principally decypher'd in her procuring Capacity; and I dare not affront the Ladies ſo far, as to imagine they cou'd be offended at the expoſing of a Baud.

Some Criticks complain, that the Deſign is defective for want of *Clelia*'s Appearance in the Scene; but I had rather they ſhould find this Fault, than I forfeit my Regard to the Fair, by ſhewing a Lady of Figure under a Misfortune; for which Reaſon I made her only Nominal, and choſe to expoſe the Perſon that injur'd her: and if the Ladies don't agree that I have done her Juſtice in the end, I'm very ſorry for't.

Some People are apt to ſay, That the Character of *Richmore* points at a particular Perſon; tho' I muſt confeſs, I ſee nothing but what is very general in his Character, except his marrying his own Miſtreſs; which by the way he never did, for he was no ſooner off the Stage, but he chang'd his mind, and the poor Lady is ſtill *in Statu Quo*: But upon the whole Matter, 'tis Application only makes the Aſs, and Characters in Plays, are like *Long-lane* Clothes, not

hung out for the Uſe of any particular People, but to be bought by only thoſe they happen to fit.

The moſt material Objection againſt this Play is the Importance of the Subject, which neceſſarily leads into Sentiments too great for Diverſion, and ſuppoſes Vices too great for Comedy to puniſh. 'Tis ſaid, I muſt own, that the Buſineſs of Comedy is chiefly to ridicule Folly, and that the Puniſhment of Vice falls rather into the Province of Tragedy; but if there be a middle ſort of Wickedneſs, too high for the *Sock*, and too low for the *Buſkin*, is there any Reaſon that it ſhou'd go unpuniſh'd? What are more obnoxious to human Society, than the Villanies expos'd in this Play, the Frauds, Plots, and Contrivances upon the Fortunes of Men, and the Virtue of Women? but the Perſons are too mean for Heroick; then what muſt we do with them? Why, they muſt of neceſſity drop into Comedy: For it is unreaſonable to imagine that the Law-givers in Poetry wou'd tie themſelves up from executing that Juſtice which is the Foundation of their Conſtitution; or to ſay, that expoſing Vice is the Buſineſs of the *Drama*, and yet make Rules to ſcreen it from Perſecution.

Some have aſk'd the Queſtion, Why the Elder *Wou'dbe*, in the Fourth Act, ſhou'd counterfeit Madneſs in his Confinement? Don't miſtake, there was no ſuch thing in his Head; and the Judicious cou'd eaſily perceive, that it was only a ſtart of Humour put on to divert his Melancholy; and when Gaiety is ſtrain'd to cover Miſfortune, it may very naturally be overdone, and riſe to a Semblance of Madneſs, ſufficient to impoſe on the Conſtable, and perhaps on ſome of the Audience; who taking every thing at ſight, impute that as a Fault, which I am bold to ſtand up for, as one of the moſt Maſterly Strokes of the whole Piece.

This I think ſufficient to obviate what Objections I have heard made; but there was no great Occaſion for making this Defence, having had the Opinion of ſome of the greateſt Perſons in *England*, both for

Quality

Quality and Parts, that the Play has Merit enough to hide more Faults than have been found; and I think their Approbation ſufficient to excuſe ſome Pride that may be incident to the Author upon this Performance.

I muſt own myſelf oblig'd to Mr. *Longueville* for ſome Lines in the Part of *Teague*, and ſomething of the Lawyer; but above all for his Hint of the Twins, upon which I form'd my Plot: But having paid him all due Satisfaction and Acknowledgment, I muſt do myſelf the Juſtice to believe, that few of our modern Writers have been leſs beholden to foreign Aſſiſtance in their Plays, than I have been in the following cen es.

PROLOGUE:

By Mr. *MOTTEUX.*

Spoken by Mr. *WILKS.*

An ALARM ſounded.

WITH Drums and Trumpets in this warring Age,
A Martial Prologue ſhou'd alarm the Stage.
New Plays——e'er Acted, a full Audience near,
Seem Towns inveſted, when a Siege they fear.
Prologues are like a Forelorn-Hope ſent out
Before the Play, to Skirmiſh and to Scout:
Our dreadful Foes, the Criticks, when they ſpy,
They cock, they charge, they fire,——then back they fly.
The Siege is laid——their gallant Chiefs abound,
Here—Foes intrench'd, there—glittering Troops around,
And the loud Bat'ries roar—from yonder riſing Ground.
In the Firſt Act, briſk Sallies, *(miſs or hit)*
With Vollies of Small-Shot, or Snip-ſnap Wit,
Attack, and gall the Trenches of the Pit.
The next——the Fire continues, but at length
Grows leſs, and ſlackens like a Bridegroom's Strength.
The Third, Feints, Mines, and Countermines abound,
Your Critick Engineers ſafe under-ground,
Blow up our Works, and all our Art confound.
The Fourth——brings on moſt Action, and 'tis ſharp,
Freſh Foes croud on, at your Remiſſneſs carp,
And deſp'rate, tho' unſkill'd, inſult our Counterſcarp.
Then comes the laſt; the Gen'ral Storm is near,
The Poet-Governor now quakes for fear;

Runs

Runs wildly up and down, forgets to huff,
And wou'd give all he'as plunder'd——to get off.
So——Don, *and* Monſieur——Bluff, *before the Siege,*
Were quickly tam'd——at Venlo, *and at* Liege:
'Twas Viva Spagnia! Vive France! *before;*
Now, Quartier: Monſieur! Quartier! Ah! Senor!
But what your Reſolution can withſtand?
You maſter all, and awe the Sea and Land.
In War——your Valour makes the Strong ſubmit;
Your Judgment humbles all Attempts in Wit.
What Play, what Fort, what Beauty can endure
All fierce Aſſaults, and always be ſecure!
Then grant 'em gen'rons Terms who dare to write,
Since now——that ſeems as deſp'rate as to fight:
If we muſt yield——yet e'er the Day be fix'd,
Let us hold out the Third—and, if we may, the Sixth.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Elder *Wou'dbe*,	Mr. *Wilks*.
Young *Wou'dbe*,	Mr. *Cibber*.
Richmore,	Mr. *Huſband*.
Trueman,	Mr. *Mills*.
Subtleman,	Mr. *Pinkethman*.
Balderdaſh, and *Alderman*,	Mr. *Johnſon*.
Clear-Account, a Steward,	Mr. *Fairbank*.
Fair-bank, a Goldſmith,	Mr. *Minns*.
Teague,	Mr. *Bowen*.

WOMEN.

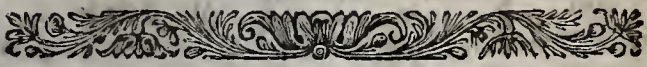
Conſtance,	Mrs. *Rogers*.
Aurelia,	Mrs. *Heok*.
Midnight,	Mr. *Bullock*.
Steward's Wife,	Mrs. *Moor*.

Conſtable, Watch, &c.

SCENE, *LONDON*.

THE

TWIN-RIVALS.



ACT I.

SCENE, *Lodgings.*

The Curtain drawn up, discovers Young Wou'dbe *a dressing, and his Valet buckling his Shoes.*

HERE is such a Plague every Morning, with buckling Shoes, gartering, combing, and powdering——Pshaw! cease thy Impertinence, I'll dress no more today.——Were I an honest Brute, that rises from his Litter, shakes himself, and so is dress'd, I cou'd bear it.

Enter Richmore.

Rich. No farther yet, *Wou'dbe?* 'Tis almost One.

Y. *W.* Then blame the Clock-makers, they made it so;——Prithee, what have we to do with Time? Can't we let it alone as Nature made it? Can't a Man eat when he's hungry, go to bed when he's sleepy, rise when he wakes, dress when he pleases, without the Confinement of Hours to enslave him?

Rich. Pardon me, Sir, I understand your Stoicism——You have lost your Money last Night.

Y. *W.* No, no, Fortune took care of me there——I had none to lose.

Rich. 'Tis that gives you the Spleen.

Y. *W.* Yes, I have got the Spleen and something else——Hearke——[*Whispers.*

Rich. How!

Y. *W.* Positively. The Lady's kind Reception was the most severe Usage I ever met with.——Sha'n't I break her Windows——*Richmore?*

Rich. A mighty Revenge truly: Let me tell you, Friend, that breaking the Windows of such Houses are no more than writing over a Vintner's Door, as they do in *Holland*——*Vin te koop.* 'Tis no more than a Bush to the Tavern, a Decoy to the Trade, and to draw in Customers; but upon the whole matter, I think, a Gentleman shou'd put up an Affront got in such little Company; for the Pleasure, the Pain, and the Resentment, are all alike scandalous.

Y. *W.* Have you forgot, *Richmore*, how I found you one Morning with the *Flying-Post* in your hand, hunting for Physical Advertisements?

Rich. That was in the Days of *Dad*, my Friend, in the Days of dirty Linnen, Pit-Masks, Hedge-Taverns, and Beef-Steaks: but now I fly at nobler Game, the Ring, the Court, *Pawlet*'s and the *Park*. I despise all Women that I apprehend any Danger from, less than the having my Throat cut; and shou'd scruple to converse even with a Lady of Fortune, unless her Virtue were loud enough to give me Pride in exposing it——Here's a Letter I receiv'd this Morning; you may read it. [*Gives a Letter.*

Y. *W.*

Y. *W.* [*Reads.*]

IF there be Solemnity in Protestations, Justice in Heaven, or Fidelity on Earth, I may still depend on the Faith of my Richmore——*Tho' I may conceal my Love, I no longer can hide the Effects on't from the World*——*Be careful of my Honour, remember your Vows, and fly to the Relief of the Disconsolate*

Clelia.

The Fair, the Courted, Blooming *Clelia?*

Rich. The credulous, troublesome, foolish *Clelia.* Did you ever read such a fulsome Harangne——Lard, Sir, I am near my Time, and want your Assistance——Does the silly Creature imagine that any Man wou'd come near her in those Circumstances unless it were Doctor *Chamberlain*——You may keep the Letter.

Y. *W.* But why wou'd you trust it with me? You know I can't keep a Secret that has any Scandal in't.

Rich. For that Reason I communicate it. I know thou art a perfect *Gazette*, and will spread the News all over the Town: For you must understand that I am now besieging another; and I would have the Fame of my Conquest upon the Wing, that the Town may surrender the sooner.

Y. *W.* But if the Report of your Cruelty goes along with that of your Valour, you'll find no Garrison of any Strength will open their Gates to you.

Rich. No, no, Women are Cowards, the Terror prevails upon them more than Clemency: My best Pretence to my Success with the Fair, is my using 'em ill; 'tis turning their own Guns upon 'em, and I have always found it the most successful Battery to assail one Reputation by sacrificing another.

Y. *W.* I cou'd love thee for thy Mischief, did not I envy thee for thy Success in't.

Rich. You never attempt a Woman of Figure.

Y. *W.* How can I? This confounded Hump of mine is such a Burthen at my Back, that it presses me down here in the Dirt and Diseases of *Covent-Garden,*

den, the low Suburbs of Pleasure——Curst Fortune! I am a younger Brother, and yet cruelly depriv'd of my Birth-right, a handsome Person; seven thousand a Year in a direct Line, wou'd have straiten'd my Back to some purpose————But I look in my present Circumstances, like a Branch of another kind, grafted only upon the Stock, which makes me grow so crooked.

Rich. Come, come, 'tis no Misfortune, your Father is so as well as you.

Y. *W.* Then why shou'd not I be a Lord as well as he? Had I the same Title to the Deformity, I cou'd bear it.

Rich. But how does my Lord bear the Absence of your Twin-Brother?

Y. *W.* My Twin-Brother! Ay, 'twas his crouding me that spoil'd my shape, and his coming half an Hour before me that ruin'd my Fortune——My Father expell'd me his House about two Years ago, because I would have persuaded him that my Twin-Brother was a Bastard————He gave me my Portion, which was about fifteen hundred Pound, and I have spent two thousand of it already. As for my Brother, he don't care a Farthing for me.

Rich. Why so pray?

Y. *W.* A very odd Reason——Because I hate him.

Rich. How should he know that?

Y. *W.* Because he thinks it reasonable it shou'd be so.

Rich. But did your Actions ever express any Malice to him?

Y. *W.* Yes: I wou'd fain have kept him company; but being aware of my Kindness, he went abroad: He has travell'd these five Years, and I'm told, is a grave, sober Fellow, and in danger of living a great while; all my hope is, that when he gets into his Honour and Estate, the Nobility will soon kill him by drinking him up to his Dignity.——But come, *Frank*, I have but two Eye-sores in the World, a Brother before me, and a Hump behind me, and

thou

thou art ſtill laying 'em in my way: Let us aſſume an Argument of leſs Severity——Can'ſt thou lend me a Brace of hundred Pounds?

Rich. What wou'd you do with 'em?

Y. *W.* Do with 'em?——There's a Queſtion indeed! ——Do you think I wou'd eat 'em?

Rich. Yes, o' my troth wou'd you, and drink 'em together.——Look'e, Mr. *Wou'dbe*, whilſt you kept well with your Father, I cou'd have ventur'd to have lent you five Guineas.——But as the caſe ſtands, I can aſſure you, I have lately paid off my Siſters Fortunes, and——

Y. *W.* Sir, this Put-off looks like an Affront, when you know I don't uſe to take ſuch things.

Rich. Sir, your Demand is rather an Affront, when you know I don't uſe to give ſuch things.

Y. *W.* Sir, I'll pawn my Honour.

Rich. That's mortgag'd already for more than it is worth; you had better pawn your Sword there, 'twill bring you forty Shillings.

Y. *W.* 'Sdeath, Sir——[*Takes his Sword off the Table.*

Rich. Hold, Mr. *Wou'dbe*,——ſuppoſe I put an end to your Misfortunes all at once.

Y. *W.* How, Sir?

Rich. Why, go to a Magiſtrate, and ſwear you wou'd have robb'd me of two hundred Pounds——Look'e, Sir, you have been often told, that your Extravagance wou'd ſome time or other be the ruin of you; and it will go a great way in your Indictment, to have turn'd the Pad upon your Friend.

Y. *W.* This Uſage is the heighth of Ingratitude from you, in whoſe Company I have ſpent my Fortune.

Rich. I'm therefore a Witneſs, that it was very ill ſpent——Why wou'd you keep Company, be at equal Expences with me that have fifty times your Eſtate? What was Gallantry in me, was Prodigality in you; mine was my Health, becauſe I cou'd pay for't; yours a Diſeaſe, becauſe you cou'd not.

Y. *W.* And is this all I muſt expect from our Friendſhip?

Rich.

Rich. Friendſhip! Sir, there can be no ſuch thing without an Equality.

Y. *W.* That is, there can be no ſuch thing when there is occaſion for't.

Rich. Right, Sir,——our Friendſhip was over a Bottle only; and whilſt you can pay your Club of Friendſhip, I'm that way your humble Servant; but when once you come borrowing, I'm this way——your humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Y. *W.* Rich, big, proud, arrogant Villain! I have been twice his Second, thrice ſick of the ſame Love, and thrice cur'd by the ſame Phyſick, and now he drops me for a Trifle——That an honeſt Fellow in his Cups, ſhou'd be ſuch a Rogue when he's ſober! ——The narrow-hearted Raſcal has been drinking Coffee this Morning. Well, thou dear ſolitary Half-Crown, adieu!——Here, *Jack*, [*Enter Servant*] take this, pay for a Bottle of Wine, and bid *Balderdaſh* bring it himſelf. [*Exit Servant.*] How melancholy are my poor Breeches; not one chink!——Thou art a villainous Hand, for thou haſt pick'd my Pocket. ——This Vintner now has all the Marks of an honeſt Fellow, a broad Face, a copious Look, a ſtrutting Belly, and a jolly Mien. I have brought him above three Pound a Night for theſe two Years ſucceſſively. The Rogue has Money, I'm ſure, if he will but lend it.

Enter Balderdaſh *with a Bottle and Glaſs.*

Oh, Mr. *Balderdaſh*, Good-morrow.

Bald. Noble Mr. *Wou'dbe*, I'm your moſt humble Servant.——I have brought you a Whetting-Glaſs, the beſt *Old-Hock* in *Europe*; I know 'tis your Drink in a Morning.

Y. *W.* I'll pledge you, Mr. *Balderdaſh*.

Bald. Your Health, Sir. [*Drinks.*

Y. *W.* Pray, Mr. *Balderdaſh*, tell me one thing, but firſt ſit down: Now tell me plainly what you think of me?

Bald.

Bald. Think of you, Sir! I think that you are the honeſteſt, nobleſt Gentleman, that ever drank a Glaſs of Wine; and the beſt Cuſtomer that ever came into my Houſe.

Y. *W.* And you really think as you ſpeak?

Bald. May this Wine be my Poiſon, Sir, if I don't ſpeak from the bottom of my Heart. [*Drinks.*

Y. *W.* And how much Money do you think I have ſpent in your Houſe?

Bald. Why truly, Sir, by a moderate Computation, I do believe, that I have handled of your Money the beſt part of Five hundred Pounds within theſe two Years.

Y. *W.* Very well! and do you think that you lie under any Obligaiion for the Trade I have promoted to your advantage?

Bald. Yes, Sir; and if I can ſerve you in any reſpect, pray command me to the utmoſt of my Ability.

Y. *W.* Well! thanks to my Stars, there is ſtill ſome Honeſty in Wine. Mr. *Balderdaſh*, I embrace you and your Kindneſs: I am at preſent a little low in Caſh, and muſt beg you to lend me a hundred Pieces.

Bald. Why truly, Mr. *Wou'dbe*, I was afraid it would come to this; I have had it in my Head ſeveral times to caution you upon your Expences: but you were ſo very genteel in my Houſe, and your Liberality became you ſo very well, that I was unwilling to ſay any thing that might check your Diſpoſition; but truly, Sir, I can forbear no longer to tell you, that you have been a little too extravagant.

Y. *W.* But ſince you reap'd the Benefit of my Extravagance, you will, I hope, conſider my Neceſſity.

Bald. Conſider your Neceſſity! I do with all my Heart, and muſt tell you, moreover, that I will be no longer acceſſary to it: I deſire you, Sir, to frequent my Houſe no more.

Y. *W.* How, Sir!

Bald. I ſay, Sir, that I have an Honour for my good Lord your Father, and will not ſuffer his Son

to

to run into any Inconvenience: Sir, I ſhall order my Drawers not to ſerve you with a drop of Wine.——— Wou'd you have me connive at a Gentleman's Deſtruction?

Y. *W.* But methinks, Sir, that a Perſon of your nice Conſcience ſhould have caution'd me before.

Bald. Alas! Sir, it was none of my Buſineſs: Wou'd you have me be ſaucy to a Gentleman that was my beſt Cuſtomer? Lackaday, Sir, had you Money to hold it out ſtill, I had been hang'd rather than be rude to you———But truly, Sir, when a Man's ruin'd, 'tis but the Duty of a Chriſtian to tell him of it.

Y. *W.* Will you lend me the Money, Sir?

Bald. Will you pay me this Bill, Sir?

Y. *W.* Lend me the hundred Pounds, and I'll pay the Bill.——

Bald. Pay me the Bill, and I will——not lend you the hundred Pound, Sir.———But pray conſider with yourſelf, now, Sir; wou'd not you think me an errant Coxcomb, to truſt a Perſon with Money that has always been ſo extravagant under my Eye? whoſe Profuſeneſs I have ſeen, I have felt, I have handled? Have not I known you, Sir, throw away ten Pound of a Night upon a Covey of Pit-Partridges, and a Setting-Dog? Sir, you have made my Houſe an ill Houſe: my very Chairs will bear you no longer——— In ſhort, Sir, I deſire you to frequent the *Crown* no more, Sir.

Y. *W.* Thou ſophiſticated Tun of Iniquity; have I fatned your Carcaſs, and ſwell'd your Bags with my vital Blood? Have I made you my Companion to be thus ſaucy to me? But now I will keep you at your due Diſtance. [*Kicks him.*

Ser. Welcome, Sir!

Y. *W.* Well ſaid, *Jack.* [*Kicks him again.*

Ser. Very welcome, Sir! I hope we ſhall have your Company another time. Welcome, Sir.

[*He's kick'd off.*

Y. *W.* Pray, wait on him down Stairs, and give him a Welcome at the Door too. [*Exit* Servant.

This

This is the Punishment of Hell; the very Devil that tempted me to sin, now upbraids me with the Crime. ——I have villainously murder'd my Fortune, and now its Ghost, in the lank shape of Poverty, haunts me: Is there no Charm to conjure down the Fiend?

Re-enter Servant.

Ser. Oh, Sir, here's sad News.

Y. *W.* Then keep it to thyself, I have enough of that already.

Ser. Sir, you will hear it too soon.

Y. *W.* What! is *Broad* below?

Ser. No, no, Sir; better twenty such as he were hang'd. Sir, your Father's dead.

Y. *W.* My Father!——Good-night, my Lord: has he left me any thing?

Ser. I heard nothing of that, Sir.

Y. *W.* Then I believe you heard all there was of it. Let me see,——My Father dead! and my elder Brother abroad!——If Necessity be the Mother of Invention, she was never more pregnant than with me. [*Pauses.*] Here, Sirrah, run to Mrs. *Midnight*; and bid her come hither presently. [*Exit* Servant.] That Woman was my Mother's Midwife, when I was born, and has been my Baud these ten Years. I have had her Endeavours to corrupt my Brother's Mistress; and now her Assistance will be necessary to cheat him of his Estate; for she's famous for understanding the right-side of a Woman, and the wrong-side of the Law. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Midnight's *House.*

Midnight *and* Maid.

Mid. Who's there?

Maid. Madam.

Mid. Has any Message been left for me to-day?

Maid. Yes, Madam; here has been one from my Lady *Stilborn*, that desir'd you not to be out of the way, for she expected to cry out every minute.

Mid.

Mid. How! every minute!——Let me ſee——— [*Takes out her Pocket-Book.*] *Stilborn*———Ay——ſhe reckons with her Huſband, from the firſt of *April*; and with Sir *James*, from the firſt of *March*.——Ay, ſhe's always a Month before her time. [*Knocking at the Door.*] Go ſee who's at the Door.

Maid. Yes, Madam. [*Exit* Maid.

Mid. Well! certainly there is not a Woman in the World ſo willing to oblige Mankind as myſelf; and really I have been ſo ever ſince the Age of Twelve, as I can remember.——I have deliver'd as many Women of great Bellies, and help'd as many to 'em as any Perſon in *England*; but my Watching and Cares have broken me quite. I am not the ſame Woman I was forty years ago.

Enter Richmore.

Oh, Mr. *Richmore!* you're a ſad Man, a barbarous Man, ſo you are——What will become of poor *Clelia*, Mr. *Richmore?* The poor Creature is ſo big with her Miſfortunes, that they are not to be born. [*Weeps.*

Rich. You, Mrs. *Midnight*, are the fitteſt Perſon in the World to eaſe her of 'em.

Mid. And won't you marry her, Mr. *Richmore?*

Rich. My Conſcience won't allow it; for I have ſworn ſince to marry another.

Mid. And will you break your Vows to *Clelia?*

Rich. Why not, when ſhe has broke hers to me?

Mid. How's that, Sir?

Rich. Why, ſhe ſwore a hundred times never to grant me the Favour, and yet, you know, ſhe broke her Word.

Mid. But ſhe lov'd Mr. *Richmore*, and that was the reaſon ſhe forgot her Oath.

Rich. And I love Mr. *Richmore*, and that's the reaſon I forgot mine———Why ſhou'd ſhe be angry that I follow her own Example, by doing the very ſame thing from the very ſame Motive?

Mid.

Mid. Well, well! take my Word, you'll never thrive.————I wonder how you can have the Face to come near me, that am the witneſs of your horrid Oaths and Imprecations! Are not you afraid that the guilty Chamber above-ſtairs ſhou'd fall down upon your Head?————Yes, yes, I was acceſſary, I was ſo! but if ever you involve my Honour in ſuch a Villainy the ſecond time.——Ah poor *Clelia!* I lov'd her as I did my own Daughter——you ſeducing Man——

[*Weeps.*

Rich. Hey, ho! my *Aurelia.*

Mid. Hey, ho! ſhe's very pretty.

Rich. Doſt thou know her, my dear *Midnight?*

Mid. Hey, ho! ſhe's very pretty.——Ah, you're a ſad Man.——Poor *Clelia* was handſome, but indeed, Breeding, Pukeing, and Longing has broken her much.——'Tis a hard caſe, Mr. *Richmore*, for a young Lady to ſee a thouſand things, and long for a thouſand things, and yet not dare own that ſhe longs for one.——She had like to have miſcarried t'other day for the Pith of a Loin of Veal.——Ah, you barbarous Man!

Rich. But, my *Aurelia!* confirm me that you know her, and I'll adore thee.

Mid. You wou'd fling five hundred Guineas at my Head, that you knew as much of her as I do: Why, Sir, I brought her into the World; I have had her ſprawling in my Lap. Ah! ſhe was plump as a Puffin, Sir.

Rich. I think ſhe has no great Portion to value herſelf upon; her Reputation only will keep up the Market. We muſt firſt make that cheap, by crying it down, and then ſhe'll part with it at an eaſy rate.

Mid. But won't you provide for poor *Clelia?*

Rich. Provide! Why han't I taught her a Trade? Let her ſet up when ſhe will, I'll engage her Cuſtomers enough, becauſe I can anſwer for the goodneſs of her Ware.

Mid.

Mid. Nay but you ought to ſet her up with Credit; and take a Shop; that is, get her a Huſband.——Have you no pretty Gentleman your Relation now, that wants a young virtuous Lady with a handſome Fortune? No young *Templer* that has ſpent his Eſtate in the Study of the Law, and ſtarves by the Practice? No ſpruce Officer that wants a handſome Wife to make Court for him among the Major-Generals? Have you none of theſe, Sir?

Rich. Pho, pho, Madam——you have tir'd me upon that Subject. Do you think a Lady that gave me ſo much trouble before Poſſeſſion, ſhall ever give me any after it?——No, no, had ſhe been more obliging to me when I was in her power, I ſhou'd be more civil to her now ſhe's in mine: My Aſſiduity before-hand was an over-price; had ſhe made a Merit of the matter, ſhe ſhould have yielded ſooner.

Mid. Nay, nay, Sir; tho' you have no regard to her Honour, yet you ſhall protect mine: How d'ye think I have ſecur'd my Reputation ſo long among the People of the beſt Figure, but by keeping all Mouths ſtopt? Sir, I'll have no Clamours at me.——Heavens help me, I have Clamours enough at my door early and late in my t'other Capacity: In ſhort, Sir, a Huſband for *Clelia*, or I baniſh you my Preſence for ever.

Rich. Thou art a neceſſary Devil, and I can't want thee. [*Aſide.*

Mid. Look'e, Sir, 'tis your own Advantage; 'tis only making over your Eſtate into the Hands of a Truſtee; and tho' you don't abſolutely command the Premiſſes, yet you may exact enough out of 'em for Neceſſaries, when you will.

Rich. Patience a little, Madam!——I have a young Nephew that is a Captain of Horſe: He mortgag'd the laſt morſel of his Eſtate to me, to make up his Equipage for the laſt Campaign. Perhaps you know him; he's a briſk Fellow, much about Court, Captain *Trueman.*

Mid.

Mid. Trueman! Adſmylife, he's one of my Babies ——I can tell you the very minute he was born—— recisely at three a-clock next St. *George*'s Day, *Trueman* will be Two and twenty; a Stripling, the prettieſt ood-natur'd Child, and your Nephew! He muſt be he Man; and ſhall be the Man; I have a kindneſs for im.

Rich. But we muſt have a care; the Fellow wants either Senſe nor Courage.

Mid. Phu, phu, never fear her part, ſhe ſha'n't want nſtructions; and then for her Lying-in a little abrupt-y, 'tis my Buſineſs to reconcile Matters there, a Fright r a Fall excuſes that: Lard, Sir, I do theſe things very day.

Rich. 'Tis pity then to put you out of your Road; nd *Clelia* ſhall have a Huſband.

Mid. Spoke like a Man of Honour.——And now 'll ſerve you again. This *Aurelia*, you ſay——

Rich. O ſhe diſtracts me! Her Beauty, Family, and Virtue make her a noble Pleaſure.

Mid. And you have a mind, for that reaſon, to get er a Huſband.

Rich. Yes, Faith: I have another young Relation *Cambridge*, he's juſt going into Orders; and I think ch a fine Woman with fifteen hundred Pound, is a etter Preſentation than any living in my Gift; and hy ſhou'd he like the Cure the worſe, that an Incumbent was there before?

Mid. Thou art a pretty Fellow——At the ſame Moment you wou'd perſuade me that you love a Woman Madneſs, you are contriving how to part with er?

Rich. If I lov'd her not to Madneſs, I ſhou'd not run to theſe Contradictions——Here my dear Mother, *urelia*'s the Word—— [*Offering her Money.*

Mid. Pardon me, Sir; [*Refuſing the Money*] Did you er know me mercenary?——No, no, Sir; Virtue its own Reward.

Rich. Nay, but Madam, I owe you for the Teeth-owder you ſent me.

Mid. O, that's another matter, Sir; [*Takes the Money.*] I hope you like it, Sir?

Rich. Extremely, Madam. But it was ſomewhat dear of twenty Guineas. [*Aſide.*

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, here is Mr. *Wou'dbe*'s Footman below with a Meſſage from his Maſter.

Mid. I'll come to him preſently: Do you know that *Wou'dbe* loves *Aurelia*'s Couſin and Companion, Mrs. *Conſtance* with the great Fortune, and that I ſollicit for him?

Rich. Why ſhe's engag'd to his elder Brother: Beſides, Young *Wou'dbe* has no Money to proſecute an Affair of ſuch Conſequence——You can have no hopes of Succeſs there, I'm ſure.

Mid. Truly, I have no great hopes; but an induſtrious Body, you know, wou'd do any thing rather than be idle: The Aunt is very near her time, and I have acceſs to the Family when I pleaſe.

Rich. Now I think on't; prithee, get the Letter from *Wou'dbe* that I gave him juſt now; it wou'd be proper to our Deſigns upon *Trueman*, that it ſhou'd not be expos'd.

Mid. And you ſhew'd *Clelia*'s Letter to *Wou'dbe?*

Rich. Yes.

Mid. Eh, you barbarous Man——Who the Devil wou'd oblige you——What Pleaſure can you take in expoſing the poor Creature? Dear little Child, 'tis pity, indeed it is.

Rich. Madam, the Meſſenger waits below; ſo I'll take my leave. [*Exit.*

Mid. Ah, you're a ſad Man. [*Exit.*

The End of the Firſt ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *The Park.*

Conſtance *and* Aurelia.

Aur. PRithee, Couſin *Conſtance*, be chearſul; let the dead Lord ſleep in Peace, and look up to the living; take Pen, Ink, and Paper, and write immediately to your Lover, that he is now a Baron of *England*, and you long to be a Baroneſs.

Con. Nay, *Aurelia*, there is ſome regard due to the Memory of the Father, for the Reſpect I bear the Son; beſides, I don't know how, I cou'd wiſh my young Lord were at home in this Juncture: This Brother of his———Some Miſchief will happen——I had a very ugly Dream laſt Night————In ſhort, I am eaten up with the Spleen, my Dear.

Aur. Come, come, walk about and divert it; the Air will do you good; think of other People's Affairs a little——When did you ſee *Clelia?*

Con. I'm glad you mention'd her; don't you obſerve her Gayety to be much more forc'd than formerly, her Humour don't ſit ſo eaſy upon her.

Aur. No, nor her Stays neither, I can aſſure you.

Con. Did you obſerve how ſhe devour'd the Pomegranates yeſterday?

Aur. She talks of viſiting a Relation in *Leiceſterſhire*.

Con. She fainted away in the Country-Dance t'other Night.

Aur. *Richmore* ſhunn'd her in the Walk laſt Week.

Con. And his Footman laugh'd.

Aur. She takes *Laudanum* to make her ſleep a Nights.

Con. Ah, poor *Clelia!* What will ſhe do, Couſin?

Aur. Do! Why nothing till the nine Months be up.

Con. That's cruel, *Aurelia*, how can you make merry with her Misfortunes? I am poſitive ſhe was no eaſy Conqueſt; ſome ſingular Villany has been practis'd upon her.

Aur. Yes, yes, the Fellow would be practiſing upon me too, I thank him.

Con. Have a care, Couſin, he has a promiſing Perſon.

Aur. Nay, for that matter, his promiſing Perſon may as ſoon be broke as his promiſing Vows: Nature indeed has made him a Giant, and he wars with Heaven like the Giants of old———

Con. Then why will you admit his Viſits?

Aur. I never did——But all the Servants are more his than our own; he has a Golden Key to every Door in the Houſe; beſides, he makes my Uncle believe that his Intentions are honourable; and indeed he has ſaid nothing yet to diſprove it.———But Couſin, do you ſee who comes yonder, ſliding along the Mall?

Con. Captain *Trueman*, I proteſt; the Campaign has improv'd him, he makes a very clean well-finiſh'd Figure.

Aur. Youthful, eaſy, and good-natur'd; I could wiſh he would know us.

Con. Are you ſure he's well-bred?

Aur. I tell you he's good-natur'd, and I take good Manners to be nothing but a natural Deſire to be eaſy and agreeable to whatever Converſation we fall into: and a Porter with this is mannerly in his way; and a Duke without it has but the Breeding of a Dancing-Maſter.

Con. I like him for his Affection to my young Lord.

Aur. And I like him for his Affection to my young Perſon.

Con.

Con. How, how, Cousin? You never told me that.

Aur. How shou'd I? He never told it me, but I have discover'd it by a great many Signs and Tokens, that are better Security for his Heart than ten thousand Vows and Promises.

Con. He's *Richmore*'s Nephew.

Aur. Ah! Wou'd he were his Heir too——He's a pretty Fellow———But then he's a Soldier, and must share his time with his Mistress, *Honour*, in *Flanders*. ———No, no, I'm resolv'd against a Man that disappears all the Summer like a Woodcock.

[*As these Words are spoken*, Trueman *enters behind them, as passing over the Stage.*

True. That's for me, whoever spoke it. *Aurelia!* [*surpriz'd.*]

[*The Ladies turn about.*

Con. What, Captain, you're afraid of every thing but the Enemy.

True. I have reason, Ladies, to be most apprehensive where there is most danger: the Enemy is satisfied with a Leg or an Arm, but here I'm in hazard of losing my Heart.

Aur. None in the World, Sir, no body here designs to attack it.

True. But suppose it be assaulted, and taken already, Madam?

Aur. Then we'll return it without Ransom.

True. But suppose, Madam, the Prisoner chuse to stay where it is.

Aur. That were to turn Deserter, and you know, Captain, what such deserve.

True. The Punishment it undergoes this Moment——Shot to Death———

Con. Nay, then, 'tis time for me to put in——Pray, Sir, have you heard the News of my Lord *Wou'dbe*'s Death?

True. People mind not the Death of others, Madam, that are expiring themselves. [*To* Constance.] Do you consider, Madam, the Penalty of wounding a Man in the Park? [*To* Aurel.

Aur. Hey day! Why, Captain, d'ye intend to make a *Vigo* Buſineſs of it, and break the Boom at once? Sir, if you only rally, pray let my Couſin have her ſhare; or if you wou'd be particular, pray be more reſpectful; not ſo much upon the Declaration, I beſeech you, Sir.

True. I have been, fair Creature, a perfect Coward in my Paſſion; I have had hard ſtrugglings with my Fear before I durſt engage, and now perhaps behave but too deſperately.

Aur. Sir, I am very ſorry you have ſaid ſo much; for I muſt puniſh you for't, tho' it be contrary to my Inclination——Come Couſin, will you walk?

Con. Servant, Sir. [*Exeunt Ladies.*

True. Charming Creature!——*I muſt puniſh you for't, tho' it be contrary to my Inclination*——Hope and Deſpair in a Breath. But I'll think the beſt. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to Young* Wou'dbe's *Lodgings.*

Young Wou'dbe *and* Midnight *meeting.*

Y. *W.* Thou Life and Soul of ſecret Dealings, welcome.

Mid My dear Child, bleſs thee——Who wou'd have imagin'd that I brought this great Rogue into the World? He makes me an old Woman, I proteſt——But adſo, my Child, I forgot; I'm ſorry for the loſs of your Father, ſorry at my Heart, poor Man, [*Weeps.*] Mr. *Wou'dbe,* have you got a Drop of Brandy in your Cloſet? I a'n't very well to-day.

Y.*W.* That you ſha'n't want: but be pleas'd to ſit, my dear Mother——Here, *Jack,* the Brandy-Bottle——Now, Madam——I have occaſion to uſe you in dreſſing up a handſome Cheat for me.

Mid. I defy any Chamber-Maid in *England* to do it better——I have dreſſed up a hundred and fifty Cheats in my time. [*Enter* Jack *with the Brandy-Bottle.*] Here, Boy, this Glaſs is too big, carry it away, I'll take a Sup out of the Bottle.

Y.*W.*

Y.*W*. Right Madam——And my Buſineſs being very urgent——In three Words, 'tis this——

Mid. Hold, Sir, 'till I take Advice of my Council. [*Drinks*] There is nothing more comfortable to a poor Creature, and fitter to revive waſting Spirits, than a little plain Brandy; I a'n't for your hot Spirits, your *Roſa Solis*, your *Ratifia's*, your Orange-Waters, and the like——A moderate Glaſs of cool *Nants* is the beſt thing——

Y.*W*. But to our Buſineſs, Madam——My Father is dead, and I have a mind to inherit his Eſtate.

Mid. You put the Caſe very well.

Y.*W*. One of two things I muſt chuſe—— Either to be a Lord or a Beggar.

Mid. Be a Lord to chuſe——Tho' I have known ſome that have choſen both.

Y.*W*. I have a Brother that I love very well; but ſince one of us muſt want, I had rather he ſhou'd ſtarve than I.

Mid. Upon my Conſcience, dear Heart, you're in the right on't.

Y.*W*. Now your Advice upon theſe Heads.

Mid. They be Matters of Weight, and I muſt conſider, [*Drinks*.] Is there a Will in the Caſe?

Y.*W*. There is; which excludes me from every Foot of the Eſtate.

Mid. That's bad——Where's your Brother?

Y.*W*. He's now in *Germany*, in his way to *England*, and is expected very ſoon.

Mid. How ſoon?

Y.*W*. In a Month, or leſs.

Mid. O ho! A Month is a great while! our Buſineſs muſt be done in an hour or two——We muſt ſuppoſe your Brother to be dead; nay, he ſhall be actually dead——and my Lord, my humble Service t'ye —— [*Drinks*.

Y.*W*. O Madam, I'm your Ladyſhip's moſt devoted ——Make your Words good, and I'll——

Mid. Say no more, Sir; you ſhall have it, you ſhall have it.

Y.W. Ay, but how, dear Mrs. *Midnight?*

Mid. Mrs. *Midnight!* Is that all?——Why not Mother, Aunt, Grandmother? Sir, I have done more for you this Moment, than all the Relations you have in the World.

Y.W. Let me hear it.

Mid. By the Strength of this potent Inſpiration, I have made you a Peer of *England*, with ſeven thouſand Pound a year——My Lord, I wiſh you Joy.

[*Drinks.*

Y.W. The Woman's mad, I believe.

Mid. Quick, quick, my Lord! counterfeit a Letter preſently from *Germany*, that your Brother is kill'd in a Duel: Let it be directed to your Father, and fall into the Hands of the Steward when you are by. What ſort of Fellow is the Steward?

Y.W. Why a timorous half-honeſt Man, that a little Perſuaſion will make a whole Knave——He wants Courage to be thoroughly Juſt, or entirely a Villain——but good backing will make him either.

Mid. And he ſha'n't want that! I tell you the Letter muſt come into his hands when you are by; upon this you muſt take immediate Poſſeſſion, and ſo you have the beſt part of the Law of your ſide.

Y.W. But ſuppoſe my Brother comes in the mean time?

Mid. This muſt be done this very moment: Let him come when you're in Poſſeſſion, I'll warrant we'll find a way to keep him out——

Y.W. But how, my dear Contriver?

Mid. By your Father's Will, Man, your Father's Will——That is, one that your Father might have made, and which we will make for him——I'll ſend you a Nephew of my own, a Lawyer, that ſhall do the Buſineſs; go, get into Poſſeſſion, Poſſeſſion, I ſay; let us have but the Eſtate to back the Suit, and you'll find the Law too ſtrong for Juſtice, I warrant you.

Y.W. My Oracle! How ſhall we revel in Delight when this great Prediction is accompliſh'd——But one thing

thing yet remains, my Brother's Miſtreſs, the charming *Conſtance*——Let her be mine——

Mid. Pho, pho, ſhe's your's o' courſe; ſhe's contracted to you; for ſhe's engag'd to marry no Man but my Lord *Wou'dbe*'s Son and Heir; now you being the Perſon, ſhe's recoverable by Law.

Y. *W.* Marry her! No, no, ſhe's contracted to him, 'twere Injuſtice to rob a Brother of his Wife, an eaſier Favour will ſatisfy me.

Mid. Why, truly, as you ſay, that Favour is ſo eaſy, that I wonder they make ſuch a Buſtle about it——But get you gone and mind your Affairs, I muſt about mine——Oh——I had forgot——Where's that foolish Letter you had this Morning from *Richmore?*

Y. *W.* I have poſted it up in the *Chocolate-Houſe.*

Mid. Yaw, [*Shrieks.*] I ſhall fall into Fits; hold me——

Y. *W.* No, no, I did but jeſt; here it is——But be aſſur'd, Madam, I wanted only time to have expos'd it.

Mid. Ah! you barbarous Man, why ſo?

Y. *W.* Becauſe when Knaves of our Sex, and Fools of yours meet, they make the beſt Jeſt in the World.

Mid. Sir, the World has better ſhare in the Jeſt when we are the Knaves and you the Fools——But look'e, Sir, if ever you open your Mouth about this Trick——I'll diſcover all your Tricks! therefore Silence and Safety on both ſides.

Y. *W.* Madam, you need not doubt my Silence at preſent, becauſe my own Affairs will employ me ſufficiently; ſo there's your Letter. [*Gives her Letter.*] And now to write my own. [*Exit.*

Mid. Adieu, my Lord——Let me ſee? [*Opens the Letter and reads.*] *If there be Solemnity in Proteſtations*——That's foolish, very foolish——Why ſhould ſhe expect Solemnity in Proteſtations? Um, um, um. *I may ſtill depend on the Faith of my* Richmore——Ah, poor *Clelia!*——Um, um, um. *I can no longer hide the Effects on't from the World.*——

The Effects on't! How modeſtly is that expreſt? Well, 'tis a pretty Letter, and I'll keep it.——

[*Puts the Letter in her Pocket, and* Exit.

SCENE, *Lord* Wou'dbe's *Houſe.*

Enter Steward and his Wife.

Wife. You are to blame, you are much to blame, Huſband, in being ſo ſcrupulous.

Stew. 'Tis true: This fooliſh Conſcience of mine has been the greateſt Bar to my Fortune.

Wife. And will ever be ſo. Tell me but one that thrives, and I'll ſhew you a hundred that ſtarve by it. ——Do you think 'tis fourſcore Pound a Year makes my Lord *Gouty*'s Steward's Wife live at the rate of four hundred? Upon my Word, my Dear, I'm as good a Gentlewoman as ſhe, and I expect to be maintain'd accordingly: 'Tis Conſcience, I warrant, that buys her the Point-Heads, and Diamond Necklace? ——Was it Conſcience that bought her the fine Houſe in *Jermain-ſtreet?* Is it Conſcience that enables the Steward to buy when the Lord is forced to ſell?

Stew. But what wou'd you have me do?

Wife. Do! now's your time; that ſmall Morſel of an Eſtate your Lord bought lately, a thing not worth mentioning; take it towards your Daughter *Molly*'s Portion——What's two hundred a Year? 'twill never be miſs'd.

Stew. 'Tis but a ſmall matter, I muſt confeſs; and as a Reward for my paſt faithful Service, I think it but reaſonable I ſhould cheat a little now.

Wife. Reaſonable! All the reaſon that can be; if the ungrateful World won't reward an honeſt Man, why let an honeſt Man reward himſelf——There's five hundred Pounds you receiv'd but two Days ago, lay them aſide——you may eaſily ſink it in the Charge of the Funeral——Do my Dear now, kiſs me, and do it.

Stew. Well, you have ſuch a winning way with you! But, my Dear, I'm ſo much afraid of my young Lord's coming home; he's a cunning cloſe Man, they ſay, and will examine my Accounts very narrowly.

Wife. Ay, my Dear, wou'd you had the younger Brother to deal with; you might manage him as you pleas'd——I ſee him coming. Let us weep, let us weep.

[*They pull out their Handkerchiefs, and ſeem to mourn.*

Enter Young Wou'dbe.

Stew. Ah, Sir, we have loſt a Father, a Friend, and a Supporter.

Y.*W.* Ay, Mr. *Steward*, we muſt ſubmit to Fate, as he has done. And it is no ſmall Addition to my Grief, honeſt Mr. *Clearaccount*, that it is not in my power to ſupply my Father's place to you and yours.——Your Sincerity and Juſtice to the Dead, merits the greateſt Regard from thoſe that ſurvive him——Had I but my Brother's Ability, or he my Inclinations——I'll aſſure you, Mrs. *Clearaccount*, you ſhould not have ſuch cauſe to mourn.

Wife. Ah, good noble Sir!

Stew. Your Brother, Sir, I hear is a very ſevere Man.

Y.*W.* He is what the World calls a prudent Man, Mr. *Steward:* I have often heard him very ſevere upon Men of your Buſineſs; and has declar'd, That for Form's ſake indeed he wou'd keep a Steward, but that he would inſpect into all his Accounts himſelf.

Wife. Aye, Mr. *Wou'dbe*, you have more Senſe than to do thoſe things; you have more Honour than to trouble your Head with your own Affairs——wou'd to Heavens we were to ſerve you.

Y.*W.* Wou'd I cou'd ſerve you, Madam,——without Injuſtice to my Brother.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A Letter for my Lord *Wou'dbe.*

Stew. It comes too late, alas! for his Perusal; let me see it. [*Opens, and reads.*

Frankfort, Octob. 10. *New Style.*

Frankfort! Where's *Frankfort*, Sir?

Y. *W.* In *Germany!* This Letter must be from my Brother! I suppose he's coming home.

Stew. 'Tis none of his Hand. Let me see.

[*Reads.*

My Lord,

I Am troubled at this unhappy Occasion of sending to your Lordship; your brave Son, and my dear Friend, was yesterday unfortunately kill'd in a Duel by a German *Count*———

I shall love a *German* Count as long as I live.——— My Lord, my Lord, now I may call you so, since your elder Brother's———dead.

Y. *W.* and *Wife.* How!

Stew. Read there.

[*Gives the Letter,* Wou'dbe *peruses it.*

Y. *W.* Oh, my Fate! a Father and a Brother in one Day! Heavens! 'Tis too much———Where is the fatal Messenger?

Ser. A Gentleman, Sir, who said he came Post on purpose. He was afraid the Contents of the Letter wou'd unqualify my Lord for Company; so he would take another time to wait on him.

Y. *W.* Nay, then 'tis true; and there is Truth in Dreams. Last Night I dreamt———

Wife. Nay, my Lord, I dreamt too; I dreamt I saw your Brother dress'd in a long Minister's Gown, (Lord bless us!) with a Book in his Hand, walking before a dead Body to the Grave.

Y. *W.* Well Mr. *Clearaccount*, get Mourning ready.

Stew. Will your Lordship have the old Coach cover'd, or a new one made?

Y. *W.*

Y. *W.* A new one———The old Coach, with the Grey Horses, I give to Mrs. *Clearaccount* here; 'tis not fit she shou'd walk the Streets.

Wife. Heav'ns bless the *German* Count, I say.—But, my Lord—

Y. *W.* No Reply, Madam, you shall have it——And receive it but as the Earnest of my Favours.——Mr. *Clearaccount*, I double your Salary, and all the Servant's Wages, to moderate their Grief for our great Losses—Pray, Sir, take order about these Affairs.

Stew. I shall, my Lord. [*Exeunt* Stew. *and* Wife.

Y. *W.* So! I have got Possession of the Castle, and if I had but a little Law to fortify me now, I believe we might hold it out a great while. Oh! here comes my Attorney.———Mr. *Subtleman*, your Servant.—

Enter Subtleman.

Sub. My Lord, I wish you Joy; my Aunt *Midnight* has sent me to receive your Commands.

Y. *W.* Has she told you any thing of the Affair?

Sub. Not a Word, my Lord.

Y. *W.* Why then—come nearer.—Can you make a Man right Heir to an Estate during the Life of an Elder Brother?

Sub. I thought you had been the eldest.

Y. *W.* That we are not yet agreed upon; for you must know, there is an impertinent Fellow that takes a fancy to dispute the Seniority with me—For look'e, Sir, my Mother has unluckily sow'd Discord in the Family, by bringing forth Twins: My Brother, 'tis true, was first born; but, I believe from the bottom of my Heart, I was the first begotten.

Sub. I understand———you are come to an Estate and Dignity, that by Justice indeed is your own, but by Law it falls to your Brother.

Y. *W.* I had rather, Mr. *Subtleman*, it were his by Justice, and mine by Law; for I wou'd have the strongest Title, if possible.

Sub. I am very ſorry there ſhould happen any Breach between Brethren———ſo I think it wou'd be but a Chriſtian and Charitable Act to take away all farther Diſputes, by making you true Heir to the Eſtate by the laſt Will of your Father.——Look'e I'll divide Stakes;———you ſhall yield the Elderſhip and Honour to him, and he ſhall quit his Eſtate to you.

Y. *W.* Why, as you ſay, I don't much care if I do grant him the Eldeſt, half an Hour is but a Trifle: But how ſhall we do about his Will? Who ſhall we get to prove it?

Sub. Never trouble your ſelf for that: I expect a Cargo of Witneſſes and Uſquebaugh by the firſt fair Wind.

Y. *W.* But we can't ſtay for them; it muſt be done immediately.

Sub. Well, well; we'll find ſome body, I warrant you, to make Oath of his laſt Words.

Y. *W.* That's impoſſible; for my Father died of an Apoplexy, and did not ſpeak at all.

Sub. That's nothing, Sir; he's not the firſt dead Man that I have made to ſpeak.

Y. *W.* You're a great Maſter of Speech, I don't queſtion, Sir; and I can aſſure you there will be ten Guineas for every Word you extort from him in my favour.

Sub. O Sir, that's enough to make your Great Grandfather ſpeak.

Y. *W.* Come then, I'll carry you to my Steward; he ſhall give you the Names of the Manors; and the true Titles and Denominations of the Eſtate, and then you ſhall go to work. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Park.*

Richmore *and* Trueman *meeting.*

Rich. O brave Cuz! you're very happy with the Fair, I find. Pray, which of theſe two Ladies you encounter'd juſt now has your Adoration?

True.

True. She that commands by forbidding it: And ſince I had Courage to declare to herſelf, I dare now own it to the World: *Aurelia*, Sir, is my Angel.

Rich. Ha! [*A long Pauſe.*] Sir, I find you're of every body's Religion; but methinks you make a bold Flight at firſt: Do you think your Captain's Pay will ſtake againſt ſo high a Gameſter?

True. What do you mean?

Rich. Mean! Bleſs me, Sir, mean!——You're a Man of mighty Honour, we all know.——But I'll tell you a Secret.——The thing is publick already.

True. I ſhou'd be proud that all Mankind were acquainted with it; I ſhou'd deſpiſe the Paſſion that cou'd make me either aſham'd, or afraid to own it

Rich. Ha, ha, ha! Prithee, dear Captain, no more of theſe Rhodomontado's; you may as ſoon put a Standing-Army upon us.——I'll tell you another Secret——Five hundred Pound is the leaſt Penny.

True. Nay, to my knowledge, ſhe has fifteen hundred

Rich. Nay, to my knowledge, ſhe took five.

True. Took five! How! Where?

Rich. In her Lap, in her Lap, Captain; where ſhou'd it be?

True. I'm amaz'd!

Rich. So am I, that ſhe cou'd be ſo unreaſonable—Fifteen hundred Pound! 'Sdeath! had ſhe that Price from you?

True. 'Sdeath, I meant her Portion.

Rich. Why, what have you to do with her Portion?

True. I lov'd her up to Marriage, by this Light.

Rich. Marriage! Ha, ha, ha; I love the Gipſey for her Cunning——A young, eaſy, amorous, credulous Fellow of Two and twenty, was juſt the Game ſhe wanted; I find ſhe preſently ſingled you out from the Herd.

True. You diſtract me!

Rich. A Soldier too, that muſt follow the Wars abroad, and leave her to Engagements at home.

True.

True. Death and Furies! I'll be reveng'd.

Rich. Why? What can you do? You'll challenge her, will you?

True. Her Reputation was ſpotleſs when I went over.

Rich. So was the Reputation of Mareſchal *Boufflers*; but dy'e think, that while you were beating the *French* abroad, that we were idle at home?——No, no, we have had our Sieges, our Capitulations, and Surrendries, and all that.——We have cut our ſelves out good Winter-Quarters as well as you.

True. And are you billetted there?

Rich. Look'e, *Trueman*, you ought to be very truſty to a Secret, that has ſav'd you from Deſtruction.——In plain terms, I have buried Five hundred Pounds in that little Spot, and I ſhou'd think it very hard, if you took it over my Head.

True. Not by a Leaſe for Life, I can aſſure you: But I ſhall——

Rich. What! you ha'n't five hundred Pounds to give. Look'e, ſince you can make no Sport, ſpoil none. In a year or two ſhe dwindles to a perfect Baſſet-Bank; every body may play at it that pleaſes, and then you may put in for a Piece or two.

True. Dear Sir, I cou'd worſhip you for this.

Rich. Not for this, Nephew; for I did not intend it, but I came to ſeek you upon another Affair.——Were you not at Court laſt Night?

True. I was.

Rich. Did you not talk to *Chelia*, my Lady *Taper*'s Niece?

True. A fine Woman!

Rich. Well; I met her upon the Stairs; and handing her to the Coach, ſhe aked me, if you were not my Nephew? and ſaid two or three warm things, that perſuade me ſhe likes you: Her Relations have Intereſt at Court, and ſhe has Money in her Pocket.

True. But——this Devil *Aurelia* ſtill ſticks with me.

Rich.

Rich. What then! The way to love in one Place with Succeſs, is to marry in another with Convenience. *Clelia* has Four thouſand Pound; this applied to your reigning Ambition, whether Love, or Advancement, will go a great way. And for her Virtue, and Conduct, be aſſur'd that nobody can give a better Account of it than myſelf.

True. I am willing to believe from this late Accident, that you conſult my Honour and Intereſt in what you propoſe; and therefore I am ſatisfied to be govern'd.

Rich. I ſee the very Lady in the Walk.——We'll about it.

True. I wait on you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to Lord* Wou'dbe's *Houſe.*

Y. Wou'dbe, Subtleman, *and* Steward.

Y. *W.* Well, Mr. *Subtleman*, are you ſure the Will is firm and good in Law?

Sub. I warrant you, my Lord: And for the laſt Words to prove it, here they are.————Look'e Mr. *Clearaccount*————Yes——that is an Anſwer to the Queſtion that was put to him, (you know) by thoſe about him when he was a dying————Yes, or No, he muſt have ſaid; ſo we have choſen Yes———— *Yes, I have made my Will, as it may be found in the Cuſtody of Mr.* Clearaccount *my Steward; and I deſire it may ſtand as my Laſt Will and Teſtament.*———— Did you ever hear a dying Man's Words more to the purpoſe? An Apoplexy! I'll tell you, my Lord had Intervals to the laſt.

Stew. Ay, but how ſhall theſe Words be prov'd?

Sub. My Lord ſhall ſpeak 'em now.

Y. *W.* Shall he, faith!

Sub. Ay, now——if the Corps ben't bury'd———— Look'e Sir, theſe Words muſt be put into his Mouth, and drawn out again before us all: and if they won't be his laſt Words then——I'll be perjur'd.

Y. *W.*

Y. *W.* What! violate the Dead! it muſt not be, Mr. *Subtleman.*

Sub. With all my heart, Sir! But I think you had better violate the Dead of a Tooth or ſo, than violate the Living of ſeven thouſand Pound a Year.

Y. *W.* But is there no other way?

Sub. No, Sir: Why, d'ye think Mr. *Clearaccount* here will hazard Soul and Body to ſwear they are his laſt Words, unleſs they be made his laſt Words? For my part, Sir, I'll ſwear to nothing but what I ſee with my Eyes come out of a Man's Mouth.

Y. *W.* But it looks ſo unnatural.

Sub. What! to open a Man's Mouth, and put in a bit of Paper! —— this is all.

Y. *W.* But the Body is cold, and his Teeth can't be got aſunder.

Sub. But what Occaſion has your Father for Teeth now? I tell you what,——I knew a Gentleman, three Days buried, taken out of his Grave, and his dead Hand ſet to his Laſt Will, (unleſs ſome body made him ſign another afterwards,) and I know the Eſtate to be held by that Tenure to this Day: and a firm Tenure it is; for a dead Hand holds faſteſt; and let me tell you, dead Teeth will faſten as hard.

Y. *W.* Well, well, uſe your Pleaſure, you underſtand the Law beſt.————[*Exit* Subtleman *and* Steward. What a mighty Confuſion is brought in Families by ſudden Death? Men ſhould do well to ſettle their Affairs in time —— Had my Father done this before he was taken ill, what a trouble had he ſav'd us? But he was taken ſuddenly, poor Man!

Re-enter Subtleman.

Sub. Your Father ſtill bears you the old Grudge, I find! it was with much Struggling he conſented; I never knew a Man ſo loth to ſpeak in my Life.

Y. *W.* He was always a Man of few Words.

Sub. Now I may ſafely bear Witneſs my ſelf, as the Scrivener there preſent:——I love to do things with a clear Conſcience. [*Subſcribes.*

Y. *W.*

Y. *W.* But the Law requires three Witneſſes.

Sub. O! I ſhall pick a Couple more, that perhaps may take my Word for't:——But is not Mr. *Clear-account* in your Intereſt?

Y. *W.* I hope ſo.

Sub. Then he ſhall be one; a Witneſs in the Family goes a great way! beſides, theſe foreign Evidence are riſen confoundedly ſince the Wars. I hope, if mine eſcape the Privateers, to make an hundred Pound an Ear of every Head of 'em——But the Steward is an honeſt Man, and ſhall ſave you the Charges. [*Exit.*

Y. *W. Solus.*] The Pride of Birth, the Heats of Appetite, and Fear of Want, are ſtrong Temptations to Injuſtice.——But why Injuſtice?——The World hath broke all Civilities with me, and left me in the eldeſt State of Nature, Wild, where Force, or Cunning firſt created Right. I cannot ſay I ever knew a Father:—'Tis true, I was begotten in his Life-time, but I was poſthumous born, and liv'd not till he died—My Hours indeed I numbred, but ne'er enjoy'd 'em, 'till this Moment.——My Brother! what is Brother? We are all ſo; and the firſt two were Enemies.——He ſtands before me in the Road of Life to rob me of my Pleaſures.——My Senſes, form'd by Nature for Delight, are all alarm'd.——My Sight, my Hearing, Taſte and Touch, call loudly on me for their Objects, and they ſhall be ſatisfy'd. [*Exit.*

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE, *A Levee.*

Young Wou'dbe *dreſſing, and ſeveral Gentlemen whiſpering him by turns.*

Y. *W.* SUrely the greateſt Ornament of Quality is a clean and a numerous Levee; ſuch a Croud of

of Attendants for the cheap Reward of Words and Promiſes, diſtinguiſhes the Nobility from thoſe that pay Wages to their Servants.

[*A Gentleman whiſpers.*]

Sir, I ſhall ſpeak to the Commiſſioners, and uſe all my Intereſt, I can aſſure you, Sir.

[*Another whiſpers.*]

Sir, I ſhall meet ſome of your Board this Evening; let me ſee you to-morrow.

[*A Third whiſpers.*]

Sir, I'll conſider of it.——That Fellow's Breath ſtinks of Tobacco. [*Aſide.*] O, Mr. *Comick*, your Servant.

Com. My Lord, I wiſh you Joy; I have ſomething to ſhew your Lordſhip.

Y. *W.* What is it, pray, Sir?

Com. I have an Elegy upon the dead Lord, and a Panegyrick upon the living one: *In utrumque paratus*, my Lord.

Y. *W.* Ha, ha, very pretty, Mr. *Comick.*—But pray, Mr. *Comick*, why don't you write Plays? it wou'd give one an Opportunity of ſerving you.

Com. My Lord, I have writ one.

Y. *W.* Was it ever acted?

Com. No, my Lord; but it has been a rehearſing theſe three Years and a half.

Y. *W.* A long time. There muſt be a great deal of Buſineſs in it ſurely.

Com. No, my Lord, none at all.——I have another Play juſt finiſh'd, but that I want a Plot for't.

Y. *W.* A Plot! you ſhou'd read the *Italian* and *Spaniſh* Plays, Mr. *Comick*————I like your Verſes here mightily.————Here, Mr. *Clearaccount*.

Com. Now for five Guineas at leaſt. [*Aſide.*

Y. *W.* Here, give Mr. *Comick*, give him——give him the *Spaniſh* Play that lies in the Cloſet Window.——Captain, can I do you any Service?

Cap. Pray, my Lord, uſe your Intereſt with the General for that vacant Commiſſion: I hope, my Lord, the Blood I have already loſt, may intitle me to ſpill the Remainder in my Country's Cauſe.

Y. *W.*

Y. *W.* All the reason in the World.——Captain, you may depend upon me for all the Service I can.

Gen. I hope your Lordship won't forget to speak to the General about that vacant Commission: altho' I have never made a Campaign; yet my Lord, my Interest in the Country can raise me Men, which, I think, shou'd prefer me to that Gentleman, whose Bloody Disposition frightens the poor People from listing.

Y. *W.* All the reason in the World, Sir; you may depend upon me for all the Service in my power.——Captain, I'll do your Business for you——Sir, I'll speak to the General, I shall see him at the House——[*To the Gentlemen.*

Enter a Citizen.

Oh, Mr. *Alderman*,——your Servant——Gentlemen all, I beg your pardon.——[*Exeunt* Levee. Mr. *Alderman*, have you any Service to command me?

Ald. Your Lordship's humble Servant.——I have a Favour to beg. You must know, I have a graceless Son, a Fellow that drinks and swears eternally, keeps a Whore in every corner of the Town; in short, he's fit for no kind of thing but a Soldier——I'm so tir'd of him, that I intend to throw him into the Army, let the Fellow be ruin'd, if he will.

Y. *W.* I Commend your paternal Care, Sir!——Can I do you any Service in this Affair?

Ald. Yes, my Lord: there is a vacant Company in Colonel What d'ye calum's Regiment, and if your Lordship wou'd but speak to the General——

Y. *W.* Has your Son ever serv'd?

Ald. Serv'd! yes, my Lord, he's an Ensign in the Train-Bands now.

Y. *W.* Has he ever signaliz'd his Courage?

Ald. Often, often, my Lord; but one Day particularly, you must know, his Captain was so busy shipping off a Cargo of Cheese, that he left my Son

to

to command in his Place——Wou'd you believe it, my Lord, he charg'd up *Cheapside* in the Front of the Buff-Coats, with ſuch Bravery and Courage, that I could not forbear wiſhing in the Loyalty of my Heart, for ten thouſand ſuch Officers upon the *Rhine.* ——Ah! my Lord, we muſt employ ſuch Fellows as him, or we ſhall never humble the *French* King—— Now, my Lord, if you cou'd find a Convenient time to hint theſe things to the General.——

Y. *W.* All the reaſon in the World, Mr. *Alderman*, I'll do you all the Service I can.

Ald. You may tell him, he's a Man of Courage, fit for the Service; and then he loves Hardſhip. ——He ſleeps every other Night in the *Round-houſe.*

Y. *W.* I'll do you all the Service I can——

Ald. Then, my Lord, he ſalutes with his Pike ſo very handſomely, it went to his Miſtreſs's Heart t'other Day——and he beats a Drum like an Angel.

Y. *W.* Sir, I'll do you all the Service I can——

[*Not taking the leaſt Notice of the* Alderman *all this while, but dreſſing himſelf in the Glaſs.*

Ald. But, my Lord, the hurry of your Lordſhip's Affairs may put my Buſineſs out of your Head; therefore, my Lord, I'll preſume to leave you ſome *Memorandum.*

Y. *W.* I'll do you all the Service I can.

[*Not minding him.*

Ald. Pray, my Lord, [*Pulling him by the Sleeve.*] give me leave for a *Memorandum*; my Glove, I ſuppoſe, will do: Here, my Lord, pray remember me. ——[*Lays his Glove upon the Table, and Exit.*

Y. *W.* I'll do you all the Service I can——What, is he gone? 'Tis the moſt rude familiar Fellow—Faugh, what a greaſy Gauntlet is here——[*A Purſe drops out of the Glove.*] Oh! no, the Glove is a clean well-made Glove, and the Owner of it is the moſt reſpectful Perſon I have ſeen this Morning, he knows what diſtance [*Chinking the Purſe*] is due to a Man of Quality,——but what muſt I do for this? *Friſure* [*To his*

his Valet,] do you remember what the Alderman said to me?

Fris. No, my Lord, I thought your Lordship had.

Y. *W.* This Blockhead thinks a Man of Quality can mind what People *say*——when they *do* something, 'tis another case. Here, call him back. [*Exit* Frisure.] He talk'd something of the General, and his Son, and Train-bands, I know not what Stuff.

Re-enter Ald. *and* Frisure.

Oh, Mr. Alderman, I have put your *Memorandum* in my Pocket.

Ald. O, my Lord, you do me too much Honour.

Y. *W.* But, Mr. Alderman, the Business you were talking of, it shall be done; but if you gave a short Note of it to my Secretary, it would not be amiss ——but, Mr. Alderman, han't you the Fellow to this Glove, it fits me mighty well, [*Putting on the Glove.*] it looks so like a Challenge to give a Man an odd Glove ——and I would have nothing that looks like Enmity between you and I, Mr. Alderman.

Ald. Truly, my Lord, I intended the other Glove for a *Memorandum* to the Colonel, but since your Lordship has a mind to't——— [*Gives the Glove.*

Y. *W.* Here, *Frisure,* lead this Gentleman to my Secretary, and bid him take a Note of his Business.

Ald. But, my Lord, *don't* do me all the Service you can do.

Y. *W.* Well, I *won't* do you all the Service I can—these Citizens have a strange Capacity of soliciting sometimes. [*Exit* Ald.

Enter Steward.

Stew. My Lord, here are your Taylor, your Vintner, your Bookseller, and half a dozen more with their Bills at the Door, and they desire their Money.

Y. *W.* Tell 'em, Mr. *Clearaccount,* that when I was a private Gentleman, I had nothing else to do but to run

run in Debt, and now that I have got into a higher Rank, I'm ſo very buſy I can't pay it.——As for that clamorous Rogue of a Taylor, ſpeak him fair till he has made up my Liveries———then about a Year and a half hence, I ſhall be at leiſure to put him off for a Year and a half longer.

Stew. My Lord, there's a Gentleman below calls himſelf Mr. *Baſſet*, he ſays that your Lordſhip owes him fifty Guineas that he won of you at Cards.

Y. *W.* Look'e, Sir——the Gentleman's Money is a Debt of Honour, and muſt be paid immediately.

Stew. Your Father thought otherwiſe, my Lord, he always took care to have the poor Tradeſmen ſatisfy'd, whoſe only Subſiſtence lay in the Uſe of their Money, and was uſed to ſay, That nothing was honourable but what was honeſt.

Y. *W.* My Father might ſay what he pleas'd, he was a Nobleman of very ſingular Humours———but in my Notion, there are not two things in Nature more different than Honour and Honeſty———now your Honeſty is a little Mechanick Quality, well enough among Citizens, People that do nothing but pitiful mean Actions according to Law———but your Honour flies a much higher Pitch, and will do any thing that's free and ſpontaneous, but ſcorns to level it ſelf to what is only juſt.

Stew. But I think it is a little hard to have theſe poor People ſtarve for want of their Money, and yet pay this ſharping Raſcal fifty Guineas.

Y. *W.* Sharping Raſcal! What a Barbariſm that is? Why he wears as good Wigs, as fine Linnen, and keeps as good Company as any at *White*'s; and between you and I, Sir, this ſharping Raſcal, as you are pleaſed to call him, ſhall make more Intereſt among the Nobility with his Cards and Counters, than a Soldier ſhall with his Sword and Piſtol. Pray let him have fifty Guineas immediately. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *the Street; Elder* Wou'dbe *writing in a Pocket-Book, in a Riding-Habit.*

E. *W.* Monday *the* 14*th of* December, 1702, *I arriv'd safe in* London, *and so concluding my Travels* —— [*Putting up his Book.*

Now welcome Country, Father, Friends,
My Brother too, (if Brothers can be Friends:)
But above all, my charming Fair, my *Constance.*
Through all the Mazes of my wandring Steps,
Through all the various Climes that I have run;
Her Love has been the Loadstone of my Course,
Her Eyes the Stars that pointed me the Way.
Had not her Charms my Heart entire possess'd,
Who knows what *Circe*'s artful Voice and Look
Might have ensnared my travelling Youth,
And fixt me to Enchantment?

Enter Teague *with a Port-Manteau. He throws it down, and sits on it.*

Here comes my Fellow-Traveller. What makes you sit upon the Port-Manteau, *Teague!* you'll rumple the things.

Tea. Be me Shoule, Maishter, I did carry the Port-Mantel til it tir'd me; and now the Port-Mantel shall carry me till I tire him.

E. *W.* And how d'ye like *London, Teague,* after our Travels?

Tea. Fet, dear Joy, 'tis the bravest Plaase I have sheen in my Peregrinations, exshepting my nown brave Shitty of *Carick-Vergus*——Us, us, dere ish a very fragrant Shmell hereabouts —— Maishter, shall I run to that Paishtery-Cook's for shix Pennyworths of boil'd Beef?

E. *W.* Tho' this Fellow travell'd the World over, he would never lose his Brogue nor his Stomach.—— Why, you Cormorant! so hungry and so early?

Tea. Early! Deel tauke me Maiſhter, 'tiſh a great deal more than almoſt paſht twelve a-Clock.

E. *W.* Thou art never happy unleſs thy Guts be ſtuft up to thy Eyes.

Tea. Oh Maiſhter, dere iſh a dam way of diſtance, and the deel a bit between.

Enter Young Wou'dbe *in a Chair, with four or five Footmen before him, and paſſes over the Stage.*

E. *W.* Hey-day ——— who comes here? With one two, three, four, five Footmen! Some young Fellow juſt taſting the ſweet Vanity of Fortune. ——— Run, *Teague*, inquire who that is.

Tea. Yes, Maiſhter. [*Runs to one of the Footmen.*] Sir, will you give my humble Shervice to your Maiſhter, and tell him to ſend me word fat Naam iſh upon him?

Foot. You wou'd know fat Naam iſh upon him?

Tea. Yeſh, fet wou'd I.

Foot. Why, what are you, Sir?

Tea. Be me Shoul, I am a Shentleman bred and born, and dere iſh my Maiſhter.

Foot. Then your Maſter would know it?

Tea. Arah, you Fool, iſh it not the ſaam ting?

Foot. Then tell your Maſter 'tis the young Lord *Wou'dbe*, juſt come to his Eſtate by the Death of his Father and elder Brother. [Exit *Footman.*

E. *W.* What do I hear?

Tea. You hear that you are dead, Maiſhter; fere vil you pleaſe to be buried?

E. *W.* But art thou ſure it was my Brother?

Tea. Be me Shoul it was him nown ſelf; I know'd him very well, after his Man told me.

E. *W.* The Buſineſs requires that I be convinc'd with my own Eyes; I'll follow him, and know the bottom on't ——— Stay here till I return.

Tea. Dear Maiſhter, have a care upon your ſhelf Now they know you are dead, by my ſhoul they may kill you.

E. *W.*

E. *W.* Don't fear; none of his Servants know me, and I'll take care to keep my Face from his Sight. It concerns me to conceal myself, till I know the Engines of this Contrivance.——Be sure you stay till I come to you; and let no body know whom you belong to. [*Exit.*

Tea. Oh, ho, hone, poor *Teague* is left alone.

[*Sits on the Port-Manteau.*

Enter Subtleman *and* Steward.

Sub. And you won't swear to the Will?

Stew. My Conscience tells me I dare not do't with Safety.

Sub. But if we make it lawful, what shou'd we fear? We now think nothing against Conscience, 'till the Cause be thrown out of Court.

Stew. In you, Sir, 'tis no Sin, because 'tis the Principle of your Profession: But in me, Sir, 'tis downright Perjury indeed.——You can't want Witnesses enough, since Money won't be wanting——and you must lose no time; for I heard just now, that the true Lord *Wou'dbe* was seen in Town, or his Ghost.

Sub. It was his Ghost, to be sure; for a Nobleman without an Estate, is but the Shadow of a Lord——Well; take no care: Leave me to my self; I'm near the *Friers*, and ten to one shall pick up an Evidence.

Stew. Speed you well, Sir. [*Exit.*

Sub. There's a Fellow that has Hunger and the Gallows pictur'd in his Face, and looks like one for my Purpose——How now, honest Friend, what have you got under you there?

Tea. Noting, dear Joy.

Sub. Nothing! Is it not a Port-Manteau?

Tea. That is noting to you.

Sub. The Fellow's a Wit.

Tea. Fait am I! My Grandfader was an *Irish* Poet——He did write a great Book of Verses concerning the Vars between St. *Patrick* and the Wolf-Dogs.

Sub. Then thou art poor, I'm afraid?

Tea. Be me Shoule, my fole Generation ish so.——I have noting but thish Port-Manteau, and dat it shelf ish not my own.

Sub. Why, who does it belong to?

Tea. To my Maishter, dear Joy.

Sub. Then you have a Master?

Tea. Fait I have, but he's dead.

Sub. Right!————And how do you intend to live?

Tea. By eating, dear Joy, fen I can get it, and by sleeping fen I can get none——'Tish the Fashion of *Ireland.*

Sub. What was your Master's Name, pray?

Tea. [*Aside.*] I will tell a Lee now; but it shall be a true one.————*Macfadin*, dear Joy, was his Naam. He vent over vith King *Jamish* into *France*————He was my Master once.——Deere ish de true Lee; noo. [*Aside.*

Sub. What Employment had he?

Tea. *Je ne sçay pas.*

Sub. What, can you speak *French?*

Tea. *Ouy Monsieur*,——I did travel *France* and *Spain*, and *Italy*;——Dear Joy, I did kish the Pope's Toe, and dat will excuse me all the Sins of my Life; and fen I am dead, St. *Patrick* will excuse the rest.

Sub. A rare Fellow for my purpose. [*Aside.*] Thou look'st like an honest Fellow; and if you'll go with me to the next Tavern, I'll give thee a Dinner and a Glass of Wine.

Tea. Be me Shoule 'tis dat I wanted, dear Joy; come along, I will follow you.

[*Runs out before* Subtleman *with the Port-Manteau on his Back. Exit* Subtleman.

Enter Elder Wou'dbe.

E. *W.* My Father dead! my Birth-right lost! How have my drousy Stars slept over my Fortune? Ha! [*Looking about*] my Servant gone! The simple, poor, ungrateful Wretch has left me.————I took him up from

from Poverty and Want; and now he leaves me just as I found him. ——— My Clothes and Money too? ——— But why should I repine? Let Man but view the Dangers he has past, and few will fear what Hazards are to come. That Providence that has secur'd my Life from Robbers, Shipwreck, and from Sickness, is still the same; still kind whilst I am just. ——— My Death, I find, is firmly believed; but how it gain'd so universal Credit, I fain wou'd learn ——— Who comes here? ——— honest Mr. *Fairbank!* My Father's Goldsmith, a Man of Substance and Integrity. The Alteration of five Years Absence, with the Report of my Death, may shade me from his Knowledge, till I enquire some News. [*Enter* Fairbank.] Sir, your humble Servant.

Fair. Sir, I don't know you. [*Shunning him.*

E. *W.* I intend you no harm, Sir; but seeing you come from my Lord *Wou'dbe*'s House, I would ask you a Question or two ——— Pray what Distemper did my Lord die of?

Fair. I am told it was an Apoplexy.

E. *W.* And pray, Sir, what does the World say? Is his Death lamented?

Fair. Lamented! My Eyes that Question shou'd resolve; Friend, ——— Thou knew'st him not; else thy own Heart had answer'd thee.

E. *W.* His Grief, methinks, chides my Defect of Filial Duty. [*Aside.*] But I hope, Sir, his Loss is partly recompens'd in the Merits of his Successor.

Fair. It might have been; but his eldest Son, Heir to his Virtue and his Honour, was lately and unfortunately kill'd in *Germany.*

E. *W.* How unfortunately, Sir?

Fair. Unfortunately for him, and us ——— I do remember him. ——— He was the mildest, humblest, sweetest Youth.

E. *W.* Happy indeed had been my Part in Life, if I had left this Human Stage, whilst this so spotless, and so fair Applause, had crown'd my going off. [*Aside.*] Well, Sir.

Fair. But those that saw him in his Travels, told such Wonders of his Improvement, that the Report recall'd his Father's Years; and with the Joy to hear his *Hermes* prais'd, he oft wou'd break the Chains of Gout and Age; and leaping up with Strength of greenest Youth, cry, *My* Hermes *is my self; Methinks I live my sprightly Days again, and I am young in him.*

E. *W.* Spite of all Modesty, a Man must own a Pleasure in the hearing of his Praise. [*Aside.*

Fair. You're thoughtful, Sir——Had you any Relation to the Family we talk of?

E. *W.* None, Sir, beyond my private Concern in the publick Loss——But pray, Sir, what Character does the present Lord bear?

Fair. Your Pardon, Sir. As for the Dead, their Memories are left unregarded, and Tongues may touch them freely: But for the Living, they have provided for the Safety of their Names by a strong Inclosure of the Law. There's a thing call'd *Scandalum Magnatum*, Sir.

E. *W.* I commend your Caution, Sir; but be assur'd I intend not to entrap you——I am a poor Gentleman; and having heard much of the Charity of the old Lord *Wou'be*, I had a mind to apply to his Son; and therefore enquir'd his Character.

Fair. Alas! Sir, things are chang'd: That House was once what Poverty might go a Pilgrimage to seek, and have its Pains rewarded——The noble Lord, the truly noble Lord, held his Estate, his Honour, and his House, as if they were only lent upon the Interest of doing good to others. He kept a Porter, not to exclude, but serve the Poor. No Creditor was seen to guard his going out; or watch his coming in: No craving Eyes, but Looks of smiling Gratitude.——But now, that Family, which like a Garden fairly kept, invited every Stranger to its Fruit and Shade, is now run o'er with Weeds:——Nothing but Wine and Revelling within, a Croud of noisy Creditors without, a Train of Servants insolently

proud

proud———Wou'd you believe it, Sir, as I offer'd to go in just now, the rude Porter push'd me back with his Staff———I am at this present (thanks to Providence and my Industry) worth twenty thousand Pounds. I pay the fifth Part of this to maintain the Liberty of the Nation; and yet this Slave, this impudent *Swiss* Slave offer'd to strike me.

E. *W.* 'Twas hard, Sir, very hard:—And if they us'd a Man of your Substance so roughly, how will they manage me, that am not worth a Groat?

Fair. I wou'd not willingly defraud your Hopes of what may happen.———If you can drink and swear, perhaps———

E. *W.* I shall not pay that Price for his Lordship's Bounty, wou'd it extend to half he's worth.———Sir, I give you thanks for your Caution, and shall steer another Course.

Fair. Sir, you look like an honest, modest Gentleman. Come home with me; I am as able to give you a Dinner as my Lord; and you shall be very welcome to eat at my Table every Day till you are better provided.

E. *W.* Good Man. [*Aside.*] Sir, I must beg you to excuse me to-day: But I shall find a time to accept of your Favours, or at least to thank you for 'em.

Fair. Sir, you shall be very welcome whenever you please. [*Exit.*

E. *W.* Gramercy, Citizen! Surely, if Justice were an Herald, she would give this Tradesman a nobler Coat of Arms than my Brother———But I delay: I long to vindicate the Honour of my Station, and to displace this bold Usurper:———But one Concern, methinks, is nearer still, my *Constance!* Shou'd she, upon the Rumour of my Death, have fix'd her Heart elsewhere,———then I were dead indeed; but if she still prove true,———Brother, sit fast:

I'll shake your Strength, all Obstacles remove,
Sustain'd by Justice, and inspir'd by Love. [Exit.

SCENE *an Apartment.* Conſtance, Aurelia.

Con. For Heav'n's ſake, Couſin, ceaſe your impertinent Conſolation: It but makes me angry, and raiſes two Paſſions in me inſtead of one. You ſee I commit no Extravagance, my Grief is ſilent enough: my Tears make no Noiſe to diſturb any body. I deſire no Companion in my Sorrows; leave me to my ſelf, and you comfort me.——

Aur. But, Couſin, have you no regard to your Reputation? this immoderate Concern for a young Fellow. What will the World ſay? You lament him like a Huſband.——

Bon. No; you miſtake: I have no Rule nor Method for my Grief; no Pomp of black and darkned Rooms; no formal Month for Viſits on my Bed. I am content with the ſlight Mourning of a broken Heart; and all my Form is Tears.

Enter Midnight.

Mid. Madam *Aurelia*, Madam, don't diſturb her. ———Every thing muſt have its vent. 'Tis a hard Caſe to be croſs'd in one's firſt Love—But you ſhou'd conſider, Madam [*To* Conſtance] that we are all born to die, ſome young, ſome old.

Con. Better we all dy'd young, than to be plagu'd with Age, as I am. I find other Folks Years are as troubleſome to us as our own.

Mid. You have Reaſon, you have Cauſe to mourn. He was the handſomeſt Man, and the ſweeteſt Babe, that I know; tho' I muſt confeſs too, that *Ben* had much the finer Complexion when he was born: But then *Hermes*, yes *Hermes* had the Shape, that he had ———But of all the Infants that I ever beheld with my Eyes, I think *Ben* had the fineſt Ear, Wax-work, perfect Wax-work; and then he did ſo ſputter at the Breaſt!——His Nurſe was a hale, well-complexioned, ſprightly Jade, as ever I ſaw; but her Milk was a little

a little too ſtale; tho' at the ſame time, 'twas as blue and clear as a Cambrick.

Aur. Do you intend all this, Madam, for a Conſolation to my Couſin?

Mid. No, no, Madam, that's to come——I tell you, fair Lady, you have only loſt the Man; the Eſtate and Title are ſtill your own; and this very moment I wou'd ſalute you Lady *Wou'dbe*, if you pleas'd.

Con. Dear Madam, your Propoſal is very tempting, let me but conſider till to-morrow, and I'll give you an Anſwer.

Mid. I knew it, I knew it; I ſaid, when you were born you wou'd be a Lady; I knew it. To-morrow, you ſay. My Lord ſhall know it immediately. [*Exit.*

Aur. What d'ye intend to do, Couſin?

Con. To go into the Country this moment, to be free from the Impertinence of Condolance, the Perſecution of that Monſter of a Man and that Devil of a Woman.——O *Aurelia*, I long to be alone. I am become ſo fond of Grief, that I would fly where I might enjoy it all, and have no Interruption in my darling Sorrow.

Enter Elder Wou'dbe *unperceiv'd.*

E. *W.* In Tears! perhaps for me! I'll try——

[*Drops a Picture, and goes back to the Entrance, and liſtens.*

Aur. If there be aught in Grief deliglitful, don't grudge me a ſhare.

Con. No, my dear *Aurelia*, I'll engroſs it all. I lov'd him ſo, methinks I ſhou'd be jealous if any mourned his Death beſides my ſelf. What's here! [*Takes up the Picture.*] Ha! ſee Couſin—the very Face and Features of the Man! Sure ſome officious Angel has brought me this for a Companion in my Solitude——Now I'm fitted out for Sorrow. With this I'll ſigh, with this converſe, gaze on his Image till I grow blind with Weeping.

Aur. I'm amaz'd! how came it here?

Con. Whether by Miracle or humane Chance, 'tis all alike; I have it here: Nor shall it ever separate from my Breast——it's the only thing cou'd give me Joy, because it will encrease my Grief.

E. *W.* [*Entering.*] Most glorious Woman! now I am fond of Life.

Aur. Ha! What's this? Your Business, pray Sir?

E. *W.* With this Lady. [*Goes to* Constance, *takes her Hand, and Kneels.*] Here let me worship that Perfection, whose Virtue might attract the listning Angels, and make 'em smile to see such Purity, so like themselves in humane Shape.

Con. Hermes!

E. *W.* Your living *Hermes*, who shall die yours too.

Con. Now Passion, powerful Passion would bear me like a Whirlwind to his Arms:——But my Sex has Bounds——'Tis wondrous, Sir!

E. *W.* Most wondrous are the Works of Fate for Man, and most closely laid, is the Serpentine Line that guides him into Happiness!——that hidden Power which did permit those Arts to cheat me of my Birthright, had this Surprise of Happiness in store, well knowing that Grief is the best Preparative for Joy.

Con. I never found the true Sweets of Love, 'till this Romantick Turn; dead and alive! my Stars are poetical. For Heaven's sake, Sir, unriddle your Fortune.

E. *W.* That my dear Brother must do; for he made the *Ænigma.*

Aur. Methinks I stand here like a Fool all this while: wou'd I had somebody or other to say a fine thing or two to me.

E. *W.* Madam, I beg ten thousand Pardons: I have my Excuse in my hand.

Aur. My Lord, I wish you Joy.

E. *W.* Pray, Madam, don't trouble me with a Title 'till I am better equipt for it. My Peerage wou'd look a little shabby in these Robes.

Con. You have a good Excuse, my Lord; you can wear better when you please.

E. *W.* I have a better Excuse, Madam.——These are the best I have.

Con. How, my Lord?

E. *W.* Very true, Madam, I am at present, I believe, the poorest Peer in *England*.——Hark'e *Aurelia*, prithee lend me a Piece or two.

Aur. Ha, ha, ha! a poor Peer indeed! he wants a Guinea.

Con. I'm glad on't with all my heart.

E. *W.* Why so, Madam?

Con. Because I can furnish you with five thousand.

E. *W.* Generous Woman!

Enter Trueman.

Ha, my Friend too!

True. I'm glad to find you here, my Lord: Here's a current Report about Town that you were kill'd. I was afraid it might reach this Family; so I come to disprove the Story by your Letter to me by the last Post.

Aur. I'm glad he's come; now it will be my turn, Cousin.

True. Now, my Lord, I wish you Joy; and I expect the same from you.

E. *W.* With all my heart; but upon what Score?

True. The old Score, Marriage.

E. *W.* To whom?

True. To a Neighbour Lady here.

[*Looking at* Aurelia.

Aur. Impudence! [*Aside.*] The Lady mayn't be so near as you imagine, Sir.

True. The Lady mayn't be so near as you imagine, Madam.

Aur. Don't mistake me, Sir: I did not care if the Lady were in *Mexico*.

True. Nor I neither, Madam.

Aur. You're very short, Sir,

True. The ſhorteſt Pleaſures are the ſweeteſt, you know.

Aur. Sir, you appear very different to me, from what you were lately.

True. Madam, you appear very different to me, to what you were lately.

Aur. Strange!

[*This while* Conſtance *and* Wou'dbe *entertain one another in dumb Shew.*

True. Miraculous!

Aur. I could never have believ'd it.

True. Nor I; as I hope to be ſav'd.

Aur. Ill Manners!

True. Worſe.

Aur. How have I deſerv'd it, Sir?

True. How have I deſerv'd it, Madam?

Aur. What?

True. You.

Aur. Riddles!

True. Women!——My Lord, you'll hear of me at *White*'s. Farewel. [*Runs off.*

E. *W.* What, *Trueman* gone!

Aur. Yes. [*Walks about in diſorder.*

Con. Bleſs me; what's the matter, Couſin?

Aur. Nothing.

Con. Why are you uneaſy?

Aur. Nothing.

Con. What ails you then?

Aur. Nothing,———I don't love the Fellow——yet to be affronted,———I can't bear it.

[*Burſts out a crying, and runs off.*

Con. Your Friend, my Lord, has affronted *Aurelia.*

E. *W.* Impoſſible! His regard to me were ſufficient Security for his good Behaviour here, tho' it were in his Nature to be rude elſewhere.———She has certainly us'd him ill.

Con. Too well rather.

E. *W.* Too well! have a care, Madam;—that, with ſome Men, is the greateſt Provocation to a Slight.

Con. Don't mistake, my Lord, her Usage never went farther than mine to you; and I should take it very ill to be abus'd for it.

E. *W.* I'll follow him, and know the Cause of it.

Con. No, my Lord, I'll follow her, and know it: Besides, your own Affairs with your Brother require you at present. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Lord* Wou'dbe's *House.*

Young Wou'dbe *and* Subtleman.

Y. *W.* REturn'd! Who saw him? Who spoke with him? He can't be return'd.

Sub. My Lord, he's below at the Gate parleying with the Porter, who has private Orders from me to admit no body till you send him word, that we may have the more time to settle our Affairs.

Y. *W.* 'Tis a hard Case, Mr. *Subtleman,* that a Man can't enjoy his Right without all this Trouble.

Sub. Ah, my Lord, you see the Benefit of Law now, what an Advantage it is to the Publick for securing of Property. ——— Had you not the Law o' your side, who knows what Devices might be practis'd to defraud you of your Right ——— But I have secur'd all ——— The Will is in true form; and you have two Witnesses already to swear to the last Words of your Father.

Y. *W.* Then you have got another.

Sub. Yes, yes, a right one; ——— and I shall pick up another time enough before the Term: ——— And I have planted three or four Constables in the next Room, to take care of your Brother if he shou'd be boisterous.

Y. *W.* Then you think we are secure.

Sub.

Sub. Ay, ay, let him come now when he pleases; ——I'll go down, and give Orders for his Admittance.

Y. *W.* Unkind Brother! to disturb me thus, just in the swing and stretch of my full Fortune! Where is the Tye of Blood and Nature, when Brothers will do this? Had he but staid till *Constance* had been mine, his Presence or his Absence had been then indifferent.

Enter Midnight.

Mid. Well, my Lord, [*Pants as out of Breath*] you'll ne'er be satisfied till you have broke my poor Heart. I have had such ado yonder about you with Madam *Constance*——but she's your own.

Y. *W.* How! my own! Ah, my dear Helpmate, I'm afraid we are routed in that Quarter: my Brother's come home.

Mid. Your Brother come home; then I'll go travel. [*Going.*

Y. *W.* Hold, hold, Madam, we are all secure; we have provided for his Reception; your Nephew *Subtleman* has stopt up all Passages to the Estate.

Mid. Ay, *Subtleman* is a pretty thriving ingenious Boy. Little do you think who is the Father of him. I'll tell you; Mr. *Moabite* the rich *Jew* in *Lombard-street*.

Y. *W.* *Moabite* the *Jew*.

Mid. You shall hear, my Lord:——One Evening, as I was very grave in my own House, reading the——*Weekly Preparation*:——Ay, it was the *Weekly Preparation*, I do remember particularly well. ——What hears me I——but pat, pat, pat, very softly at the Door. Come in, cries I, and presently enters Mr. *Moabite*, follow'd by a snug Chair, the Windows close drawn, and in it was a fine Young Virgin just upon the point of being deliver'd——We were all in a great hurly-burly for a while, to be sure; but our Production was a fine Boy——I had fifty Guineas for my trouble, the Lady was wrapt up very warm, plac'd in her Chair, and re-convey'd to the place

she-

ſhe came from. Who ſhe was, or what ſhe was, I cou'd never learn, tho' my Maid ſaid that the Chair went thro' the Park——but the Child was left with me——The Father wou'd have made a *Jew* on't preſently, but I ſwore, if he committed ſuch a Barbarity on the Infant, that I would diſcover all.—— So I had him brought up a good Chriſtian, and bound Prentice to an Attorney.

Y. *W.* Very well.

Mid. Ah, my Lord, there's many a pretty Fellow in *London* that knows as little of their true Father and Mother as he does: I have had ſeveral ſuch Jobbs in my time;——there was one *Scotch* Nobleman that brought me four in half a year.

Y. *W.* Four! and how were they all provided for?

Mid. Very handſomely indeed; they were two Sons and two Daughters, the eldeſt Son rides in the firſt Troop of Guards, and the other is a very pretty Fellow, and his Father's *Valet de Chambre*.

Y. *W.* And what is become of the Daughters, pray?

Mid. Why, one of 'em is a Manteau-Maker, and the youngeſt has got into the Play-Houſe.——Ay, ay, my Lord, let *Subtleman* alone, I'll warrant he'll manage your Brother. Adſmylife, here's ſomebody coming, I wou'd not be ſeen.

Y. *W.* 'Tis my Brother, and he'll meet you upon the Stairs! 'adſo, get into this Cloſet till he be gone.

[*Shuts her into the Cloſet.*

Enter E. Wou'dbe *and* Subtleman.

My Brother! deareſt Brother, welcome!

[*Runs and embraces him.*

E. *W.* I can't diſſemble, Sir, elſe I wou'd return your falſe Embrace.

Y. *W.* Falſe Embrace! ſtill ſuſpicious of me! I thought that five years abſence might have cool'd the unmanly Heats of our childiſh Days; that I am over-joy'd at your Return, let this teſtify, this Moment

I resign all Right and Title to your Honour, and salute you, Lord.

E. *W.* I want not your Permission to enjoy my Right; here I am Lord and Master without your Resignation; and the first use I make of my Authority, is, to discard that rude, bull-fac'd Fellow at the Door. Where is my Steward? [*Enter* Clearaccount,] Mr. *Clearaccount*, let that pamper'd Centinel below this Minute be discharg'd————Brother, I wonder you cou'd feed such a swarm of lazy, idle Drones about you, and leave the poor industrious Bees, that fed you from their Hives, to starve for want.————Steward, look to't; if I have not Discharges for every Farthing of my Father's Debts upon my Toylet to-morrow Morning, you shall follow the Tipstaff, I can assure you.

Y. *W.* Hold, hold, my Lord, you usurp too large a Power, methinks, o'er my Family.

E. *W.* Your Family!

Y. *W.* Yes, my Family; you have no Title to Lord it here.——Mr. *Clearaccount*, you know your Master.

E. *W.* How! a Combination against me!——Brother, take heed how you deal with one that, cautious of your Falshood, comes prepar'd to meet your Arts, and can retort your Cunning to your Infamy: Your black, unnatural Designs against my Life, before I went abroad, my Charity can pardon; but my Prudence must remember to guard me from your Malice for the future.

Y. *W.* Our Father's weak and fond Surmise! which he upon his Death-bed own'd; and to recompense me for that injurious, unnatural Suspicion, he left me sole Heir to his Estate————Now, my Lord, my House and Servants are—at your Service.

E. *W.* Villany beyond Example! have I not Letters from my Father, of scarce a Fortnight's Date, where he repeats his Fears for my Return, lest it should again expose me to your Hatred.

Sub.

Sub. Well, well, these are no Proofs, no Proofs, my Lord; they won't pass in Court against positive Evidence: Here is your Father's Will, *signatum & sigillatum*, besides his last Words to confirm it, to which I can take my positive Oath in any Court of *Westminster*.

E. *W.* What are you, Sir?

Sub. Of *Clifford*'s Inn, my Lord, I belong to the Law.

E. *W.* Thou art the Worm and Maggot of the Law, bred in the bruis'd and rotten Parts, and now are nourish'd on the same Corruption that produc'd thee. ——The *English* Law, as planted first, was like the *English* Oak, shooting its spreading Arms around, to shelter all that dwelt beneath its Shade:—but now, whole Swarms of Caterpillars, like you, hang in such Clusters upon every Branch, that the once thriving Tree now sheds infectious Vermin on our Heads.

Y. *W.* My Lord, I have some Company above; if your Lordship will drink a Glass of Wine, we shall be proud of the Honour! if not, I shall attend you at any Court of Judicature, whenever you please to summon me. [*Going.*

E. *W.* Hold, Sir,——Perhaps my Father's dying Weakness was impos'd on, and he has left him Heir; if so, his Will shall freely be obey'd. [*Aside.*]——Brother, you say you have a Will.

Sub. Here it is. [*Shewing a Parchment.*

E. *W.* Let me see it.

Sub. There's no Precedent for that, my Lord.

E. *W.* Upon my Honour, I'll restore it.

Y. *W.* Upon my Honour, but you sha'n't——

[*Takes it from* Sub. *and puts it in his Pocket.*

E. *W.* This Over-caution, Brother, is suspicious.

Y. *W.* Seven thousand Pound a Year is worth looking after.

E. *W.* Therefore you can't take it ill that I am a little inquisitive about it——Have you Witnesses to prove my Father's dying Words?

Y. *W.*

Y. *W.* A Couple in the House.

E. *W.* Who are they?

Sub. Witnesses, my Lord!——'Tis unwarrantable to enquire into the Merits of the Cause out of Court;——my Client shall answer no more Questions.

E. *W.* Perhaps, Sir, upon a satisfactory Account of his Title, I intend to leave your Client to the quiet Enjoyment of his Right, without troubling any Court with the Business; I therefore desire to know what kind of Persons are these Witnesses.

Sub. Oho, he's a coming about. [*Aside.*] I told your Lordship already, that I am one, another is in the House, one of my Lord's Footmen.

E. *W.* Where is this Footman?

Y. *W.* Forth-coming.

E. *W.* Produce him.

Sub. That I shall presently.——The Day's our own, Sir; [*To* Y. *W.*] but you shall engage first to ask him no cross Questions. [*Exit* Sub.

E. *W.* I am not skill'd in such: But, pray Brother, did my Father quite forget me? left me nothing!

Y. *W.* Truly, my Lord, nothing:——He spoke but little, left no Legacies.

E. *W.* 'Tis strange; he was extremely just, and lov'd me too;——but perhaps——

[*Enter* Subtleman *with* Teague.

Sub. My Lord, here's another Evidence.

E. *W.* *Teague!*

Y. *W.* My Brother's Servant!

[*They all four stare upon one another.*

Sub. His Servant!

Tea. Maishter! see here Maishter, I did get all dish [*Chinks Money*] for being an Evidensh, dear Joy; an be me shoule, I will give the half of it to you, if you will give me your Permission to make swear against you.

E. *W.* My Wonder is divided between the Villainy of the Fact, and the Amazement of the Discovery! *Teague!* my very Servant! sure I dream.

Tea.

Tea. Fet, dere iſh no dreaming in the Caſh; I'm ſure the Croon Pieceiſh are awake, for I have been taaking with dem diſh half hour.

Y. *W.* Ignorant, unlucky Man, thou haſt ruin'd me; why had not I a ſight of him before?

Sub. I thought the Fellow had been too ignorant to be a Knave.

Tea. Be me ſhoule you lee, dear Joy.——I can be a Knave as well as you, ſen I tink it conveniency.

E. *W.* Now Brother! Speechleſs! Your Oracle too ſilenc'd! Is all your boaſted Fortune ſunk to the guilty Bluſhing for a Crime? But I ſcorn to inſult.——Let Diſappointment be your Puniſhment: But for your Lawyer there,——*Teague*, lay hold of him.

Sub. Let none dare to attach me without a legal Warrant.

Tea. Attach! no, dear Joy, I cannot attach you—— but I can catch you by the Troat, after the Faſhion of *Ireland.* [*Takes* Subtleman *by the Throat.*

Sub. An Aſſault! an Aſſault!

Tea. No, no, 'tiſh noting but choaking, noting but choaking.

E. *W.* Hold him faſt, *Teague*——Now, Sir, [*To* Y. *W.*] becauſe I was your Brother, you wou'd have betray'd me; and becauſe I am your Brother, I forgive it;——diſpoſe yourſelf as you think fit.——I'll order Mr. *Clearaccount* to give you a thouſand Pounds. Go take it, and pay me by your Abſence.

Y. *W.* I ſcorn your beggarly Benevolence: Had my Deſigns ſucceeded, I wou'd not have allow'd you the Weight of a Wafer, and therefore will accept none. ——As for that Lawyer he deſerves to be pillory'd, not for his Cunning in deceiving you, but for his Ignorance in betraying me.——The Villain has defrauded me of Seven thouſand Pounds a Year. Farewel. [*Going.*

Enter-

Enter Midnight *out of the Closet, runs to Young* Woud'be, *and kneels.*

Mid. My Lord, my dear Lord *Wou'dbe*, I beg you ten thousand Pardons.

Y. *W.* What Offence hast thou done to me?

Mid. An Offence the most injurious——— I have hitherto conceal'd a Secret in my Breast, to the Offence of Justice, and the defrauding your Lordship of your true Right and Title. You *Benjamin Wou'dbe*, with the crooked Back, are the eldest born, and true Heir to the Estate and Dignity.

Om. How!

Tea. Arah, how?

Mid. None, my Lord, can tell better than I, who brought you both into the World.———My deceas'd Lord, upon the sight of your Deformity, engag'd me, by a considerable Reward, to say you were the last born, that the beautiful Twin, likely to be the greater Ornament to the Family, might succeed him in his Honour.———This Secret my Conscience has long struggled with.——— ——Upon the News that you were left Heir to the Estate, I thought Justice was satisfy'd, and I was resolv'd to keep it a Secret still; but by strange Chance, over-hearing what pass'd just now, my poor Conscience was rack'd, and I was forc'd to declare the Truth.

Y. *W.* By all my former Hopes I cou'd have sworn it: I found the Spirit of Eldership in my Blood; my Pulses beat, and swell'd for Seniority.——Mr. *Hermes Wou'dbe*,——I'm your most humble Servant.

[*Foppishly.*

E. *W.* *Hermes* is my Name, my Christian Name; of which I am prouder than of all Titles that Honour gives, or Flattery bestows.———But thou, vain Bubble, puft up with the empty Breath of that more empty Woman; to let thee see how I despise thy Pride, I'll call thee Lord, dress thee up in Titles like a King at Arms; you shall be blazon'd round, like any Church in *Holland*; thy Pageantry shall exceed the

the Lord-Mayor's; and yet this *Hermes*, plain *Hermes*, ſhall deſpiſe thee.

Sub. Well, well, this is nothing to the purpoſe.—— Miſtreſs, will you make an Affidavit of what you have ſaid before a Maſter in *Chancery*?

Mid. That I can, tho' I were to die the next minute after it.

Tea. Den, dear Joy, you wou'd be dam the nex minute after dat.

E. *W.* All this is trifling: I muſt purge my Houſe of this Neſt of Villany at once ——— Here, *Teague*, [*Whiſpers* Teague] go, make haſte.

Tea. Dat I çan——[*As he runs out, Y.* W. *ſtops him.*

Y. *W.* Where are you going, Sir?

Tea. Only for a Pot of Ale, dear Joy, for you and my Maiſhter, to drink Friends.

Y. *W.* You lye, Sirrah. [*Puſhes him back.*

Tea. Fet, I do ſo.

E. *W.* What, Violence to my Servant! Nay, then I'll force him a Paſſage.

Sub. An Aſſault, an Aſſault upon the Body of a Peer. Within there!

Enter three or four Conſtables, one of 'em with a Black Patch on his Eye. They diſarm Elder Wou'dbe, *and ſecure* Teague.

E. *W.* This Plot was laid for my Reception. Unhand me, Conſtable.

Y. *W.* Have a care, Mr. Conſtable, the Man is mad; he's poſſeſs'd with an odd Frenzy, that he's my Brother, and my elder too: So, becauſe I wou'd not very willingly reſign my Houſe and Eſtate, he attempted to murder me.

Sub. Gentlemen, take care of that Fellow: He made an Aſſault upon my Body, *vi & armis.*

Tea. Arah, fat is dat *wy at armiſh?*

Sub. No matter, Sirrah; I ſhall have you hang'd.

Tea. Hang'd! dat is noting, dear Joy;——We are us'd to't.

E. *W.* Unhand me, Villains, or by all.———

Tea.

Tea. Have a caar, dear Maiſhter, don't ſwear; we ſhall be had in the Croon-Offiſh: You know dere iſh Sharpers about us. [*Looking about on them that hold him.*

Y. *W.* Mr. Conſtable, you know your Directions; away with 'em.

E. *W.* Hold———

Conſt. No, no, force him away.———

[*They all hurry him off*, manent *Y.* W. *and* Midnight.

Y. *W.* Now, my dear Propheteſs, my Sibyl; by all my dear Deſires and Ambitions, I do believe you have ſpoken the truth.——I am the Elder.

Mid. No, no, Sir, the Devil a word on't is true.——I wou'd not wrong my Conſcience neither: For, faith and troth, as I am an honeſt Woman, you were born above three quarters of an hour after him;——but I don't much care if I do ſwear that you are the eldeſt.———What a Bleſſing it was, that I was in the Cloſet at that pinch! Had I not come out that moment, you wou'd have ſneakt off; your Brother had been in Poſſeſſion, and then we had loſt all; but now you are eſtabliſh'd: Poſſeſſion gets you Money, that gets you Law, and Law you know——Down on your knees, Sirrah, and ask me Bleſſing.

Y. *W.* No, my dear Mother, I'll give thee a Bleſſing, a Rent-charge of Five hundred Pound a Year, upon what part of the Eſtate you will, during your Life.

Mid. Thank you, my Lord: That five Hundred a Year will afford me a leiſurely Life, and a handſome Retirement in the Country, where I mean to repent me of my Sins, and die a good Chriſtian: For Heaven knows, I am old, and ought to bethink me of another Life———Have you none of the Cordial left that we had in the Morning?

Y. *W.* Yes, yes, we'll go to the Fountain-head.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Teague.

Tea. Deel tauke me but diſh iſh a moſt ſhweet Biſhneſs indeed; Maiſhters play the Fool, and Shervants muſt ſhuffer for it. I am Priſhoner in the Conſtable's Houſe, be me Shoule, and ſhent abrode to fetch ſome Bail for my Maiſhter; but ſoo ſhall bail poor *Teague* agra?

Enter Conſtance.

Oh, dere iſh my Maiſhter's old Love. Indeed, I fear diſh Biſhneſs will ſpoil his Fortune.

Con. Who's here? *Teague*? [*He turns from her.*

Tea. Deel tauke her, I did tought ſhe cou'd not know me agen now I am a Priſhoner. [Conſtance *goes about to look him in the Face. He turns from her.*] Diſh iſh not ſhivil, be me Shoule, to know a Shentleman fither he will or no.

Con. Why this, *Teague?* What's the matter? Are you aſham'd of me, or yourſelf, *Teague*?

Tea. Of bote, be me Shoule.

Con. How does your Maſter, Sir?

Tea. Very well, dear Joy, and in Priſhon.

Con. In Priſon! how! where?

Tea. Why, in the little *Baſhtile* yonder, at the end of the Street.

Con. Shew me the way immediately.

Tea. Fet, I can ſhew you the Hooſe yonder: Shee yonder; be me Shoule I ſhee his Faace yonder peeping troo the Iron Glaſs Window.

Con. I'll ſee him, tho' a Dungeon were his Confinement. [*Runs out.*

Tea. Ah —— auld kindneſh, be me ſhoule, cannot be forgotten. Now, if my Maiſhter had but Graſh enough to get her wit Child, her Word wou'd go for two; and ſhe wou'd bail him and I bote. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *A Room miserably furnished, E. W. sitting and writing.*

E. *W. The Tow'r confines the Great,*
The Spunging-House the Poor;
Thus there are Degrees of State,
That ev'n the Wretched must endure.

Virgil, *tho' cherished in Courts,*
Relates but a splenetick Tale,
Cervantes *Revels and Sports,*
Altho' he writ in a Jail.

Then hang Reflexions, [*Starts up.*] I'll go write a Comedy. Ho, within there: Tell the Lieutenant of the Tower that I would speak with him.

Enter Constable.

Const. Ay, ay, the Man is mad: Lieutenant o'th' Tower! Ha, ha, ha; wou'd you cou'd make your Words good, Master.

E. *W.* Why, am not I a Prisoner here? I know it by the stately Apartments.——What is that, pray, that hangs streaming down upon the Wall yonder?

Const. Yonder! 'tis Cobweb, Sir.

E. *W.* 'Tis false, Sir: 'tis as fine Tapestry as any in *Europe.*

Const. The Devil it is!

E. *W.* Then your Damask Bed, here; the Flowers are so bold, I took 'em for Embroidery; and then the Head-work, Point *de Venice,* I protest!

Const. As good *Kidderminster* as any in *England,* I must confess; and tho' the Sheets be a little soil'd, yet I can assure you, Sir, that many an honest Gentleman has lain in them.

E. *W.* Pray, Sir, what did those two *Indian* Pieces cost, that are fix'd up in the Corner of the Room?

Const. Indian Pieces! What the Devil, Sir, they are my old Jack-Boots, my Militia Boots.

E. *W.*

E. *W.* I took 'em for two *China* Jars, upon my word: But hark'e, Friend, art thou content that these things shou'd be as they are?

Const. Content! ah, Sir.

E. *W.* Why then should I complain?

[*One calls within.*

[*Within.*] Mr. Constable, here's a Woman will force her way upon us: We can't stop her.

Const. Knock her down then, knock her down; let no Woman come up, the Man's mad enough already.

Enter Constance.

Con. Who dares oppose me?

[*Throws him a handful of Money.*

Const. Not I truly, Madam.

[*Gathers up the Money.*

E. *W.* My *Constance!* my Guardian-Angel here! Then nought can hurt me.

Const. Hark'e, Sir, you may suppose the Bed to be a Damask-Bed for half an Hour, if you please.——

Con. No, no, Sir, your Prisoner must along with me.

Const. Ay! faith, the Woman's madder than the Man.

Enter Trueman *and* Teague.

E. *W.* Ha! *Trueman* too! I'm proud to think that many a Prince has not so many true Friends in his Palace, as I have here in Prison;——two such——

Tea. Tree, be me Shoule.

True. My Lord, just as I heard of your Confinement, I was going to make myself a Prisoner. Behold the Fetters; I had just bought the Wedding-Ring.

Con. I hope they are golden Fetters, Captain?

True. They weigh four Thousand Pound, Madam, besides the Purse, which is worth a Million.——My Lord, this very Evening was I to be marry'd; but

the News of your Misfortune has ſtopt me: I wou'd not gather Roſes in a wet Hour.

E. *W.* Come, the Weather ſhall be clear; the Thoughts of your good Fortune will make me eaſy, more than my own can do, if purchaſed by your Diſappointment.

True. Do you think, my Lord, that I can go to the Bed of Pleaſure whilſt you lie in a Hovel?——Here, where is this Conſtable? How dare you do this, inſolent Raſcal?

Conſt. Inſolent Raſcal! do you know who you ſpeak to, Sir?

True. Yes, Sirrah, don't I call you by your proper Name? How dare you confine a Peer of the Realm?

Conſt. Peer of the Realm! you may give good Words tho', I hope.

E. *W.* Ay, ay, Mr Conſtable is in the right, he did but his Duty; I ſuppoſe he had twenty Guineas for his Pains.

Conſt. No, I had but ten.

E. *W.* Hark'e, *Trueman*, this Fellow muſt be ſooth'd, he'll be of uſe to us; but I muſt employ you too in this Affair with my Brother.

True. Say no more, my Lord, I'll cut his Throat, 'tis but flying the Kingdom.

B. *W.* No, no, 'twill be more Revenge to worſt him at his own Weapons. Cou'd I but force him out of his Garriſon, that I might get into Poſſeſſion, his Claim wou'd vaniſh immediately.——Does my Brother know you?

True. Very little, if at all.

E. *W.* Hark'e. [*Whiſpers.*

True. It ſhall be done;——Look'e, Conſtable, you're drawn into a wrong Cauſe, and it may prove your Deſtruction if you don't change Sides immediately:——We deſire no Favour, but the uſe of your Coat, Wig, and Staff, for half an Hour.

Conſt. Why truly, Sir, I underſtand now, by this Gentlewoman, that I know to be our Neighbour, that

that he is a Lord, and I heartily beg his Worſhip's pardon; and if I can do your Honour any Service, your Grace may command me.

E. *W.* I'll reward you, but you muſt have the black Patch for the Eye too.

Tea. I can give your Lordſhip wan; here ſet, 'tis a Plaiſhter for a ſhore Finger, and I have worn it but twice.

Con.———But pray, Captain, what was your Quarrel at *Aurelia* to-day?

True. With your Permiſſion, Madam, we'll mind my Lord's Buſineſs at preſent; when that's done, we'll mind the Lady's.———My Lord, I ſhall make an excellent Conſtable; I never had the Honour of a civil Employment before: We'll equip ourſelves in another Place. Here, you *Prince of Darkneſs*, have you ne'er a better Room in your Houſe, theſe Iron-Grates frighten the Lady.

Conſt. I have a handſome, neat Parlour below, Sir.

True. Come along then, you muſt conduct us.——— We don't intend to be out of your ſight, that you mayn't be out of ours.——[*Aſide.*] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment.*

Enter Aurelia *in a Paſſion*, Richmore *following.*

Aur. Follow me not;———Age and Deformity, with Quiet, were preferable to this vexatious Perſecution; for Heav'n's ſake, Mr. *Richmore*, what have I ever ſhewn to vindicate this Preſumption of yours?

Rich. You ſhew it now, Madam; your Face, your Wit, your Shape, are all Temptations to undergo even the Rigour of your Diſdain, for the bewitching Pleaſure of your Company.

Aur. Then be aſſur'd, Sir, you ſhall reap no other Benefit by my Company; and if you think it a Pleaſure to be conſtantly ſlighted, ridicul'd, and affronted, you ſhall have Admittance to ſuch Entertainment whenever you will.

Rich. I take you at your Word, Madam; I am arm'd with Submiſſion againſt all the Attacks of your Severity, and your Ladyſhip ſhall find, that my Reſignation can bear much longer than your Rigour can inflict.

Aur. That is, in plain Terms, your Sufficiency will preſume much longer than my Honour can reſiſt—— Sir, you might have ſpar'd the unmannerly Declaration to my Face, having already taken care to let me know your Opinion of my Virtue, by your impudent Settlement, propos'd by Mrs. *Midnight.*

Rich. By thoſe fair Eyes, I'll double the Propoſal; this ſoft, this white, this powerful Hand [*Takes her Hand*] ſhall write its own Conditions.

Aur. Then it ſhall write this—— [*Strikes him*] and if you like the Terms, you ſhall have more another time. [*Exit.*

Rich. Death and Madneſs! a Blow——Twenty thouſand Pound Sterling for one Night's Revenge upon her dear, proud, diſdainful Perſon!——Am I rich as many a Sovereign Prince, wallow in Wealth, yet can't command my Pleaſure——Woman!——If there be Power in Gold, I yet ſhall triumph o'er thy Pride.

Enter Midnight.

Mid. O' my troth, and ſo you ſhall, if I can help it.

Rich. Madam, Madam, here, here, here's Money, Gold, Silver, take, take, all, all, my Rings too; all ſhall be yours, make me but happy in this preſumptuous Beauty, I'll make thee rich as Avarice can crave; if not, I'll murder thee and myſelf too.

Mid. Your Bounty is too large, too large indeed, Sir.

Rich. Too large! no, 'tis Beggary without her—— Lordſhips, Mannors, Acres, Rents, Tithes and Trees, all, all ſhall fly for my dear ſweet Revenge.

Mid. Say no more, this Night I'll put you in a way.

Rich.

Rich. This Night?

Mid. The Lady's Aunt is very near her Time——— she goes abroad this Evening a visiting; in the mean time I'll send to your Mistress, that her Aunt is fallen in Labour at my House: She comes in a hurry, and then———

Rich. Shall I be there to meet her?

Mid. Perhaps.

Rich. In a private Room?

Mid. Mum.

Rich. No Creature to disturb us?

Mid. Mum, I say; but you must give me your Word not to ravish her; nay, I can tell you, she won't be ravish'd.

Rich. Ravish! Let me see, I'm worth five thousand Pound a Year, twenty thousand Guineas in my Pocket, and may not I force a Toy that's scarce worth fifteen hundred Pound? I'll do't.

Her Beauty sets my Heart on fire, beside
Th'injurious Blow has set on fire my Pride;
The bare Fruition were not worth my Pain,
The Joy will be to humble her Disdain;
Beyond Enjoyment will the Transport last
In Triumph, when the Extasy is past. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, *Lord* Wou'dbe's *House.*

Young Wou'dbe *solus.*

Y. *W.* SHEW me that proud Stoick that can bear Succeſs and Champain; Philoſophy can ſupport us in hard Fortune, but who can have patience in Proſperity? The Learned may talk what they will of human Bodies, but I am ſure there is not one Atom in mine, but what is truly Epicurean. My Brother is ſecur'd, I guarded with my Friends, my leud and honeſt Midnight Friends——Holla, who waits there?

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord!

Y. *W.* A freſh Battalion of Bottles to re-inforce the Ciſtern. Are the Ladies come?

Ser. Half an Hour ago, my Lord: They're below in the Bathing-Chamber.

Y. *W.* Where did you light on 'em?

Ser. One in the Paſſage at the old Play-houſe, my Lord———I found another very melancholy paring her Nails by *Roſamond*'s Pond;——and a Couple I got at the Chequer Alehouſe in *Holborn*; the two laſt came to Town yeſterday in a Weſt-Country Waggon.

Y. *W.* Very well, order *Baconface* to haſten Supper———and d'ye hear? Bid the *Swiſs* admit no Stranger without acquainting me———[*Exit Servant.*] Now Fortune I defy thee, this Night's my own at leaſt.

[*Re-enter Servant.*

Ser. My Lord, here's the Conſtable below with the black Eye, and he wants to ſpeak with your Lordſhip in all haſte.

Y. *W.*

Y. *W.* Ha! the Conſtable! Shou'd Fortune jilt me now?————bid him come up, I fear ſome curſed Chance to thwart me.

Enter Trueman *in the Conſtable's Clothes.*

True. Ah! My Lord, here is ſad News———your Brother is——

Y. *W.* Got away, made his Eſcape, I warrant you.

True. Worſe, worſe, my Lord.

Y. *W.* Worſe, worſe! what can be worſe?

True. I dare not ſpeak it.

Y. *W.* Death and Hell, Fellow don't diſtract me.

True. He's dead.

Y. *W.* Dead!

True. Poſitively.

Y. *W.* *Coup de Grace, Ciel Gramercy.*

True. Villain, I underſtand you. [*Aſide.*

Y. *W.* But how, how, Mr. Conſtable? Speak it aloud, kill me with the Relation.

True. I don't know how, the poor Gentleman was very melancholy upon his Confinement, and ſo he deſir'd me to ſend for a Gentlewoman that lives hard by here, may-hap your Worſhip may know her.

Y. *W.* At the gilt Balcony in the Square?

True. The very ſame, a ſmart Woman truly———I went for her myſelf, but ſhe was otherways engag'd; not ſhe truly, ſhe wou'd not come———Wou'd you believe it, my Lord, at the hearing of this, the poor Man was like to drop down dead?

Y. *W.* Then he was but likely to drop dead?

True. Wou'd it were no more. Then I left him, and coming about two Hours after, I found him hang'd in his Sword-Belt.

Y. *W.* Hang'd!

True. Dangling.

Y. *W.* *Le Coup d'eclat!* Done like the nobleſt *Roman* of 'em all; but are you ſure he's paſt all Recovery? Did you ſend for no Surgeon to bleed him?

True. No, my Lord, I forgot that——but I'll ſend immediately.

Y. *W.* No, no, Mr. Conſtable, 'tis too late now, too late——and the Lady wou'd not come, you ſay?

True. Not a ſtep wou'd ſhe ſtir.

Y. *W.* Inhumane! barbarous!——dear, delicious Woman, thou now art mine——Where is the Body, Mr. Conſtable, I muſt ſee it.

True. By all means, my Lord, it lies in my Parlour; there's a power of Company come in, and among the reſt one, one, one *Trueman*, I think they call him; a deviliſh hot Fellow, he had like to have pull'd the Houſe down about our Ears, and ſwears——I told him he ſhould pay for ſwearing——he gave me a flap in the Face, ſaid he was in the Army, and had a Commiſſion for't.

Y. *W.* Capt. *Trueman!* A bluſtering kind of Rake-helly Officer.

True. Ay, my Lord, one of thoſe Scoundrels that we pay Wages to, for being knock'd o'th' head for us.

Y. *W.* Ay, ay, one of thoſe Fools that have only Brains to be knock'd out.

True. Son of a Whore. [*Aſide.*] He's a plaguy impudent Fellow, my Lord; he ſwore that you was the greateſt Villain upon the Earth.

Y. *W.* Ay, ay, but he durſt not ſay that to my Face, Mr. Conſtable.

True. No, no, hang him, he ſaid it behind your Back to be ſure——and he ſwore moreover.——Have a care, my Lord,——he ſwore that he wou'd cut your Throat whenever he met you.

Y. *W.* Will you ſwear that you heard him ſay ſo?

True. Heard him! Ay, as plainly as you hear me: He ſpoke the very Words, that I ſpeak to your Lordſhip.

Y. *W.* Well, well, I'll manage him——But now I think on't, I won't go to ſee the Body; it will but encreaſe my Grief.——Mr. Conſtable, do you ſend for the Coroner: They muſt find him *Non Compos.* He was mad before, you know. Here——ſomething for your Trouble. [*Gives Money.*

True.

True. Thank your Honour.——But pray, my Lord, have a care of that *Trueman*; he ſwears that he'll cut your Throat, and he will do't, my Lord, he will do't.

Y. *W.* Never fear, never fear.

True. But he ſwore it, my Lord, and he will certainly do't. Pray have a care. [*Exit.*

Y. *W.* Well, well,——ſo,——the Devil's in't if I ben't the eldeſt now. What a Pack of civil Relations have I had here? My Father takes a Fit of the Apoplexy, makes a Face and goes off one way; my Brother takes a Fit of the Spleen, makes a Face and goes off t'other way.——Well, I muſt own he has found the way to mollify me, and I do love him now with all my heart; ſince he was ſo very civil to juſtle into the World before me, I think he did very civilly to juſtle out of it before me——But now my Joys! Without there——hollo——take off the Inquiſition of the Gate; the Heir may now enter unſuſpected.

The Wolf is dead, the Shepherds may go play:
Eaſe follows Care; ſo rowls the World away.

'Tis a Queſtion whether Adverſity or Proſperity makes the moſt Poets.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord, a Footman brought this Letter, and waits for an Anſwer.

Y. *W.* Nothing from the *Elyſian* Fields, I hope. [*Opening the Letter.*] What do I ſee, *CONSTANCE?* Spells and Magick in every Letter of the Name——Now for the ſweet Contents.

MY Lord, I'm pleas'd to hear of your happy Change of Fortune, and ſhall be glad to ſee your Lordſhip this Evening to wiſh you Joy.

CONSTANCE.

Now the Devil's in this *Midnight*; ſhe told me this Afternoon that the Wind was chopping about; and

has it got into the warm Corner already? Here, my Coach and ſix to the Door: I'll viſit my *Sultana* in State.——As for the *Seraglio* below Stairs, you, my *Baſhaws*, may poſſeſs 'em. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *The Street.* Teague *with a Lanthorn*, Trueman *in the Conſtable's Habit following.*

True. Blockhead, thou haſt led us out of the way; we have certainly paſt the Conſtable's Houſe.

Tea. Be me Shoule, dear Joy, I am never out of my ways; for poor *Teague* has been a Vanderer ever ſince he was borned.

True. Hold up the Lanthorn: What Sign is that? The St. *Alban*'s Tavern! Why, you blundering Fool, you have led me directly to *St. James's Square*, when you ſhou'd have gone towards *Soho.* [*Shrieking within.*] Hark! What Noiſe is that over the way? a Woman's Cry!

Tea. Fet is it——ſhome Daumſel in Diſtreſs I believe, that has no mind to be reliev'd.

True. I'll uſe the Privilege of my Office to know what the Matter is.

Tea. Hold, hold, Maiſhter Captain, be me ſet, dat iſh not the way home.

Within.]——Help, Help, Murder! Help.

True. Ha! Here muſt be Miſchief——Within there, open the Door in the King's Name, or I'll force it open. ——Here, *Teague*, break down the Door.

[Teague *takes the Staff, thumps at the Door.*

Tea. Deel taake him, I have knock ſo long as I am able. Arah, Maiſhter, get a great long Ladder to get in the Window of the firſht Room, and ſho open the Door, and let in your ſhelſ.

Within.] Help, help, help.

True. Knock harder, let's raiſe the Mob.

Tea. O Maiſhter, I have tink juſt now of a brave Invention to make dem come out; and be St. *Patrick*, dat very Buſhineſs did maake my nown ſhelf and my Fader run like the Devil out of my nown Houſe in

in my own Country:——Be me Shoule, ſet the Hooſe a-fire.

Enter the Mob.

Mob. What's the matter, Maſter Conſtable?

True. Gentlemen, I command your Aſſiſtance in the King's Name, to break into the Houſe: There is Murder cry'd within.

Mob. Ay, ay, break open the Door.

[Midnight *at the Balcony.*

Mid. What Noiſe is that below?

Tea. Arah, vat Noiſe is dat above?

Mid. Only a poor Gentlewoman in Labour;——'twill be over preſently——Here, Mr. *Conſtable*, there's ſomething for you to drink.

[*Throws down a Purſe*, Teague *takes it up.*

Tea. Come, Maiſhter, we have no more to ſhay, be me Shoule, [*Going.*] Arah, if you vill play the Conſtable right now, ſet you will come away.

True. No, no; there muſt be Villainy by this Bribe: Who lives in this Houſe?

Mob. A Midwife, a Midwife; 'tis none of our Buſineſs: Let us be gone.

[Aurelia *at the Window.*

Aur. Gentlemen, dear Gentlemen, help! a Rape, a Rape, Villainy.

True. Ha! That Voice I know——Give me the Staff; I'll make a Breach, I warrant you.

[*Breaks open the Door, and all go in.*

SCENE *changes to the Inſide of the Houſe.*

Re-enter Trueman *and* Mob.

True. Gentlemen, ſearch all about the Houſe; let not a Soul eſcape.

Enter Aurelia *running with her Hair about her Ears, and out of breath.*

Aur. Dear Mr. Conſtable,——had you——ſtaid but a Moment longer, I had been ruined.

True. Aurelia! Are you safe, Madam?

Aur. Yes, yes! I am safe——I think——but with enough to do: He's a devilish strong Fellow.

True. Where is the Villain that attempted it?

Aur. Pshaw,——never mind the Villain;——look out the Woman of the House, the Devil, the Monster, that decoy'd me hither.——

Enter Teague, *haling in* Midnight *by the Hair.*

Tea. Be me Shoule, I have taaken my Shaar of the Plunder. Let me shee fat I have gotten, [*Takes her to the Light.*] Ububboo, a Witch, a Witch; the very saam Witch dat would swaar my Maishter was the youngest.

True. How! *Midnight!*—This was the luckiest Disguise——Come, my dear *Proserpine,* I'll take care of you.——

Mid. Pray, Sir, let me speak to you.

True. No, no, I'll talk with you before a Magistrate.——A Cart, *Bridewell,*——you understand me——*Teague,* let her be your Prisoner, I'll wait on this Lady.

Aur. Mr. *Constable,* I'll reward you.

Tea. It ish convenient noo by the Law of Armsh that I search my Prisoner, for fear she may have some Pocket-Pishtols: Dere is a Joak for you.

[*Searches her Pocket.*

Mid. Ah! don't use an old Woman so barbarously.

Tea. Dear Joy, den sy vere you aa old Woman? Dat is your Falt, not mine, Joy! Uboo, here ish noting but scribble scrabble Papers, I tink.

[*Pulls out a handful of Letters.*

True. Let me see 'em; they may be of use——[*Looks over the Letters.*] *For Mr.* Richmore——Ah! Does he traffick hereabouts?

Aur. That is the Villain that would have abus'd me.

True. Ha! Then he has abus'd you; Villain indeed!——Was his Name *Richmore,* Mistress? a lusty handsome Man?

Aur.

Aur. Ay, ay, the very same: a lusty, ugly Fellow.

True. Let me see——whose Scraul is this? [*Opens the Letter.*] Death and Confusion to my sight; *Clelia!* My Bride!——His Whore——I've past a Precipice unseen, which to look back upon, shivers me with Terror——This Night, this very Moment, had not my Friend been in Confinement, had not I worn this Dress, had not *Aurelia* been in Danger, had not *Teague* found this Letter, had the least minutest Circumstance been omitted, what a Monster had I been! Mistress, is this same *Richmore* in the House still, think'e?

Aur. 'Tis very probable he may——

True. Very well.——*Teague*, take these Ladies over to the Tavern, and stay there till I come to you.——Madam, [*To* Aurelia] fear no Injury,——your Friends are near you.

Aur. What does he mean?

Tea. Come, dear Joy, I vil give you a Pot of Wine, out of your own Briberies here.

[*Hales out* Midnight. *Exit* Aurelia *and* Mob.

Manet Trueman.

Enter Richmore.

Rich. Since my Money won't prevail on this cross Fellow, I'll try what my Authority can do——What's the Meaning of this Riot, Constable? I have the Commission of the Peace, and can command you. Go about your Business, and leave your Prisoners with me.

True. No, Sir; the Prisoners shall go about their Business, and I'll be left with you——Look'e, Master, we don't use to make up these Matters before Company: So you and I must be in private a little.——You say, Sir, that you are a Justice of Peace.

Rich. Yes, Sir; I have my Commission in my Pocket.

True. I believe it.——Now, Sir, one good Turn deserves another: And if you will promise to do me a Kindness, why, you shall have as good as you bring.

Rich.

Rich. What is it?

True. You muſt know, Sir, there is a Neighbour's Daughter that I had a woundy Kindneſs for: She had a very good repute all over the Pariſh, and might have marry'd very handſomely, that I muſt ſay: but I don't know how, we came together after a very kindly natural manner, and I ſwore, that I muſt ſay, I did ſwear confoundedly, that I would marry her: But, I don't know how, I never care'd for marrying of her ſince.

Rich. How ſo?

True. Why, becauſe I did my Buſineſs without it: That was the beſt way, I thought——The truth is, ſhe has ſome fooliſh Reaſons to ſay ſhe's with Child, and threatens mainly to have me taken up with a Warrant, and brought before a Juſtice of Peace. Now, Sir, I intend to come before you, and I hope your Worſhip will bring me off.

Rich. Look'e, Sir, if the Woman prove with Child, and you ſwore to marry her, you muſt do't.

True. Ay, Maſter; but I am for Liberty and Property. I vote for Parliament-Men: I pay Taxes, and truly I don't think Matrimony conſiſtent with the Liberty of the Subject.

Rich. But in this Caſe, Sir, both Law and Juſtice will oblige you.

True. Why if it be the Law of the Land——I found a Letter here——I think it is for your Worſhip.

Rich. Ay, Sir, how came you by it?

True. By a very ſtrange Accident truly——*Clelia*——ſhe ſays here you ſwore to marry her. Eh!——Now, Sir, I ſuppoſe that what is Law for a Petty-Conſtable, may be Law for a Juſtice of Peace.

Rich. This is the oddeſt Fellow——

True. Here was t'other Lady that cry'd out ſo——I warrant now, if I were brought before you for raviſhing a Woman——the Gallows wou'd raviſh me for't.

Rich. But I did not raviſh her.

True.

True. That I'm glad to hear: I wanted to be ſure of that. [*Aſide.*

Rich. I don't like this Fellow. Come, Sir, give me my Letter, and go about your Buſineſs; I have no more to ſay to you.

True. But I have ſomething to ſay to you. [*Coming up to him.*

Rich. What!

True. Dog. [*Strikes him.*

Rich. Ha! ſtruck by a Peaſant! [*Draws.*] Slave, thy Death is certain. [*Runs at* Trueman.

True. O brave Don *John*, Rape and Murder in one Night! [*Diſarms him.*

Rich. Raſcal, return my Sword, and acquit your Priſoners, elſe will I proſecute thee to Beggary. I'll give ſome Petty-fogger a thouſand Pound to ſtarve thee and thy Family according to Law.

True. I'll lay you a thouſand Pound you won't. [*Diſcovering himſelf.*

Rich. Ghoſts and Apparitions! *Trueman!*

True. Words are needleſs to upbraid you; my very Looks are ſufficient; and if you have the leaſt Senſe of Shame, this Sword wou'd be leſs painful in your Heart, than my Appearance is in your Eye.

Rich. Truth, by Heavens.

True. Think on the Contents of this, [*ſhewing a Letter.*] think next on me; reflect upon your Villainy to *Aurelia*, then view thy ſelf.

Rich. *Trueman*, can'ſt thou forgive me?

True. Forgive thee! [*A long Pauſe.*] Do one thing, and I will.

Rich. Any thing:————I'll beg thy Pardon.

True. The Blow excuſes that.

Rich. I'll give thee half my Eſtate.

True. Mercenary.

Rich. I'll make thee my ſole Heir.

True. I deſpiſe it.

Rich. What ſhall I do?

True. You ſhall————marry *Clelia.*

Rich. How! that's too hard.

True.

True. Too hard! why was it then impos'd on me? If you marry her yourself, I shall believe you intended me no Injury; so your Behaviour will be justified, my Resentment appeas'd, and the Lady's Honour repair'd.

Rich. 'Tis infamous.

True. No, by Heavens, 'tis Justice, and what is just is honourable: if Promises from Man to Man have Force, why not from Man to Woman? ——Their very Weakness is the Charter of their Power, and they shou'd not be injur'd, because they can't return it.

Rich. Return my Sword.

True. In my Hand 'tis the Sword of Justice, and I shou'd not part with it.

Rich. Then sheath it here, I'll die before I consent so basely.

True. Consider, Sir, the Sword is worn for a distinguishing Mark of Honour.——Promise me one, and receive t'other.

Rich. I'll promise nothing, 'till I have that in my power.

True. Take it. [*Throws him his Sword.*

Rich. I scorn to be compell'd even to Justice; and now that I may resist, I yield——*Trueman*, I have injur'd thee, and *Clelia* I have severely wrong'd.

True. Wrong'd indeed, Sir;——and to aggravate the Crime, the fair Afflicted loves you. Mark'd you with what Confusion she receiv'd me? She wept, the injur'd Innocence wept, and with a strange Reluctance gave consent; her moving Softness pierc'd my Heart, tho' I mistook the Cause.

Rich. Your youthful Virtue warms my Breast, and melts it into Tenderness.

True. Indulge it, Sir; Justice is noble in any Form: think of the Joys and Raptures will possess her, when she finds you instead of me: you, the dear Dissembler, the Man she loves, the Man she gave for lost, to find him true, return'd, and in her Arms.

Rich. No new Poſſeſſion can give equal Joy:——— It ſhall be done, the Prieſt that waits for you, ſhall tie the Knot this Moment; in the Morning I'll expect you'll give me Joy. [*Exit.*

True. So, is not this better now than cutting of Throats? I have got my Revenge, and the Lady will have hers without Bloodſhed. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment,* Conſtance *and Servant.*

Ser. He's juſt a coming up, Madam.

Con. My Civility to this Man will be as great a Conſtraint upon me, as Rudeneſs wou'd be to his Brother; but I muſt bear it a little, becauſe our Deſigns require it: [*Enter Y. Wou'dbe.*] his Appearance ſhocks me;— My Lord, I wiſh you Joy.

Y. *W.* Madam, 'tis only in your power to give it; and wou'd you honour me with a Title to be really proud of, it ſhou'd be that of your humbleſt Servant.

Con. I never admitted any body to the Title of an humble Servant, that I did not intend ſhould command me; if your Lordſhip will bear with the Slavery, you ſhall begin when you pleaſe, provided you take upon you the Authority when I have a mind.

Y. *W.* Our Sex, Madam, make much better Lovers than Huſbands; and I think it highly unreaſonable, that you ſhould put yourſelf in my power, when you can ſo abſolutely keep me in yours.

Con. No, my Lord, we never truly command till we have given our Promiſe to obey; and we are never in more danger of being made Slaves, than when we have 'em at our Feet.

Y. *W.* True, Madam, the greateſt Empires are in moſt danger of falling; but it is better to be abſolute there, than to act by a Prerogative that is confin'd.

Con. Well, well, my Lord, I like the Conſtitution we live under; I'm for a limited Power, or none at all.

Y. *W.* You have so much the Heart of the Subject, Madam, that you may rule as you please; but you have weak Pretences to a limited Sway, where your Eyes have already play'd the Tyrant.——I think one Privilege of the People is to kiss their Sovereign's Hand.
[*Taking her Hand.*

Con. Not till they have taken the Oaths, my Lord; and he that refuses them in the Form the Law prescribes, is, I think, no better than a Rebel.

Y. *W.* By Shrines and Altars, [*Kneeling*] by all that you think just, and I hold good, by this, [*Taking her Hand*] the fairest, and the dearest Vow——
[*Kissing her Hand.*

Con. Fie, my Lord. [*Seemingly yielding.*

Y. *W.* Your Eyes are mine, they bring me Tidings from your Heart, that this Night I shall be happy.

Con. Wou'd not you despise a Conquest, so easily gain'd?

Y. *W.* Yours will be the Conquest, and I shall despise all the World but you.

Con. But will you promise to make no Attempts upon my Honour?

Y. *W.* That's foolish. [*Aside.*] Not Angels sent on Messages to Earth, shall visit with more Innocence.

Con. Ay, ay, to be sure——[*Aside.*] My Lord, I'll send one to conduct you. [*Exit.*

Y. *W.* Ha, ha, ha;——no Attempts upon her Honour! When I can find the place where it lies, I'll tell her more of my Mind——Now do I feel ten thousand *Cupids* tickling me all over with the Points of their Arrows.——Where's my Deformity now? I have read somewhere these Lines:

Tho' Nature cast me in a rugged Mould,
Since Fate has chang'd the Bullion into Gold:
Cupid *returns, breaks all his Shafts of Lead,*
And tips each Arrow with a golden Head.
Feather'd with Title, the gay lordly Dart
Flies proudly on, whilst every Virgin's Heart
Swells with Ambition to receive the Smart.

Enter

Enter Elder Wou'dbe *behind him.*

E. W. *Thus to adorn Dramatick Story,*
Stage-Hero ſtruts in borrow'd Glory,
Proud and Auguſt as ever Man ſaw,
And ends his Empire in a Stanza.
[Slaps him on the Shoulder.

Y. *W.* Ha! my Brother!

E. *W.* No, perfidious Man; all Kindred and Relation I diſown: The poor Attempts upon my Fortune I cou'd pardon, but thy baſe Deſigns upon my Love, I can never forgive;——my Honour, Birthright, Riches, all I cou'd more freely ſpare, than the leaſt Thought of thy prevailing here.

Y. *W.* How! my Hopes deceiv'd; curs'd be the fair Deluſions of her Sex; whilſt only Man oppos'd my Cunning, I ſtood ſecure; but ſoon as Woman interpos'd, Luck chang'd Hands, and the Devil was immediately on her ſide.———Well, Sir, much good may do you with your Miſtreſs, and may you love and live, and ſtarve together. [*Going.*

E. *W.* Hold, Sir, I was lately your Priſoner, now you are mine; when the Ejectment is executed, you ſhall be at liberty.

Y. *W.* Ejectment!

E. *W.* Yes, Sir, by this time, I hope, my Friends have purg'd my Father's Houſe of that debauch'd and riotous Swarm that you had hive'd together.

Y. *W.* Confuſion, Sir, let me paſs; I am the Elder, and will be obey'd. [*Draws.*

E. *W.* Dar'ſt thou diſpute the Elderſhip ſo nobly?

Y. *W.* I dare, and will, to the laſt Drop of my inveterate Blood. [*They fight.*

Enter

Enter Trueman *and* Teague. Trueman *strikes down their Swords.*

True. Hold, hold! my Lord, I have brought those shall soon decide the Controversy.

Y. *W.* If I mistake not, this is the Villain that decoy'd me abroad.

[*Runs at* Trueman, Teague *catches his Arm behind, and takes away his Sword.*

Tea. Ay, be me Shoule, this ish the beshr Guard upon the Rules of Fighting, to catch a Man behind his Back.

True. My Lord, a Word: [*Whispers E.* Wou'dbe.] Now, Gentlemen please to hear this venerable Lady.

[*Goes to the Door, and brings in* Midnight.

E. *W.* *Midnight* in Custody!

Tea. In my Cushtody, set.

True. Now, Madam, you know what Punishment is destin'd for the Injury offer'd to *Aurelia,* if you don't immediately confess the Truth.

Mid. Then I must own, (Heaven forgive me) [*Weeping*] I must own, that *Hermes,* as he was still esteem'd, so he is the first-born.

Tea. A very honest Woman, be me Shoule.

Y. *W.* That Confession is extorted by Fear, and therefore of no force.

True. Ay, Sir, but here is your Letter to her, with the Ink scarce dry, where you repeat your Offer of Five hundred Pound a Year to swear in your behalf.

Tea. Dat was *Teague*'s finding out, and I believe St. *Patrick* put it in my Thoughts to pick her Pockets.

Enter Constance *and* Aurelia.

Con. I hope, Mr. *Wou'dbe,* you will make no Attempts upon my Person.

Y. *W.* Damn your Person.

E. *W.* But pray, Madam, where have you been all this Evening? [*To* Aurelia.

Aur.

Aur. Very busy, I can assure you, Sir; here's an honest Constable that I could find in my heart to marry, had the greasy Rogue but one Drop of genteel Blood in his Veins; what's become of him? [*Looking about.*

Con. Bless me, Cousin, marry a Constable!

Aur. Why truly, Madam, if that Constable had not come in a very critical Minute, by this time I had been glad to marry any body.

True. I take you at your Word, Madam, you shall marry him this Moment; and if you don't say that I have genteel Blood in my Veins by to-morrow Morning——

Aur. And was it you, Sir?

True. Look'e, Madam, don't be asham'd; I found you a little in the *Dishabillée*, that's the Truth on't, but you made a brave Defence.

Aur. I am oblig'd to you; and tho' you were a little whimsical to-day, this late Adventure has taught me how dangerous it is to provoke a Gentleman by ill Usage; therefore, if my Lord and this Lady will shew us a good Example, I think we must follow our Leaders, Captain.

True. As boldly as when Honour calls.

Con. My Lord, there was taken among your Brother's jovial Crew, his Friend *Subtleman*, whom we have taken care to secure.

E. *W.* For him the Pillory; for you, Madam—— [*To* Midnight.

Tea. Be me Shoule, she shall be married to Maishter *Fuller*.

E. *W.* For you, Brother!——

Y. *W.* Poverty and Contempt——

To which I yield as to a milder Fate,
Than Obligations from the Man I hate. [Exit.

E. *W.* Then take thy Wish——And now, I hope, all Parties have receiv'd their due Rewards and Punishments.

Tea.

Tea. But what will you do for poor *Teague*, Maiſhter?

E. *W.* What ſhall I do for thee?

Tea. Arah, maak me a Juſtice of Peaſh, dear Joy.

E. *W.* Juſtice of Peace! thou art not qualify'd, Man.

Tea. Yeſt, ſet am I———I can take the Oats, and write my Mark——I can be an honeſt Man myſhelf, and keep a great Rogue for my Clerk.

E. *W.* Well, well, you ſhall be taken care of; and now, Captain, we ſet out for Happineſs———

Let none deſpair, whate'er their Fortunes be,
Fortune muſt yield, wou'd Men but act like me.
Chuſe a brave Friend as Partner of your Breaſt,
Be active when your Right is in Conteſt;
Be true to Love, and Fate will do the reſt.

EPI